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LIFE OF A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of a Travelling Physician, from his First Introduction to Practice; including Twenty Years' Wanderings through the greater part of Europe. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

THIS is a rambling, discursive book;—the work of a clever and acute observer; but nowise remarkable for either thinking or style. It has been put together with as little pains as we ever remember to have seen exemplified in the operation of book-making. But it is, upon the whole, amusing; and it leads us to think favorably of the author himself. Sir George Lefevre (for so the writer is confidently named in some of the periodical publications of the day) has seen much of life—a great deal more than he chooses to communicate; and in what he has here revealed, it is not always easy to distinguish between '*dichtung*' and '*wahrheit*;'—to borrow the title of Goethe's *Memoirs*, which he has himself chosen by way of motto. Nothing, at any rate, can be more careless than his manner of throwing together his loose remarks on men and things; nothing more commonplace than two-thirds of the matter with which he has filled up the predestined and favorite number of three volumes. But the remaining portion consists of quaint anecdote, and descriptions of scenes and characters, such as only an intimate acquaintance with the

interior of foreign life could have enabled him to delineate; joined with the shrewd judgments of a cosmopolite on the world about him. A little more knowledge of languages, we should have thought, would have done him no harm; his German is somewhat elementary; his sins against French orthography (albeit an accomplishment on which he prides himself) unpardonable; while with Polish and Russian, though he lived sixteen years in these countries, he does not seem to possess any acquaintance. He at least disfigures the names of places and people in a manner only equalled by the most slovenly of modern tourists. But as he has managed to live and thrive without them, so he succeeds in giving his reader a tolerable insight into many things, of which some writers of greater pretensions convey no idea. Altogether, had we been consulted, in our consulting capacity, as to whether these records of the life of our medical friend should be given to the public, we should have felt some difficulty in advising on the case: as it is, we are glad that no opportunity was afforded us of giving the austerer counsel.

The 'travelling physician' first introduces himself to us in his capacity of medical student; having just picked up knowledge enough to fancy himself the victim of all the ills which flesh is heir to. It was under this conviction that he started on his travels, after obtaining his degree at Edinburgh. 'Each pain and ache,' says he,

'every comfortable sensation which I experienced, seemed to indicate the last stage of consumption. I was continually feeling my pulse, taking a deep inspiration to discover whether I had any pain in my chest, attentive to every little symptom which might tend to strengthen the opinion which I had formed of my case. I had two objects to attain, and their mutual accomplishment was necessary to my existence. I had to regain my own health, and to procure the means of so doing by endeavoring to restore the health of—others.'

The unpromising resource of East or West India practice was of course the first thing which offered itself under these peculiar circumstances; but fortunately, as it turned out for our physician, his endeavors for employment in those quarters did not succeed; and in September 1819, after a period of that trying and anxious uncertainty which is usually allotted to the young pilgrim in his outset in that profession—one of the roughest passages in the life of all, and one with the sufferings of which there is the least sympathy to be met with—he found himself comfortably established as travelling physician to Lord —, then leaving England in the last stage of consumption. We might, were it proper, fill up the blank with the name of a Scottish nobleman of no ordinary character; one of those sanguine temperaments so often found in conjunction with predisposition to this malady; the projector of schemes of singular magnitude, who lived, like many similar projectors, a little before his time, and would have found in our days a much wider field of action, and fellow-visionaries as zealous as himself.

English physicians had not then attained the melancholy learning with which they now estimate the several varieties of air and temperature in the regions to which they recommend the victims of that appalling complaint. They consigned their patients to various by-places of the newly opened Continent; but with results much the same. Spain was talked of for wintering—then Montpellier—then Toulouse—and Pau was finally determined on, where the southern breezes blow freshly from the glittering icy wall of the Pyrenees, full in sight. 'Qui diable vous a conseillé de venir ici?' said the Basques, as they pointed to their mountains. The first breezes of spring heralded the departure of the poor invalid, and procured the doctor his release, and a pleasant solitary tour in the Pyrenees, where a village Æsculapius seems to have laughed him out of his fancies about his

health; and we hear no more of his consumption.

After the termination of this engagement, we find him again in London, exerting himself 'to get on' in the usual course of his profession. He nearly succeeded in a great canvass for a Dispensary; but at last, although he could prove by his books that he had secured two-thirds of the *bona fide* subscribers, the candidate whom he feared the least 'created upwards of a hundred old women, whose proxies threw me,' he says, 'into the minority! I was in a rage, and the directors were in a rage, and a council was called, and a law was passed which prevented such proceedings for the future; but had no retrospective influence, and it did not help me.'

After three or four more years of hard study, anxious expectations, and no fees, he accepts a situation with Prince —, at Paris, as family physician for five years.

"The Prince was a man who lived for the day, and only thought of the morrow as able to procure him possibly more entertainment than the day. He seldom read, and if he did, it was only a pamphlet, or the last new novel published by Avocat. With politics he never troubled himself, or he had, perhaps, been too much troubled by them. As regards general literature, however, he seemed to be quite *au fait*; he knew the merits of most authors, and could equally point out their defects. Speak of chemistry, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the science. Physics he had a natural talent for, and was often occupied in inventing some plan to counteract the loss in vertical motion. He was a very fair mathematician. He was an excellent modern linguist, and could speak half a dozen languages fluently. He knew nothing of the classics. His conversation was replete with anecdote, for his memory was most retentive, and he turned every thing he heard to his own account: he made it in fact his own. So far from appearing to have neglected his education, he seemed on the contrary to have studied a great deal; and yet his whole information was derived from what he had picked up in conversation, and little from books. His social powers were great, and as he was not pedantic, but gallant and amiable in the extreme, so he was adored by the fair sex. The character drawn by Segur of the famous Potemkin would apply in many respects to the Prince.

"I may observe, that his occupations were most trivial. He would rise at five o'clock, put on his *robe-de-chambre*, and sit at his table in his study till ten or eleven o'clock A. M. During the whole of this time he was employed in sketching something upon paper, chewing the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and taking snuff; wholly absorbed in these occupations, he hardly lifted his head from the table until he was summoned to breakfast. Then his latent faculties became free, and he would converse during the whole of this repast with his *maître d'hôtel*, or

his cook, if he had no other company. He seldom, however, was driven to such expedients; for as his table had the first reputation, there were seldom wanting guests in the shape of cousins, or nephews, or even of intimate friends. This repast, which generally lasted an hour, was always taken in the *robe-de-chambre*; and then he retired again to his cabinet, where he remained until it was time to dress himself for the more important duties of the day; such as are performed by a man with plenty of money, and without any official occupation, in the most dissipated city in Europe. It was a promenade with the Duchess of —, or the Countess of —; perhaps it was in paying court to the King, or more probably in doing nothing at all, with which he occupied himself till dinner-time.

"If the time previous to this important epoch of the day, for to him *la vie c'était le diner*, was not all disposed of, he quietly undressed and went to bed, where he slept as soundly as at midnight, until his valet announced to him that it was time to dress. Then his imagination awoke, and he was employed in anticipating the quality of the repast till he found himself seated by the fair Duchess, and in the act of saying the prettiest thing in the world, or relishing a delightful mouthful of some choice dish. This was his element; he shone here as a bright star in the gastronomic firmament; but what greater eulogium can be paid him, than the one pronounced upon him by his own cook, who, in speaking of him, and discussing his different merits, observed, that it was a pleasure to serve him; for, said he, '*Monsieur le Prince est essentiellement cuisinier.*'"—Vol. i. p. 108.

The artist in question had been cook to two Empresses, and was a man of merit, but an inveterate thief notwithstanding.

"He had attended several courses of chemistry, and was always busy in inquiry. He observed to me once, indeed, with great emphasis, 'that with respect to cooks and physicians it might be said truly, that their education was never finished.' Though the man was a Gascon, there were some good points in his character. He was honest enough to confess his dishonesty.

"The Prince, once shut up with him in his carriage, and proceeding gloomily along the road which leads to Smolensko, (soon after the termination of the campaign which reduced that city to ashes,) wishing no doubt to change his train of ideas, burst like a torrent upon his unsuspecting artist with the emphatic demand—'Why do you rob me so?' The poor astounded cook, who was at the very moment probably devising some plan of peculation, to make up for the time lost in a long, and for him unprofitable, journey of some weeks' duration, replied in an agitated tone, 'Sir, sir, I don't rob you, I only — only — only make the usual profits of my —' 'Stop,' said the Prince, 'I am not angry with you: I know that you rob me; but I wish to make an arrangement with you. Why do you do it? I give you a handsome salary, you have many perquisites, and what need have you of

more? Now be candid, and speak the truth boldly: you know that I cannot do without you.'

"There is nothing like making an appeal to a man's feelings; it is by far the best way of attacking him. The cook felt the full power of the concluding part of the sentence—'I cannot do without you.'

"'Why, sir, I admit that yours is an excellent situation; but you know, sir, that it is not equal to my expenses. I like society—to treat my friends handsomely. I am addicted to play: *enfin j'ai une petite maîtresse*; and you must be aware, Prince, that, all these things considered, your wages are not sufficient.'

"'Good,' said the Prince: 'this is precisely the point to which I hoped to bring you. Tell me how much all this costs you over and above what I give you and I will make up the difference; only do not rob me.'

"The cook laid his hand upon his heart for a minute, and looking with an affectionate, and even grateful expression towards his master, replied in a suppressed sigh, '*Non, monseigneur; je préfère de vous voler.*' Having said this he burst into tears, and hid his face in a cotton handkerchief. The Prince, seeing his distress, clapped him upon the shoulder, and encouraged him by saying, '*Bien, mon cher, très bien, comme tu le voudras.*'"—Vol. i. p. 112.

We must find room for a couple of other portraits from the same Prince's household gallery—his French and Russian valets, Baptiste and Nicholas—each, like the cook, an arrant thief; but the one a thief of honor, the other of a religious turn. Thus says the Prince himself respecting them:

"Were I to ask the former, who is a good and faithful servant enough in his way, but were I to ask him, I say, to do any thing more than he thought consistent with his dignity, and the glory of the French name, he would spit in my face. Were I to command him in the field, he would willingly rush into the cannon's mouth, and this not in mere obedience to my individual command, but with the idea of serving his country through me, and doing his duty as a soldier.—Whereas that bear, as you call him, does every thing which I tell him to do, because it is I who tell him to do it. He never stops to consider whether I have the right to command him or not. It is true, he will rob me with one hand, but then he will burn the other off for my sake. Such is human nature; such the difference between unpolished and civilized life.

"The difference of character in these two servants was strikingly illustrated when they were under my care. Baptiste had injured his leg, and the wound spreading, he became alarmed: seeing, also, that I did not look as if I gave him much hope, he inquired with much agitation—'*Est ce que Monsieur le Docteur en ait une mauvaise opinion?*'

"'We shall see, Baptiste: drink no wine.'

"The following day, as I entered his room, he first pointed to the bottle of wine, which was uncorked, and then undid his bandages with fear

and trembling. 'Baptiste,' I pronounced, and he trembled. '*Cela a changé de face, Baptiste.*' '*Tant mieux, Monsieur le Docteur, tant mieux; mais Monsieur parle très bien Français?*' What satisfaction did he experience in paying me this compliment!

"Now, how did Nicholas conduct himself under bodily suffering? He had received a kick from a horse, which had produced a considerable contusion. I was absent when the accident happened; but upon my return I found Nicholas stretched upon a mechanical bed. It was impossible to keep my countenance. He was beating his breast with one hand with all his might, and holding a Bible in the other. I asked him how he felt, he replied, '*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur le Docteur.*' He continued his lamentations morning, noon, and night. It happened to be in Lent, and nobody could persuade him to touch a bit of meat; and he said grace over every glass of water which was given him to drink. His friends who came to see him got so tired of his *misereres*, and so disappointed at finding no good cheer, that they soon abandoned him. When left quite to himself, he held sweet converse therewith; and thumping his breast, and turning round the image of the Virgin, he soliloquized, '*Eh bien bon Dieu, tu m'as tappé fort—tu as bien fait, j'ai été un grand pécheur.*' Then he crossed himself again. '*Laissez-moi échapper cette fois-ci—Oh bon Dieu—je confesserai à l'avenir trois fois par semaine.*' Thus did he amuse himself for days and weeks, until, the bones uniting, (for he had broken his thigh,) he began to stump about as usual; and as he improved in health, his piety decreased in fervor."—Vol. i. p. 137.

In this curious family our physician seems to have spent his time pleasantly enough, between Paris in the winter, and Dieppe in the summer. He gives us very little of his French reminiscences; but we extract the following sketch of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, then in the full bloom of their respective theories. The rival *thumaturgi* were men of very different characters:

"Dr. Spurzheim's physiognomy indicated every thing which was kind and benevolent, and he was what he appeared. A better man never lived. He had, perhaps, too great faith in his own opinions. As to the countenance of Gall, I should say that it indicated that feeling had been absorbed in interest, and that it betrayed a disbelief in every thing, and even in his own system; and if the world judges rightly, such was really the case. In conversing with several of the French professors upon this subject, I found them unanimously of this opinion. '*Spurzheim croit au moins à tout ce qu'il dit, comme un bon enfant. Gall n'y croit pas un mot.*' Such was the opinion in Paris.

"I first met with Dr. Gall at a patient's breakfast-table. He was busily employed in eating dried salmon, for which his organs of taste seemed to have been particularly created. His first

expression startled me a little, and the more so as it was in a hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. '*Tout ce qui est ultra este bête,*' said the doctor, as he was criticising the conduct of one of his patients, who, not having attended to the doctor's injunctions, was suffering for his disobedience by confinement to his bed.

"'*Permettez-mois de vous présenter le Médecin de mon frère,*' said the lady of the house, interrupting him, '*c'est un Anglais.*' The doctor rose and bowed in honor of my country. Several commonplace phrases were interchanged between us; but nothing which passed denoted any thing extraordinary in the mental endowments of the phrenologist. Still, as I gazed upon his brow, I seemed to see indelibly imprinted the iron character of his soul; the stern, unyielding physiognomy which scarce allowed a smile to play upon it. His countenance was one, however, expressive of great intellect; for thus far we will go, but no farther, that the head is the 'mansion of the mind, and the index of its powers.'

"'And how is poor N——?' inquired the hostess.

"'Oh, voilà encore un animal,' replied the doctor. 'He has taken some offence at what I said to him yesterday, and I suppose I shall not be sent for again. Indeed, I hardly think that he will live through the night.'

"'Good God! is the poor old chamberlain so near his end as you say?'

"'He has lived long enough,' he replied, 'to be wiser than he is. He took offence at something which I said to him, and which wounded his pride; but it was true, and had I not wrapped the bird in warm towels, it certainly would have died.'

"'Pray, be more explicit,' continued the lady, 'and tell me what has passed. You know that we are related, and I take a great interest in all that concerns the old ———.'

"'Why, then,' continued the doctor, 'if you will know all the gossip of the town, I was sitting yesterday by his bedside, and had paid him rather a longer visit than usual, when one of those convulsive fits of asthma to which he is so subject, and which sooner or later will put an end to his existence, began to manifest its attack. I rose to go away, and see my poor patient at home, and who wanted my care; but the asthmatic man made signs to me to stay with him till the fit was over. I told the attendants that I was in a hurry, that I had a patient at home waiting for me. They pressed my remaining, but I insisted that I could not; for unless I hastened to wrap the peacock, who had caught cold, in warm towels, he might perhaps die.'

"'Good God!' said the hostess, 'and was this the patient who interested you so? and could you leave a human being in his sufferings, to look after a peacock?'

"'It is a great favorite of my ———s,' and he stopped himself. 'Your relation, the Mareschal, sent it to me from Poland. I would not lose it for any money; and when I could do good in the one case and none in the other, is there any thing so monstrous in it, pray?'—Vol. i. p. 144.

The father of Phrenology was by no

means popular with his brethren of the profession at Paris; and was considered guilty of many deviations from orthodox practice. Among others, he was in the habit of denoting the drugs in his prescriptions by numbers, to which only a few confidential chemists had the key—by which means he effectually precluded not only the patient but the faculty from criticising his exhibitions. He was once persuaded to become a candidate for the Academy of Sciences, but was blackballed by every voter but one—M. Geoffroi de Saint-Hilaire, his proposer.

At the end of the stipulated five years, the physician accepts an invitation to winter with the Prince in Poland, and to proceed thence, *viâ* Odessa, to St. Petersburg; and here the really interesting part of his narrative begins. Travelling in the society of a party of high rank, he saw at least the outside of Polish high life, such as it is, or was found in the great castles of the interior, some three years before the Revolution, which spread such bitter desolation, not over the kingdom of Poland only, in which its chief military events took place, but wherever the Polish language was spoken; for from every corner of that ancient realm, some of the noblest of its children made their way to take a part in the struggle. It is but a gloomy picture which he draws of Polish society. The old destiny weighs still on the nation, and generations of trial have not yet redeemed it—patriotism without unity, bravery without energy, and genius without application. A hundred thousand of the nobility of this devoted country have peopled the deserts of Siberia since Catharine first placed its crown on the head of her paramour. Few years have passed in which some of her children have not departed on that pilgrimage without hope; where the last prayer of parting friends is, that they may never meet again. And, in these last times, every part of Europe has been witness to the heroism, and the dignity, with which her high-minded exiles have endured their unequalled privations. Yet the Pole, at home, seems to be the same reckless being as ever—exhibiting the same insignificant, listless ways of living, the same mixture of indolence and impatience, the same mobility of temperament, which fills his painstaking German neighbor with astonishment, dislike, and self-exaltation.

"The nobleman of the present day is a linguist, because chance has made him so; he can talk of wars and battles, because they have been familiar to him from his cradle; he is a perfect

ladies' man, for ladies like to hear about wonderful things, and with all such he is conversant; but dead languages require study and application, and these it does not enter into his heart to conceive. He has studied truly in a great book, and retains the best part of its contents; but this is a book which owes nothing to the art of printing. When in a library, he is completely out of his element, though by his conversation you would suppose he was quite at home; and, without ever having read a volume, he is more conversant with the facts therein contained than the mere bookworm who has been groping in it for years, but who, with all his labor and information, cannot make himself agreeable in society for a single hour. The other loses nothing that he hears; he gains his knowledge as he does his *florins*, by the toil of others; and he is satisfied with both when they are sufficient for the calls he has upon them. They are both equally necessary to him; he can live neither without money nor without society; he procures both at a cheap rate, inheriting the one, which affords him the means of purchasing the other: nor is he content with a modicum of either. If he is in society he must enjoy it—he must shine in it.

"Few people have more active or penetrating minds, better memories, and a more happy method of converting every kind of information to an useful currency."—Vol. i. p. 277.

Whether it be the effect of bad education, or of his irrepressible restless nature, and a sort of practical epicureanism which looks on life as not worth the trouble of serious investigation, the Pole studies nothing; and his knowledge is confined to what may be creditable in conversation. His life passes in a routine of crowded, uninteresting society, with little excitement but that of gambling;—the vice and ruin of his race from the earliest period. The Russian is in many respects a similar being; but then the Russian of rank, whatever may be his qualifications as an individual, fills a post as a component part of the mightiest political machine in the world, which gives his life a very different significance from the wretched, purposeless existence of the Polish nobility.

One curious effect of the selfishness engendered by such habits as are unfortunately inevitable in a community of nobles and slaves, is that excessive fear of death which is apt to steal over the rich and prosperous, and vents itself in a thousand strange eccentricities.

"I should say that the Poles were more certain in succeeding in their attempt to kill time than the English, and that they were more apprehensive also that time would kill them. I have been consulted by many of them, not for any particular complaint, but for the sake of ascertaining my opinion as to the probability of their longer or shorter duration upon earth.

"I was sitting one fine evening upon a bench in the gallery of a country house, when an old gentleman of sixty years of age approached me with his pipe, saluted me very politely, and sat down by my side. The sun was declining, and shedding that orange autumnal tint which characterizes his beam at this season in northern latitudes. All was still. I was reflecting upon the similarity of the feeling which I experienced with what I have described when I was contemplating the Wrekin in Shropshire; and I thought that I could discover in my companion much the same sensations as were expressed by the ancient lady who dwelt so much upon the cruelty of the word *last*. Neither of us spoke for some time, till the tolling of the convent bell roused him from his reverie, and he said to me with a sigh, '*Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes jeune, vous vous moquez de ces cloches, mais pour moi c'est autre chose.*'"

"I attempted to joke with him upon the subject; but he continued, '*Moi qui aime tant à vivre, et de penser que je serai fourré dans la terre comme une bête.*'"

"I smiled, and told him that he was still strong and hearty, and that he would outlive me yet.

"'*Croyez vous ?*' he replied, and he rose abruptly, and, saying to me, '*Attendez un instant, je vous prie,*' he went into his room, which was adjoining. He soon returned, and brought me a prescription to look at, which was given to him by Dr. —, in Vienna. He then asked me my opinion of it. I replied that it was excellent of its kind. His countenance brightened, and he added, '*Mon médecin m'a dit qu'avec cela,*' (folding up his prescription,) '*je vivrais tant que je voudrais.*'"

"'*Il avait raison,*' I replied, and he squeezed my hand warmly. He belonged to the class of those who fear only that time will kill them.'—Vol. i. p. 263.

"During our stay in Brody, we were lodged in an old and dilapidated castle, once capable of defence, the former residence of Count —, to whom, indeed, the whole town itself belonged. He had lately paid the debt of nature, and died in the bed which he had not quitted for many years previous. He was an eccentric character, but a man of talent and information; and though rational upon all other points, he seemed to be hardly so upon one, which was an idea of living longer by always remaining in bed. He actually lived, not merely in his chamber, but in his bed, for many years of his life, and his greatest consolation was derived from reading accounts in the papers of people dying by falling off their horses, or by the upsetting of carriages, or by bathing in the river, or by congestions of blood to the head from over exertion in walking, in running, jumping, &c. &c. He hugged himself upon the perusal of such accounts, and congratulated himself that such accidents could not happen to him. He received his guests as regularly as at any former period of his life, for no infirmity of the body compelled him to adopt this resolution. He read, wrote, took his meals, and lived in fact more comfortably in his bed than Diogenes in his tub. He was no cynic, no sectarian, no philosopher: he was only known by the name of the Count who always lived in his bed. This

was the variety of the species. It happened also that he died in his bed; and that, too, just at the time when he was perfectly convinced of the soundness of his doctrines."—Vol. ii. p. 23.

We have no patience with the pedantic airs of superiority with which strangers are apt to condemn great national institutions in the mass; and when an Englishman dilates on the oppression of the lower classes, in countries where slavery prevails, our thoughts involuntarily turn back to the disclosures which have been recently made of the state of the same ranks of the community at home. Still there is a great difference between this purblind way of judging of the comparative evils of different systems; and the utter blindness which refuses to see the existence of evil at all. In every department of life throughout the vast Russian empire, said Dr. Clarke forty years ago, 'cudgels are going from morning to night.' If one could believe the report of many of our recent travellers in Russia, cudgels and whips are mere bugbears of the imagination; and the name of slaves a mere title, designating only a few legal disabilities still experienced by the happiest, best fed, best treated, and most contented peasantry in the world! Slavery is only another word for kindness and protection, on the one hand—loyalty, attachment, exemption from the cares and evils of life, on the other—festivals, saints' days, dances, and brandy! Our author, we are bound to say, speaks everywhere upon this subject as an Englishman, and a man of right feeling should speak; and one with his opportunities has seen enough, in Poland and Southern Russia, to leave an impression which all the attractions of the manners of the higher classes cannot counteract, nor even their kindness and hospitality obliterate. We do not intend to transfer to our pages his pictures of the sufferings of peasants, or the brutality of masters, but one or two traits of the odd indifference with which these matters are regarded.

"I was playing at cards on new-year's eve, when the cold was very intense—I think 27° Reaumur, and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death, about a mile from the town. '*Il n'y a que trois, c'est peu de chose,*' and continued his game of *quinze*, without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occurred in England; but would not he to whom the news was communicated, make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families? Not so with the Pole; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This,

it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct; but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor, so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them, on the part of the superior, that, so far from sympathizing with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them."—Vol. i. p. 273.

Near Odessa, the author falls in with a flight of locusts, on the estate of a count—an excellent man in his way.

"We were conversing upon the history of locusts, and lamenting the ravages which they committed, when the steward was announced. He came to report upon the mischief they had done upon the estate. He informed us that the whole crop was destroyed, and that, for the distance of several versts, not a head of corn was to be found upon the stalk; every ear of it had been gnawed off by these destructive insects. '*Voilà donc mille guinées de perte pour cette année ci, et ce qui est encore pire c'est que le paysan n'aura rien à manger.*' 'I am glad,' continued the old count, 'that I am going to St. Petersburg this winter, for I should not like to see the misery which these poor people will have to endure.' '*Excusez moi, chère cousine,*' turning to the countess, '*il faut que je fasse ma méridienne;*' and he retired to take his wonted nap."—Vol. ii. p. 88.

Altogether, we can conceive no better cure for the fashionable horror of American habits and institutions, than a tour in the physical counterpart and social antipodes of that region—the southern provinces of Russia. The traveller in that country soon has to unlearn two or three of the 'fundamental principles' of Political Economy with which he may have set out; if he ever committed the mistake of supposing them more than what they are—sound conclusions from assumed premises. He will find that *rent* is any thing but the difference between the product of the most fertile and least fertile soils under cultivation. He will find that no notion can be practically less true, than that wages depend on the productiveness of labor. He will find regions as extensive as the smaller kingdoms of Europe, in which the soil is all of equal and vast fertility, monopolized by three or four mighty proprietors. He will find the peasantry starving amidst fields, in which the most unskilled labor is sufficient to raise the most luxuriant crops. Along the great rivers of Southern Russia, as along those of America, he may observe a fertile desert crying aloud for more inhabitants; harvests without hands to gather them in; the accu-

mulated stores of favorable seasons rotting for lack of markets. The 'Scioto country' of Ohio, the valley of Kentucky, are not more productive, or more under-cultivated, than the Ukraine, Poltava, and Lord Stanley's portentous province of Tambov, with their ten feet of black vegetable soil. What makes the difference between the condition of the farmer of the western States, in his rude and immoderate plenty, and the slave who writhes under the literal lash of the Russian slave-driver, whose wife 'goes to the plough forty-eight hours after giving birth to a child'—who is kept habitually, for his master's advantage, one degree above starvation, and whom a flight of locusts, or a hard frost, reduces at once below that zero? Simply the institutions of property; which in the one country give the peasant all, and, by the custom of the division of land, enable him to keep it; and in the other nothing. If a successful soldier were to erect the standard of military despotism at Washington; and if, on the other hand, the Russian nobility were to realize their darling vision, and establish the aristocratic commonwealth of which they dream, no necessary or immediate change would follow in the distribution of property; but, according to all ordinary rules of political foresight, another generation would see a territorial aristocracy slowly erecting itself in America; while that of Slavonic Europe would be annihilated, in the wildest social revolution which the world has yet seen. Can we say, then, that the American sets an exaggerated value on the principles of social equality and democratic government? Do we not see an unerring instinct in that excessive jealousy with which he regards the slightest check on the exorbitant power of the majority—the slightest symptom of the elevation of any class, whether by virtue of riches, birth, or knowledge, above the general level? That instinct is as essentially conservative as that of the landed gentry of Great Britain;—conservative of those interests which the present system, whatever politicians may think of it, secures to him in what he has good personal reason to regard as *le meilleur des mondes possibles*. And it must not be forgotten, however unwelcome the truth, that as far as history and experience teach, all or nothing is the alternative of the peasant. He is either absolute owner of the soil he tills, or a mere dependent on the owner, a hired servant. Supposing the law of primogeniture established in America, the landless cultivator must inevitably descend, not indeed to the

level of the Russian serf; not so low, probably, as the eight shilling a-week laborer of the South of England, or the half-starved *métayers* of Lombardy; but certainly very far indeed below his present standard. No variety of social economy has yet shown a fair division of profit between the owner of soil and the actual tiller of it, so as to render each practically independent;—certainly not in Tuscany, where M. de Sismondi imagined he had discovered this economical Utopia. Perhaps future ages may see the problem solved.

There are some amusing personal sketches in this part of the book. We are much bored with an old Count, who is introduced to preach on English politics, which he does a good deal in the tone of the leading articles in the *Standard*; but pleased with an old English General Cobley, metamorphosed into the seigneur of the lordship of Coblevoy, who is caught administering personal correction, in the most paternal fashion possible, to his drunken shepherd.

Who has not heard of the three nieces of the great Potemkin?—especially the fair and favorite Countess of Branitzka, in whose arms

“He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e’er was locust on the land it blasted?”—

the partner of her august mistress’s most secret intimacy—the ornament of the far-famed ‘Little Society’ of Czarskoe-Seloe—and the heroine of many strange anecdotes. We must observe, in passing, that of all court stories, those of the court of Catharine seems to us the most apocryphal. To find them once more on the stage carries us back to the romances of Segur and De Ligne.

“Nothing surprised me more than my introduction to the old Countess. I had expected to find something noble and majestic in her exterior, and I had almost dreaded the presentation. Imagine my surprise when I was ushered by a Cossack servant into a small chamber, which was almost bare of furniture. The walls were merely whitewashed, and upon the chimney-piece rested an oval cast, in plaster of Paris, of the late empress, which was daubed over with paint. Some logs of wood were hissing beneath, and upon an oaken table were scattered some loose papers and rolls of parchment. The old lady was occupied with her steward when I entered; but, after having signed a few papers, and given him her hand to kiss, he retired, and she returned my bow. I was struck with the beauty of her hand, with its delicateness, its apparent softness, and its unwrinkled smoothness. It was worthy of a maiden of eighteen. There was an immense turquoise on the middle

finger, which, by contrast, made the smooth skin appear even more than naturally white.

“I am happy, sir, to make your acquaintance. As an Englishman, sir, you have no doubt seen many fine gardens; but I do not think, sir, that you will find any thing in Poland superior to Alexandrine. There is the garden of Potemkin, dedicated to friendship; and, not far off, you will find some trees planted by the Emperor Alexander, at his last visit. You will see his bust surrounded by an iron railing; it was upon that spot that he once took a cup of tea. The pagodas and statues cost me a deal of money; but I paid all ready cash, and got a good discount. My garden has cost me four millions of rubles; but, as the angel said, ‘you know, Countess, the money has been spent in the country.’ You will find in your walks, sir, several pavilions; the windows in them are all of plate glass. I have to thank Bonaparte for them. I made a vow that I would commemorate the expulsion of the French by spending ten thousand rubles in embellishments, and these windows form one of the items. In the great pavilion you will find a marble bust of the emperor, and underneath, engraved on a brass plate, (I suppose you do not read Russ, sir?) but they are the words of the emperor himself—‘I will not sheath my sword whilst an enemy remains in my dominions.’ She was running on in this style, without having allowed me to put in a word, when a sudden twinge in her face stopped her for a second, and changing her tone of voice, which was mild and harmonious, though sufficiently commanding, she turned to me and said—‘Have you discovered, doctor, any remedy for the *tic douloureux*? I have been plagued with it these ten years past.’ I had now had sufficient opportunity of observing her person, and again admired the beauty of her hand, as she reclined in her *voltaire*, and stroked her cheek with two fingers, passing them rapidly over the nerves of the face. She was of middle stature and stout. Her features retained all the marks of former beauty; her countenance was placid and expressive; her eyes had naturally lost much of their former brightness, but they still retained some of that animation and playful satire which are so strikingly represented in her portrait, painted in her youth, where, reclining against a column, she points with one hand to the bust of Catharine. All the features of this portrait are still traceable in her octogenarian face. She wore a white muslin cap, and the rest of her dress was comprised in a Turkish *robe-de-chambre*. She took snuff in large quantities, which fell upon her dress.”—Vol. ii. p. 38.)

We should like, if we had room, to extract the account of the dinner which follows, at which, while the other dishes were making the usual circuit, this distinguished lady ‘was employed in groping with her fork in a black earthenware jug, from the top of which a bladder had been partially removed, to pick out some stewed kidneys, which she consumed with a peculiar gusto. This dish was not handed round.’

The author met another of this celebrated trio in St. Petersburg—the Princess Yousoupow, we imagine, though he names neither lady. ‘She was the most decided card-player of the day, and her voice rose above the multitude as she scolded her partner most furiously.’

After a winter spent at Odessa, (it was during the last Turkish war,) our author took leave of the family to which he was attached, repaired to St. Petersburg—destined to be his residence for fourteen years—and launched into public practice. The hints which he gives of his professional career are vague, and evidently dropped with caution; nor would it be easy to find out, from his narrative alone, whether he had made a fortune or barely paid his expenses. All we learn is, that he was much disappointed in the first instance, chiefly from finding that letters of professional credit, drawn by friends on the shores of the Black Sea, were not always accepted on their presentment in the capital; partly from the Polish revolution, which cut deep into the foreign connection he had formed. Afterwards, the same opportunities occurred to him which occur to all men in their turn who have patience—the cure of a princess’s headache; the retirement of the most popular physician among the English residents, to whose practice he, in a great measure, succeeded; newer faces and newer remedies:—homœopathy and hydropathy. But why he stayed, or why he left, is not very distinctly revealed to the curious reader.

Fourteen years in the Russian metropolis could not pass without ‘*heur et malheur*,’ the Doctor met with both; yet, on the whole, like a man of sense, he appears to regard his lot as a good one. But it is clear, notwithstanding all his efforts to repay hospitality by gracious expressions, and the testimony which he bears, in common with all other unprejudiced visitors, to the great fund of good-nature and good-humor combined, which forms the basis of the Russian character, that he left St. Petersburg a wearied man—happy to turn his back on the modern Palmyra. It is so with all strangers in that capital; and not with strangers only. The proud mistress of the north is the coldest and most unamiable of beauties. Her magnificence freezes the spectator—her monotonous majesty palls on his imagination. *Je déteste Petersbourg*, is the common exclamation of natives and foreigners, whether their experiment of residence has been short or long;—so say the intelligent, judicious,

and elegant Miss Rigby, and Herr Kohl, her contemporary observer. The intoxication of imperial favor hardly reconciles the courtier to abide in her; nor the excitement of conquest, the reigning beauty of her brilliant winter: and the very Mougik who plies in her streets, longs only for the hour which shall enable him to get back to his distant province, and astonish his kindred with stories of the marvels of ‘Piet.’ She is by turns a huge parade-ground—a court—a fair—a bazar—any thing but a civilized and refined city—a vast hive of men, in which families have their home from generation to generation, and in which local attachments, and local habits, become as indelible features as its climate and scenery. The aspect of external things is as wearisome as that of society itself. The eye vainly seeks for relief from the interminable perspective of leagues of wide street, whether bordered by rows of dull wooden huts or palaces equally dull:—‘huge public buildings, monuments, churches with gilded cupolas, all in clean shirts, or as of yesterday’s creation.’ The heavens are as monotonous as the earth—even darkness would be a relief, and darkness is not to be had—the only change is from the ‘sleepless summer of long light,’ to the glimmering snow-blink of the winter.

“We understand the meaning of the word darkness in this country; and I would, nevertheless, prefer obscurity, as a word of more accurate signification. Candles are lit up at half-past two P.M., and one cannot shave by day-light at ten A.M. in the month of November; and yet no inhabitant of Petersburg can appreciate the terms, ‘dark as pitch,’—‘I could not distinguish my horses’ ears,’—‘I could not see my hand,’—all terms, and not exaggerated ones, expressive of the darkness of a night in England. At no season, not even on the shortest day, does such darkness prevail. The ground, covered by a bed of snow, reflects its spangled light; the clouds are high above, and few in number; the stars shine bright in the firmament. It is true that this half-obscure serves for no purpose, as far as the economy of artificial light is concerned; but it is equally true that here we do not appreciate the meaning of utter darkness.

“The moon, the moon,—the light of Sylvia, how she streams upon us for ten successive hours, and mischievously bites off our noses in the winter months!—for cold and moonlight are then inseparable. He who hath not seen Petersburg by moonlight hath something yet to see. Yes, it is when the moon is seen climbing over its domes and minarets, that one is reconciled to the idea of a deserted city. It is this separation of the inanimate from the animate which gives it this peculiar interest. Dazzling

as it may appear, lit up by the beams of a meridian sun, its magnificence then involves the idea of its population; but this in no wise tallies with the magnitude of its buildings, so that the admiration of the grandeur of the one is checked by the insignificance of the other. But when, in the dead of night, when all may be supposed to be asleep—when the mind may imagine that the noonday bustle shall be worthy of the inanimate structures which now shine resplendent in the softened light of the watery moonbeam—then, left to solitary contemplation, free from the influence of any outward impression which may destroy its fairy and ideal form, then the city of the Czars offers a spectacle which perhaps few or none can equal. It has then something of antiquity in its appearance. Its colossal buildings lit up by the reflected moonbeam, we see but their form only, without having sufficient light to scan their features. The buildings may be of stone or marble, and rival, for aught we know, the Eternal City in their age. Viewed from an elevation, extending along a wide extent of horizon, and flanked by massive buildings of monastic form, the town rises with its gilded spires and spangling cupolas from out a level plain. We see not by the faint moonlight, that the intervening spaces between these large structures are not filled up. The wide and straight streets allow not the eye to reach the tapering perspective point in the distance. Some bridge or object interposes ere the long alley dwindle to a point. The surface of the ground is one white spangling carpet. The river flows not to the sight: the voice of the boatman is not heard, and his oar plies not. Some solitary chime indicates the hour. The moon descending in her course, leaves some tower in the shade. All contributes to heighten the feelings of admiration which this hour inspires. The day breaks, and dispels much of the illusion, revealing that to be brick and plaster which to our midnight contemplation appeared stone and marble. Now time and duration vanish—the whole but of yesterday's creation, and nothing which guarantees futurity. The imagination, which had deceived itself into a past, is now disenchanted. The light of day discovers plains and wastes in the centre of a habitable city. The inhabitants, thinly scattered or lost over a wide extended surface, fail to enliven its streets. And what say those edifices to us which form its grandeur? None of the *vis admonitionis in locis*—the *sine nomine sarum*,—the history of a century—a town which we see upon the stage, called into existence by harlequin's wand, which can again say depart—still a great city—the triumph of art over nature, and yet in its cradle.”—Vol. ii. p. 239.

The monotony of life corresponds with that of its outward aspect. All the dash and daring of the Russian aristocracy seem tamed down by the overpowering presence of the sovereign; and the rest of society is as regular as a garrison, and as completely under military regulation. The universal interference of the police is the

subject of complaint with all foreigners: even Germans, overrun as their country is with every variety of the *species magistrate*, quarrel with the restraints of Russian existence.

Even the carnival, according to our physician, is not so gay as it ought to be. “There is something too military in the *tout-ensemble*; no scuffle, no fight, no hustle, no uproarious laughter, no jolly tar with his lass and bludgeon. And what is fun when deprived of these attributes? It is, as Falstaff would say, ‘to be merry upon compulsion.’” What would he have said to the recent seven days of “Stepney fair” affording hardly a police case? Is England, too, becoming centralized into decorous dulness under Sir Robert Peel’s machinery?

A terrible story is told of the conflagration of a booth at the carnival, where more than a hundred persons were burnt and suffocated; owing, according to the author, to the interference of the police, who prevented some carpenters from opening an outlet with their axes for the miserable sufferers. He was partly an eyewitness of the scene. Herr Kohl, who describes the same dreadful occurrence very minutely, corroborates this part of the story. Few events seem to have made such an impression, as far as any can be made, in the great Babylons of modern days. Almost an equally frightful instance of the manner in which this kind of interference is apt to defeat its own ends occurred some years ago, in a great catastrophe on the Czarskoe-Seloe rail-road;—the only instance of that particular variety of accident, the collision of two trains meeting on the same line, which we remember to have heard of since this new ‘peril of man’ has become known.

“The line is single, and there is a half way house, where the trains meet and turn off at an elbow formed for the purpose; they pass each other at this spot; and as, under all circumstances, one train must wait till the other arrives, no accident could be anticipated. The trains left the two terminuses at the same hour; and as their velocity *cæteris paribus* was equal, they had seldom to wait long for each other. The hours of departure were fixed and known; but when there were a great many passengers additional trains were added for the accommodation of the public. The last train was about to leave Czarskoe-Seloe when the managing director for the day ordered the engineer to proceed with all possible speed to St. Petersburg, and not to stop at the half way house for the other train, which he might arrive in time to countermand.

“The man obeyed orders. It was a general

who gave them. It unfortunately happened that the engineer at the opposite extremity had also obeyed orders, and put his train in motion at the usual time; so that the two opposite trains came together upon a dark night at full speed upon a single line. The shock was terrific. The carriages were thrown up into the air. It required hours to dig out the mangled corpses. It is surprising that only six lives were lost; but many persons were dreadfully lacerated, and died subsequently of their wounds.

"When the English engineer found that there was no possibility of preventing the concussion, he jumped off the engine to save his own life. This was interpreted a breach of duty, and he was incarcerated for nine months."—Vol. iii. p. 44.

The following is an instance of this kind of literal obedience which we do not recollect having heard before:—

"These small retail shops to which I allude display a painted board immediately over the entrance door, upon which figures the bill of fare of their internal contents. Underneath is the dealer's name, and, immediately succeeding, the number. These numbers require explanation. The Emperor Paul possessed a creative power: when he said 'Let a thing be done,' it was done. Now, as these shops are all licensed, so, for convenience and order's sake, the Emperor said, 'Let them be all numbered No. 1., &c.' Thus the order stood 'No. 1., &c.,' no doubts, no supposition, no subterfuge, no construction of original intention allowable; the first shop in the street is 1., &c., the second 1., &c., the third, and so on, all 1., &c. It was not allowable to suppose that the ' &c.' should extend to 2, 3, 4. and that each should have a separate number. Such, according to the phrase ever in a Russian mouth, 'was not ordered.'"—Vol. ii. p. 166.

This reminds us of another anecdote of the mode in which the St. Petersburg police executed the sapient orders of the same Emperor. One day the mandate came forth that no man should walk the streets at night without a lantern. The first night a doctor set out on his rounds, attended by a servant carrying one. The servant was allowed to pass; the doctor was placed under arrest.

Every one knows the story of the English banker who gave Catharine a dog, which the Empress christened after the name of the donor, and of the terrible *quid pro quo* which followed, when the Minister of Police, receiving an order to have the diseased dog 'empaillé,' was within an ace of carrying it into execution by impaling the living Englishman. Our author recounts a somewhat similar adventure, though not quite so alarming, as having occurred to one of our countrymen of the English factory in his time.

"He was a merchant of great respectability, and was attached to a Russian lady. No impediment offered itself except the one which prevents the union of people of different religions, and as a foreigner and Protestant, he met with much difficulty in obtaining permission. As he had a friend at court who could gain the imperial ear, he was commissioned to apply to the fountain-head. It was necessary to await a seasonable opportunity, a good-humored moment, which grants every thing, and then to strike. This opportunity occurred, and it was in the afternoon. 'Your Majesty,' said the petitioner, 'will permit me to inform you, that one of my countrymen is in great distress.' 'How?' replied his Majesty, 'an Englishman in distress? What is it? Let me know; if I can remedy it, depend upon it; what help does he require?' 'No, your Majesty, it is not that, but he wishes to marry a Russian, and the clergy will not celebrate his marriage.' 'How so? let him be married immediately, (*seechass.*) I will give the order instantly;' and in five minutes the imperial signature permitted the nuptials to be celebrated. Now, it must be recollected, that in Russia a permission of the sovereign is a *bonâ fide* order; and there is this advantage in despotic governments, that when a thing is to be done, it is done sometimes. The imperial signature authorizes at 5 P. M. the marriage of Mr. A— and Miss B—. At 6 P. M. this order gets into the hands of proper authorities. It arrives at the first office, where it is registered, at eight it gets to another, at ten it may have passed the synod, at eleven it is in the hands of the police, and at midnight the police officers are trotting through the streets to put it in execution, and summon the parties themselves. Mr. — was fast asleep. He had given the case up as hopeless; he must make the best of it; he must forget it; he was hugging his pillow, 'twas all he could hug; a thundering rap is at his door; and before he recovers from his fright an armed police is at his bed-side with a roll of paper in their hands. 'His liver turned to water.' As he was about to force utterance he was stopped by the officers, who told him that they had a warrant which must be executed immediately, (*seechass.*) Mr. — thought of putting on his clothes, and, as he was sacrificing to the Graces, the officer commenced reading. Fancy a man roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, trembling all over from fear more than from cold, sitting upon the edge of his bed drawing on a stocking, spinning slowly out the time, and about to hear, as he supposeth, his exile warrant. 'By the grace of God, Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., be it known.' What was his surprise then to find that this sentence was a permit to be married. 'What, now?' said Mr. —; 'at this time of night?'—'Immediately, (*seechass.*)' said the officer; 'it is ordered.'—'Oh if it be ordered, then I know the rest,' said Mr. —, and he hurried on his clothes and accompanied the officers to the dwelling of his betrothed. What were her feelings upon the occasion, how the matter was broken to her, whether she were asleep or awake, who explained the necessity of immediate compliance—all these matters have not been revealed. Mr. — and Miss — ac-

accompanied the police-officers to the church, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the middle of the night. The officers had done their duty; Mr. — did his, inasmuch as he had obeyed orders; and all the parties shook hands, went home, and went to bed again.—Vol. iii. p. 12.

As might be presumed, the only point on which resistance to the tremendous 'It is ordered,' has ever yet been carried out successfully, perhaps ever attempted, is that of religion; or what the Russian peasant chooses to consider as such. The Emperor's recognized power in this is also enormous: he can make saints, or refuse to allow any more to be made, as he is said recently to have done, in consequence of some misdemeanors on the part of the last canonized. But Peter the Great was worsted in his war with *beards*; and the present Czar would probably employ all his power in vain to compel one of his orthodox subjects to eat a pigeon.

"The following anecdote will afford a good idea of the persevering obstinacy of the Russians in what they consider to be a righteous cause.—The Bishop of Nicolaieff had once been a Jew: he was now a zealous Christian. It was at the epoch of performing this ceremony, (of 'blessing the waters,') that the thermometer marked thirty degrees of cold, and a cutting wind swept over the plains which extended to the east of Nicolaieff. Not a soul was to be seen in the streets. The crows fell down dead with cold: it was the desolating cold blast of the desert—the bleak wind which froze the French legions; nothing animate could resist it long.

"The Boog, whose waters were to be blessed, runs at a distance of a mile from the centre of the town. Now, it was probable under such circumstances, that if the ceremony were allowed to proceed as on ordinary occasions, one-half of the attendants would perish. The governor consequently prevented the procedure in the ordinary way, but ordered a bucketful of water to be brought from the river to the church, there blessed and consecrated, and then restored to the parent stream. This was good homœopathic practice, and much suffering and mischief were thus avoided. But no persuasion, no arguments, would prevail upon the converted Jew to desist from the usual performance of the rites. He would, and did sit down by the waters of Babel. He could not weep, but globules of ice represented his tears. He was brought home in a state of exhaustion, and died raving mad a few days afterwards."—Vol. ii. p. 257.

The last volume consists chiefly of the narrative of our author's retreat from the scene of his labors; and his journey *via* Sweden, and by various German baths, to his native country. But all this we pre-omit; for all of travelling interest that it contains, may be found more usefully digested

in Mr. Murray's Hand-Book, and we have already given enough of those anecdotal and picturesque sketches which constitute the whole merit of the work.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF."

I'm a wandering spirit through earth, air, and sea,
For no bounds, for no bounds can ever bind me;
My steed is the dark wave, with white mane of foam,
And gallantly bears me wherever I roam:
Lashed to fury, he dances, uprearing high,
As snorting, he tosses his head towards the sky,
And no charger like him can so rapidly flee,
While no bounds, while no bounds can ever keep me.

I fly in the tempest while loud shrieks are heard,
But far shriller I cry than the roving sea-bird,
When rocks are resounding with ocean's fierce roar,
And forms are rebounding — pale waifs on the shore—
When barks are deserted to dash o'er the waves,
And mortals are hurled unprepared to their graves:
Then, then is the time I shriek loudest with glee,
And no bounds, and no bounds can ever bind me.

My hair is the thick mist and quick driving snow,
And wildly waves round when the northern blasts blow;
My breath's in the whirlwind, my voice in the clouds,
And dark is the mantle my stern visage shrouds,—
Till vivid the lightnings which flash from my eyes
Illumine with horrors the arch of the skies,—
Then, then my wild voice is heard shrieking with glee,
As I ride o'er the boundless and fetterless sea!
Court Journal.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following interesting lines, which were presented to her Majesty on her arrival at Ostend, by the son of one of our most popular writers:—

Oh! gifted by the bounteousness of Heaven
With the best blessings unto mortals given,—
The auspicious glories of a mighty throne,
The holier joys to happiest mothers known,
Without one cloud upon thy bright career,—
Queen of a thousand triumphs, WELCOME here!

When Charles and Edward to this tranquil strand
Fled from the wrongs of a rebellious land,
In England's stormier hour, on Flemish ground,
The sovereigns of thy race a refuge found;
But thou, VICTORIA!—lovely, pure, serene—
Queen of our hearts,—our own,—our MATRON
QUEEN!

Thy people's love attends thee o'er the main,—
Thy people's love demands thee home again!
May the vast treasure of that loyal love
Bequeathed from thee to thine eternal prove;
Dear to our hopes as to our memory dear,—
Queen of a thousand triumphs, WELCOME HERE!
Court Journal.

THE PARADISE OF SHEDAUD.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

From Fraser's Magazine.

I.

FIERCE in unclouded pride
 The glorious sun rides high;
 Arabia's waste glows far and wide
 Beneath a glowing sky.
 The winds have blown their fill,
 They are calm as calm can be;
 And the sandy ridges are lying still
 As the waves of a frozen sea.
 Like the face of ocean the desert expands,
 But 'tis gemm'd with a lovely isle,
 One Eden amid the barren sands
 The wearied eye can beguile.

II.

Gay groves of far-seen palms are there,
 And shrubs that load the summer air
 With breath of odors rich and rare;
 And fountains on the dazzled sight
 Bursting in silvery columns bright,
 Of constant flux, yet constant height;
 And lakes which in their placid breast,
 Encircled with a grassy vest,
 Receive a hundred rills to rest;
 And flow'rs of ev'ry scent and hue,
 And fruits with changes ever new,
 Of luscious taste all seasons through;
 And walks of marble pure as snow;
 Inlaid with gems in many a row
 They shine, a quaintly gorgeous show;
 And bowers for noontide slumber made,
 Whose arching roof of tangled shade
 No garish sunbeam may invade.
 And, lo! fit centre of the wondrous whole,
 In lofty pomp a giant palace stands,
 A city in itself; one master-soul
 Hath raised the pile by myriad subject hands;
 With massy towers that might with Babel vie,
 And minarets slim that seem to pierce the sky,
 And many a pillar'd porch, and swelling dome,
 The earthly king of kings hath built it for his
 home!

III.

Yet scarce ten fleeting years have past
 Since yon tall palms their shadows cast
 Upon a lonely pool;
 There the wild ass and camel drank,
 Or browsed upon the verdant bank,
 Or lay in shelter cool.
 And sometimes, hid in reedy lair,
 A fiercer guest, the lion, there
 Couch'd waiting for his prey,—
 Dread sight to thirst-worn trav'ler's eye
 Those foot-prints! Should he drink and die?
 Or from th' untasted water nigh
 Haste, but to die, away?

IV.

Thus lonely had for ages been
 Amid the waste that sylvan scene,
 Till Shedaud, mighty king,
 Leading his troops by ways unknown,
 To win new kingdoms for his own,
 Halted at that fair spring.

"Ev'n here," said he, "when earth is mine,
 Will I enjoy a life divine;
 Allah in heav'n may reign!
 But here my slaves shall cause to rise,
 Equal to his, a Paradise,
 Ere I return again!"

V.

He plann'd the work, he gave the word,
 To his workers a law to be,
 While he led on his armies with spear and sword
 To conquer from sea to sea;
 While he forced his neighbor-monarchs all
 At his feet to bow lowly down,
 Till proudly he dared himself to call
 Lord of earth's sole crown!

VI.

Shedaud his high desires hath won,
 And Shedaud's workers their work have done;
 Rich with the spoils of the rifled East,
 The burden of many a weary beast,
 The desert palace glitters complete,
 Girt with its groves and its gardens meet;
 And come at last is the fated day,
 And Shedaud comes in triumphal array;
 All harden'd in pride, all stain'd with vice,
 He comes to enter his Paradise!

VII.

On his battle-charger behold him come!
 The din of cymbal, and trumpet, and drum,
 And of horse and foot the measured tread,
 Have scattered the desert's silence dread:
 The garden is near, and the palace bright
 Is shining full in King Shedaud's sight;
 And open the gates of the garden are set,
 And the crowd from within and without have met:
 But a road is kept clear for Shedaud to ride
 Alone in his height of highest pride;
 And youths and maidens, a lovely band,
 Are standing in lines upon either hand,
 And sweetly they raise the song,
 While Shedaud exults in the flattering strain,
 And shoutings and martial music amain
 Burst forth from the warrior throng:

VIII.

"Wide thy slaves the portals fling;
 Enter, enter, mighty king!
 See complete the work design'd
 By thine own creative mind!
 Heaven above hath nought to show
 Passing this thy heaven below!
 World-commander, tarry not,
 Be thy earthly cares forgot:
 Let thy life divine begin;
 Lord of Eden, enter in!"

IX.

What deep, dull gloom hath come
 O'er the yet unclouded sky?
 What nameless dread hath stricken dumb
 The voices that sounded so high?
 Hush'd are the trumpet's notes,
 Hush'd is the cymbal's clang,
 Hush'd are the parching throats
 Of all that shouted and sang.
 Mute, as if risen from the tomb
 To hear the words of endless doom
 At Allah's awful judgment throne,
 Stand all the gasping throng—one voice is heard
 alone!

X.

"Shedaud! I claim thy soul!" Death's angel
speaks,
And Shedaud hears, as in a dream, the call.
It is no dream! Again the summons breaks
The silence of the waste, else silent all,
As though no foot of man had dared intrude
Upon the vastness of its solitude.
A moment more, and that stout heart of pride
Rallies. "Do then, if thou must do, thy worst;
But let me enter this my Eden first,"
Said Shedaud. "It is not so written!" cried
The messenger of wrath. Nor more he spoke,
But with a sudden stroke
Hurl'd from his shudd'ring steed
The tyrant. Then avenged was Heaven, and earth
was freed!

XI.

Th' Avenger raised his hand on high,
Thunder shook the murky sky;
Down a fiery deluge came,
Grove and garden fed the flame;
Shook and yawn'd the cumber'd ground;
Sudden fell with crashing sound
Dome and minaret, tower and wall,
Fell the shatter'd palace all;
Buried in a dark abyss,
Lay that pile of promis'd bliss.
Heap'd by many a whirling blast,
Hills of 'whelming sand were cast
On the black and blasted scene;
None may trace what there hath been.
One alone was spared to tell
What that Paradise befell!

XII.

Ages have past—the tale is old—
Yet still, as roves some Arab bold
Those buried ruins nigh,
The dimly shadow'd forms he sees
Of impious Shedaud's towers and trees,
Marking the hazy sky.
But ever, as the spot he gains,
The vision fades, and nought remains
Of all his fancy traced;
He only views a sparkling rill,
That through the sand-heap struggles still,
To cheer the lonely waste.

NOTE. The authority, if I may use so grave a term, which I have chiefly followed in this little poem, is a legend (by whom and whence translated I know not) in the *Lady's Magazine* for October, 1809. It is entitled "The Garden of Irim: a Persian Romance. Literally Translated from the Persian." See, also, Sale's *Koran*, Preliminary Discourse, (in the former part of Sect. I.) and note on chap. lxxxix.

Extracts from the Proceedings of a Meeting of the British Scientific Association.

MR. NEVINS mentioned the occurrence of a submarine forest at the mouth of a small stream in Tramore Bay, showing a recent change of level in a direction contrary to that indicated by the raised beaches.—Mr. Phillips also mentioned evidences of local elevation and depression, occurring in the space of one mile, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire, from which he inferred that the movement had not been uniform, but oscillating.—Mr. Lyell stated, that he believed the complicated evidence of changes of level during the latest geological periods, both in Europe and America, would be bet-

ter accounted for by changes of climate, arising from a very different geographical distribution of land and water, than by the hypothesis of central heat, or by the supposed passage of the solar system through planetary spaces of differing temperature. If the whole of Europe had been at any time submerged, other tracts now beneath the sea must have been elevated, and a change of temperature might have been produced similar to that which still obtains in the Southern ocean.—Mr. Hopkins observed, that the difference in the elevation of raised beaches in different parts of Ireland did not prove an unequal elevation of the land; the beds of oysters &c. might have originally occupied different depths in the sea; and the beaches might have been formed at different periods. He did not think that any change in the distribution of land and water would account for the depression of temperature during the glacial period. The Andes were the chief cause of the low temperature prevailing along the eastern coast of South America; and such mountains could not have existed in Europe, since the level of the land had been proved to be lower; and if the whole of Europe were submerged, he thought the temperature of the region would rather be raised than depressed. With respect to Poisson's hypothesis, he stated that such a movement of the solar system was much more consistent with analogy than the usual assumption of its rest; and it was the only hypothesis which would account for geological changes of such an order and magnitude as those under consideration.

SIR J. W. F. HERSCHEL 'On a remarkable Photographic process, by which dormant pictures are produced, capable of development by the breath or by keeping in a moist atmosphere.—If nitrate of silver, specific gravity 1.200, be added to ferro-tartaric acid, specific gravity 1.023, a precipitate falls, which is in great measure redissolved by a gentle heat, leaving a black sediment, which being cleared by subsidence, a liquid of a pale yellow color is obtained, in which a further addition of the nitrate causes no turbidness. When the total quantity of the nitrated solution added amounts to about half the bulk of the ferro-tartaric acid, it is enough. The liquid so prepared does not alter by keeping in the dark. Spread on paper and exposed *wet* to the sunshine (partly shaded) for a few seconds, no impression seems to have been made, but by degrees, although withdrawn from the action of the light, it develops itself spontaneously, and at length becomes very intense. But if the paper be thoroughly dried in the dark, (in which state it is of a very pale greenish yellow color,) it possesses the singular property of receiving a dormant, or invisible picture; to produce which, (if it be, for instance, an engraving that is to be copied,) from thirty seconds to a minute's exposure to the sunshine is requisite. It should not be continued too long, as not only is the ultimate effect less striking, but a picture begins to be *visibly* produced, which darkens spontaneously after it is withdrawn. But if the exposure be discontinued before this effect comes on, an invisible impression is the result, to develop which all that is necessary is to breathe upon it, when it immediately appears, and very speedily acquires an extraordinary intensity and sharpness as if by magic. Instead of the breath, it may be subject to the regulated action of aqueous vapor, by laying it in a blotting-paper book, of which some of the outer leaves on both sides have been damped, or by holding it over warm water. Many preparations, both of silver and gold, possess a similar property in an inferior degree, but none that I have yet met with to any thing like the extent of that above described.—*Athenæum*.

HISTORY OF LETTER-WRITING.

From the Literary Gazette.

History of Letter-Writing from the earliest Period to the Fifth Century. By W. Roberts, Esq., Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 700. W. Pickering.

THIS massive tome is full of learning and research; too full, we fear, for popularity in these days, however much it may be prized by the judicious few who continue to regale on more solid literature. After briefly referring to Cicero, Pliny, Libanius, (the preceptor of the Emperor Julian,) and others, who have either left examples or precepts as regards the proper epistolary style, Mr. Roberts says:—"I certainly so far agree with the prevailing doctrine on this subject, as to think that letters must be natural, to be good for much. It is not necessary that they should be light or sententious, sprightly or severe, rambling or methodical. Their excellence rather consists in their affecting nothing, dissembling nothing, imitating nothing;—in their fidelity to the feelings; in their character of genuineness; in a complexional rather than a conventional humor; in an eloquence of expression, borrowing little from without, but sparkling and racy from the fountains of thought and sensibility. The play of a letter should be natural, its wit unconscious, and its vigor involuntary. In a real good letter there should be something vital, something in accordance with a healthy pulse of sentiment, something belonging to the interior man, as he stands affected by passing events, or his own experiences and recollections. But letter-writing has its laws; and it is one of its laws that nothing dried or laid up for use should find admission; its fruit should have upon it the bloom of our youngest thoughts, and a maiden dew should be upon its leaf. In the best letters we find a certain *naïve* and arch use of language, in which images are made to play before the fancy of the reader, without the formality of decided similitudes or figures, giving a secret but a lively flow to the current of composition. To know the mystery of these happy combinations is the talent and tact of the initiated alone. These, however, are the secrets of familiar writing, and especially of letters, as they form a part of polite literature. They defy imitation, and refuse to be transplanted. They are delicacies which will not bear handling,—felicities which seem to come of themselves, while they mark the perfection of skill."

We fancy this quotation to be a sort of specimen of the required character in letter-writing; rather ornate, perhaps, but what the writer would commend as a pattern. In speaking of his design, he states:—

"To the letters of the wisest and most accomplished heathens I have added pretty copious specimens from the fathers of the evangelical Church, of the fourth and fifth centuries; in whose epistolary intercourse there will be found matter of the gravest import, and the fullest exhibition of a class of men, whose habits of thought and expression were framed after a model entirely different from that which furnished the standard of heathen morality: and the

present is, perhaps, a juncture in which that portion of this work will be found especially interesting."

The first stone also is thus laid:—

"In tracing the history and origin of letter-writing, we shall in vain look for any certain date. The honor of the invention has been given to Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus; married successively to Cambyzes and Darius Hystaspes, by which latter prince she became the mother of Xerxes. The authority for this supposed fact is the testimony of Hellanicus, a general historian of the dynasties and catastrophies of ancient states, including that of the Persians, whose works are lost, and who seems to have lived till about the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The fact as recorded by Hellanicus is preserved by Tatian and Clemens Alexandrinus. Tatian in his celebrated Oration against the Greeks, a work which has come down to us, contends that none of those institutions of which the Greeks were so boastful, had their origin with them, but were all invented by the Barbarians: and, according to this author, it was said by Hellanicus, that a Persian queen, whose name was Atossa, first composed epistles; which statement is copied by Clemens Alexandrinus."

We trust our readers will not feel disappointed if we stop here, and recommend to all who wish for full information on the subject, elucidated by many very curious and interesting letters, to refer to the work itself. There they will find what epistolary correspondence was in scriptural ages and the period of Homer—the history of writing materials, forms, and conveyances—Greek and Roman letter-writing; and, finally, examples from the fathers of the Church. We are tempted to copy some passages from Sidonius Apollinaris, residing at the villas of two of his intimate friends, in a letter to his friend Donidius, and affording a striking picture of the manners and habits of the last days of Rome in the west, the latter half of the fifth century. His first reception is by Ferreolus, a man of prefectorean rank, and we are told: "We were hurried from one luxurious entertainment to another. Hardly had we passed the threshold, when, behold, regular matches of tennis-players, within the rings or circular enclosures, and the frequent noise and rattling of the dice, with the clamors of the players! In another part were placed such an abundance of books ready for use, that you might suppose yourself in the libraries of the grammarians, or among the benches of the Roman Athenæum, or the furniture of the shops of the booksellers. These means of entertainment were so disposed, that the books of a serious character were placed near the seats assigned to the matrons, while near the benches of masters and fathers of families such compositions were ranged as were in esteem for their Latin gravity and tragic elevation; though these volumes, the productions of various writers, might all possess an equality of merit on subjects very different; for men of like intellectual rank were mingled together: here Augustin, here Varro, here Horace, here Prudentius, caught the eye of the reader. Among whom Adamantius Origenes, as interpreted by Turranius Rufinus, was submitted to the inspec-

tion of the serious readers professing our faith ; so that the maintainers of the different opinions on this subject might discuss the grounds upon which some of our greatest divines have condemned this interpretation as a very sinister performance, and to be altogether avoided, although it was so exact a translation of each word and sentence, that neither Apuleius nor Tully had more faithfully executed, the one the Phædo of Plato, and the other the Ctesiphon of Demosthenes, as a rule and model for Roman elocution. With these studies each of us occupied himself as he pleased, until a messenger from the chief cook reminded us that it was time to think of taking care of our corporeal part : which messenger, marking the time by the clepsydra, came very punctually at the fifth hour (11 o'clock.) Dinner was soon dispatched, after the senatorian custom, according to which a copious repast is served up in a few dishes, although the banquet consisted both of roast and boiled. Little stories were told while we were taking our wine, which conveyed delight or instruction, as they happened to be dictated by experience or gaiety. We were decorously, elegantly, and abundantly entertained. Rising from table, if we were at the villa called Vorangum, we retired to our apartments to get our necessities from our packages. If we were at Prusianum, the other villa, we turned out Tonantius and his brothers, some very select young men of quality of the same standing, to make room for us and our furniture. Having shaken off our after-dinner nap, we amused ourselves with a short ride, to get an appetite for our supper. Neither of our hosts had their baths completed for use, though each was constructing them. But after the train of servants and attendants which I had brought with me had a little respite from their cups, whose brains were somewhat overcome with the hospitable bowls of which they had freely partaken, a sort of pit was dug in haste near a rivulet or spring, into which a quantity of hot bricks were thrown, a circular arbor being made over it by the intertexture of the boughs of willows or hazels, by which the place was darkened, and air at the same time admitted through the interspaces, while a hot vapor was sent through the willows. Here an hour or two passed in the midst of much wit and merriment, during which we were all thrown into a most salubrious perspiration, being enveloped in the steam as it came hissing from the water. When we had been suffused with this long enough, we were plunged into the hot water ; and being well cleansed and refreshed, we were afterwards braced by an abundance of cold water from the river or fountain. The river Vuardus* runs between the two villas, and except when it is thickened and discolored by the influx from the snow on the neighboring heights, it is a transparent and gentle stream, with a pebbly bottom, nor on that account the less abounding in delicate fish. I might go on to give you a description of our suppers, which were sumptuous, did not my

* "This river runs through the country of the Volcæ Arecomici into the Rhone, once famous for a Roman bridge and aqueduct, of Roman structure, of which it is said some traces may yet be seen."

paper put that stop to my loquacity which modesty does not ; of which, however, I should have been much pleased to give you an account, were I not ashamed to blur over the back of my paper with my ink. Besides which we are on the point of starting, and we please ourselves with the hope of soon seeing you again, if God permit ; and then we shall best commemorate the suppers we have had with our friends in the suppers we shall exchange with each other, only let a complete week first elapse to bring us back to our appetites, after this luxurious banquetting ; for a stomach surfeited by luxurious fare is repaired by nothing so much as by stinting it for a time."

Upon this the author justly remarks :—"The letter presents an image of more ease and cheerfulness than might have been expected to exist at a time when the Roman empire was falling to pieces, and successive incursions of barbarous and unknown enemies were shaking to their foundation the elements of society. But there is a tenacity in the habits of civilized life, and an exigency in its usages and reciprocities, which sustain it in being and operation, amidst all the casualties and revolutions to which civilized communities are exposed ; and thus in the last catastrophe of Rome, with Goths, and Vandals, and Visi-Goths, at her gates, and trampling on her provinces, we find the bishop of Arverne and his friends, at a retreat among the mountain-passes, enjoying all the pleasures of the festive board, and as happy as good cheer and hospitable friendship could make them."

THE JEWS OF SPAIN AND THE INQUISITION.—

Who would have thought that, in the year 1843, a persecution of the Jews would have commenced in Europe ? An edict, extraordinary at this era, though of a class common enough in the good old times, has been issued by the General Inquisitor in Ancona, and other districts in his jurisdiction. This officer, whose name is Fra Vincenzo Salina, of the order of Predicatori, master in theology, in an edict, dated in the Chancellery of the Holy Inquisition, at Ancona, 24th June, 1843, premising that, it being deemed necessary to revive the full observance of the disciplinary laws relative to Israelites, and "having hitherto without effect employed prayers and exhortations to obtain obedience to these laws, authorized by the despatch of the Sacred and Supreme Inquisition of Rome," decrees that all Gipsy and Christian nurses must be dismissed from Jewish families, and that Jews are prohibited from availing themselves of the service of any Christian in any domestic occupation whatever, "under pain of being immediately punished according to the pontifical decrees and constitutions ;" that all Jews possessing permanent or movable property, rents or shares in funds, shall dispose of the same within three months, or the Holy Office will sell it ; that no Jew shall inhabit any place where there is no *Ghetto*, or place of residence for Jews, &c. &c. It is not said whether the Ancona Jews are suspected of any of the pranks imputed to their brethren at Damascus. No part of the secular history of this nation is more remarkable than the barbarous and shameful persecutions they have endured in all times from people calling themselves Christians.—*Asiatic Journal*.

THE FREE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

From the Westminster Review.

The People and the Church of Scotland. A Reply to Sir James Graham and the Government. By J. White, A. M. Sherwood.

THREE years ago we wrote and published an article in this Journal, saying why we thought the Kirk had strong claims on the help and sympathy of every friend of Reform.

At that time this was assuming an unique position. Letters of remonstrance poured in upon the editor. It was deemed necessary to vindicate the article. Many Radicals and Voluntaries could find no better solution of the circumstance than a love of singularity in the writer. Parliamentary Radicals, astonished to find a journal to which they defer taking a course beyond their appreciation, could do nothing but lift up their hands and eyes in amazement.

Three years have elapsed. Whether we or our various critics best knew the men and the principles involved in the subject has been made clear by what, three years ago, was the darkness of the future.

It is a singular satisfaction to the writer, both for himself and the friends who relied on his judgment, that events have justified every one of his views and realized all his anticipations. Differing entirely as he did from almost all the ablest and most experienced men of his party, it will not be egotism, but justice, to show that a love of truth, a knowledge of his subject, to which he could not be false, and not a conceit of singularity, impelled the writer to maintain his unique proposition of friendship to the Kirk.

Liberals who had known skeptics become parsons for the sake of tithes, manses, and chalders, might well be excused when their own minds were imbued with the ideas of the French Revolution, if they exclaimed, "Ah! we have no faith in Parsons!" But we declared our faith in the evangelical parsons of the Kirk. We rebuked the narrowness which calls every kind of honesty dishonest except the kind peculiar to the accuser. Against the bigotry which would not allow them to be honest because at first they did not agitate for the abolition of patronage, or immediately separate from the State, we maintained the wisdom of practicalness, and the honesty of practical men who do the best they can, seek the best they can get, and love a small good which is to be had better for the nonce than all the grand unattainable abstractions out of St. Luke's.

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Nobly have the evangelical parsons vindicated our belief in their honesty and sincerity. About five hundred of them have resigned permanent for precarious incomes, embraced a lower status in society, consented to live on one-half of their former stipends, and disdained a hundred thousand pounds for the sake of their ecclesiastical principles. Knowing from intimacy at school and college, in the play of boyhood, in the business of manhood,—aware long before 1840 that the evangelical Kirkmen were earnest and honorable men, who meant what they said,—it was not a love of singularity, but simply an avoidance of a shameful deviation from veracity, to declare the faith which we had in these parsons.

We were told it was a mere struggle for power on the part of the clergy. Their popular cries we were loudly told were mere crafty shams and delusions to hide selfish ends. Nothing could drive this baseless idea out of the heads of the Radicals. It was not an induction from evidence, else a larger and closer scrutiny of the facts on which it rested would have destroyed it. It was in vain to ask these men to look at facts, they could not see them, because their eyes were blinded by the passion of hatred, of which their accusation was only the expression. All over Scotland, as vacancies arose in parishes, the people found that their will had come to be, and the patron found that his will had ceased to be, the dominant thing in the appointment of the pastor. But this fact was disregarded. It was in vain to ask the parson-haters to remember that when the Moderates intruded presentees at the point of the bayonet it was the will of the aristocratic patron which lorded it over every other consideration; and so determinedly blind were they, that there was no use in showing them that by the Veto Act the popular will, expressed by the Vetoing cards of communicants, had obtained the ascendancy. The General Assembly gave the election of elders to the people, thus enabling popularly-elected laymen to outvote the clergy in all the church courts. The opponents of the Kirkmen could not be made to see that the whole movement began in a desire on the part of the clergy to satisfy the Scriptural convictions of their people respecting the influence that they ought to have over the election of pastors. Instead of being agitators for clerical power, the clergy were themselves agitated by popular demands, their communicants requiring them to provide for them a voice in ecclesiastical affairs as the only means of preventing them

from joining the Dissenters, among whom they would have the power both of electing and ejecting their pastors.

It might have been acknowledged, without any very great stretch of candor, that an agitation for popular power in the admission to benefices was not a very likely scheme for adding to clerical power. The aim of the movement was to wrest power from the aristocracy, and give it to its rightful owners, the people. The friends of popular rights ought all along to have helped the Church in her struggles. To give the people who previously were scarcely consulted a right to say no—a veto, when they had no such thing before for a century, was plainly to increase their power, and decrease the patronate power. Yet the great majority of journals in Scotland which profess to support the cause of the people, occupied themselves in vilifying and defaming men at whose hands aristocratic power has sustained greater reductions—from whose hands democratic power has received larger accessions, than from any other men of the present generation in Europe. To make lords less and men greater, are the professed objects of the Liberal press; yet the tendency of the labors of most of them were conservative of aristocratic church power. Surely the communicants are worthier depositaries of the State control over the State-paid Church than the patrons. Let it be granted that, if the State *pay* the clergy, the State ought to *choose* them; if the nation supports them, the nation ought to decide who they shall be. Certainly Liberals cannot consistently maintain that the aristocracy are to be considered the State—the patrons—the representatives of the nation. Popularly elected town councils are not the only patrons. Most of the patrons are landholders—men whom Liberals cannot receive as the representatives of the people, nor regard their interests as identical with those of the nation. It is rare Liberalism which would intrust State control over State-paid clergy to an irresponsible aristocracy, rather than to the communicants who belong to the people and are identical with them in all their interests. Who are most the State? The few patrons or the many communicants? In whose hands is any portion of power best placed? The few or the many? According to the opinions of all Liberals, the aristocracy are less identified with the State than the electors or communicants, and are less worthy depositaries of power. But in Scotland, and in some cases in London, the argument of State-control over the

State-paid was used by Liberal journals in a way which favored the aristocracy and injured the democracy in the distribution of Church power. If there is any truth in the professions of Liberals and Radicals, the ecclesiastical democracy of Scotland are the rightful owners of Church power in the appointment of pastors. But in the recent controversy the clergy have been the champions of these popular rights, and their opponents have been the professedly Liberal press—the men who claim for themselves on all occasions the honorable character of friends of the people.

The pretext, under color of which the Liberal press have masked their hostility to popular Church power, has been hatred of clerical power. By the way, it will not do for them to tell us that they were friendly to giving the election of ministers into the hands of all the ten-pounders in a parish, Churchmen and Dissenters. This was never feasible; and our argument is that the Kirk communicants were more entitled to be regarded in the State than the patrons, that the contest for the power was between the communicants and the patrons, and that therefore it was the duty of the friends of popular power to aid the democratic rather than the aristocratic claimants. The hatred of clerical power—the outcry against priestcraft, which these journalists assume to be a praiseworthy feeling, was itself in this case an illiberal, anti-popular, and anti-democratic thing. When the people have a voice in the election of ministers, whether in the shape of a no or an aye, the clergy can exercise over them only the legitimate influences of wisdom, knowledge, and character. The noblest influence one man can exercise over another—the most legitimate, desirable, and beneficial, is the power of convincing his reason, of giving him convictions, and determining his conduct by quickening old or kindling new principles in his heart. To give men moral and spiritual theories for the guidance of their lives is the highest and most dignified occupation which genius and talent can accomplish. Man cannot do nobler work. If the clergy implant in the minds of the people their own views of Church politics, and the people apply those views to the election of ministers and elders, to vilify this process either *quoad* the clergy by calling it spiritual despotism, or *quoad* the people by calling it religious gullibility, is to blaspheme those holy processes of thought appointed for the elimination of all that is good and beautiful in civilization. When men talk of the liberty of the press, they mean by it the

right of one man to form the convictions of many men in the department of morals, called politics. But is the press the only legitimate disseminator of moral convictions? Are the lords of the pen no longer content with sharing this power with the occupants of the professorial chair and the orators of the pulpit, setting up the pretension that this power of disseminating convictions is legitimate only when used by themselves? Two centuries ago the clergy wielded the power of forming the convictions of the people in the morality of politics as well as in the spiritualities of religion. It seems as if the new power were becoming intolerant of the old one, and newspaper editors, after stripping the clergy of their political functions, were resolved to set up in their stead, as also the instructors of the people in spiritual concerns. All that can be required of any men is that the power they seek over others shall be the power of mind over mind, of genius over intelligence, of intelligence over ignorance, and of integrity over selfishness. With a negative or an affirmative power lodged in the popular body, the people who aspire to lead them by convincing them, and to rule them by doing them good, are not actuated by a base but by a most honorable ambition. Instead of the fact of their aspirations entitling them to be abused, they give them claims on the gratitude and affection of their fellow men. We shall be prepared, ere we conclude this article, to show that even if the objects of the Evangelical party had been purely clerical, without a particle of popular aim in them, they would have been entitled to the help and sympathy of every man capable of taking enlightened views of the interests of civilization. But in the present case the clergy reserved no power for themselves, except the legitimate influences of superior wisdom. They sought to make the people their patrons. Their object was to make the communicants their masters in the matter of appointment to benefices. When the Liberal journalists opposed and vilified them, they so far betrayed the cause of popular rights, and outraged the great democratic idea of fair play to talent—of the Right of the Fit. In this case, in so far as Liberalism would make the poor stronger, these writers were false to it—in so far as Liberalism would establish the authority of justice and wisdom they thwarted it.

Our purpose in recapitulating these arguments is to direct attention to, perhaps, the most extraordinary phenomenon exhibited by the Kirk question in Scotland. We leave it to others to be astonished that five

hundred disinterested parsons have been found in Scotland. Our surprise has been excited by the exhibition of a disregard of professed principles by the Liberal press, quite as extraordinary as the sacrifices of the free Kirkmen for their conscientious convictions. When, three years ago, we maintained the duty of helping the Kirk as the popular cause, amidst the numerous notices with which our article was honored there was not one single attempt made, though some were promised, to contest the ground with us by argument, foot for foot, and inch for inch. We did not maintain a singular opinion: most of the gentlemen of highest reputation in London as interpreters of Liberalism and Democracy coincided in our views. They thought it impossible by any logical process for Liberals to take any other course than the one we recommended. At the general election almost all the Liberal candidates adopted the views we had promulgated. Those who did not were unseated in burghs, and some of those who did won counties. Yet, with few exceptions, in spite of its principles, the Liberal press took an opposite course, and the Non-Intrusionists were obliged to set up journals of their own.

To explain this strange fact; the Liberal journalists were actuated by a feeling stronger than their love of the rights of the people or of fair play to talent. They were animated by a hatred of Evangelism. An observer, unsurpassed in this age for his acquirements in the philosophy of politics, exclaimed to us,—“How much more true the newspapers have been to their infidelity than to their democracy!” We may remark that the infidelity to which these gentlemen have been true is not the most liberal or enlightened kind of it at present to be found in Europe. Theirs is a bigoted hatred of earnest belief—the feeling with which the courtiers of Charles the Second regarded the convictions of the Puritans; the hatred of a De Grammont for Cromwell; the fanaticism with which a Voltaire might have regarded a Wesley. To the most enlightened skeptics of London and Paris, fervid Christianity appears to be venerable and beautiful, the divine element in modern history full of blessings to society. They do not scoff—they perhaps envy the men in whose hearts Christianity is enkindled as a living fire. Among the Scotch journalists, however, the scriptural principles which have quickened in the hearts of their countrymen, and led in our day to so many instances of devotion to duty—to so many touching sacrifices for

the cause of God, are regarded as things to be covered with contempt and crushed with ridicule. Sixty years ago Robert Burns was abreast of the literary and philosophic spirit of his age, when the satirist of Evangelism he wrote his 'Holy Willie,' and his 'Holy Fair:' but the Scotch journalists, who feebly express his spirit and repeat his jokes, are two generations behind *their* age. Their political philosophy belongs to the last century. Like the Protestant parsons at Rome, who are said to have gone to learn the Protestant religion from the Pope, they acquire their notions of faith from unbelievers, and study Christian history under David Hume, the infidel. To be just to a faith, or to the believers of it, you must have loved it or them. Tell us where a man's contempt begins and we will tell you where his ignorance begins. Of the spirit of Robert Burns these journalists have caught nothing but the satiric part of it. They feel not with him the beauty of the scene described in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' nor the emotion which gushed up in the heart of Robert Nicoll at the mention of the Big Ha' Bible.

Scotland is called a religious nation. Presbyterianism, it is said, has protected the Scotch from skepticism. Unlike the countries in which Catholicism has continued the religion of the State, Scotland, they say, has never produced a Voltaire. But David Hume was an Edinburgh man. The brilliant philosophers and literary men who made Edinburgh the mental metropolis of the empire towards the end of the last century, were skeptics to a man. Nowhere is earnest piety treated with more unsparing ridicule than in Scotland at the present hour. In Paris, in London, in Berlin, and Vienna, there is abundance of disbelief of Christianity, but nowhere is vital faith in it treated with less respect or encountered with a more unflinching hostility than in Presbyterian Scotland. But, in fact, Scotland is not Presbyterian. A million of Voluntaries, Catholics, and Episcopalians, —a million of Free Kirkmen who have just left the Establishment,—and a million of persons avowedly unbelievers, or mere rational gentlemanly adherents of the Establishment,—these make up the three millions of the Scotch. Hence the explanation of the course pursued by the Liberal journalists. In opposing the Evangelical Kirkmen they were giving utterance to the principles and passions of two-thirds of their countrymen, the million of Dissenters hostile to the Evangelicals on the principle of Establishments, and the million of Moderates hostile

to them on account of their vital Christianity. Looking on Establishments as the pieces of silver given the Church for the betrayal of her Lord, the Voluntaries denounced the Evangelicals as corrupters of Christianity. The skeptics abused and vilified them as fanatics who would restore the black despotism of superstition. A common Christianity was not so strong to unite as a difference about Establishments was to dis sever the Dissenters from the Evangelicals. Common democratic tendencies could not prevent men from encountering each other as enemies—to one party of whom Christianity is The Truth, while to the other party it is Fanaticism.

We extract a sketch of the nature and history of the principles involved in the Kirk question from a recent tract.*

The point at issue in Kirk affairs is, whether the will of the patron or the will of the communicants shall be the dominant thing in making the licentiate the pastor of the parish. Out of this question another has arisen—Whether the clergy are liable to civil damages for what the law courts deem wrongs of commission or omission in their ecclesiastical procedure.

The non-intrusion struggle is part of the battle between aristocracy and democracy. The power of making parish ministers is the thing contested. Who shall lord it over the process which makes a licensed preacher a parish pastor? This is the point of contention between the patrons and the communicants. Whose will shall be clothed with the dominancy of the matter; the will of the Home Secretary of the day, and a small body of the landlords, or the will of the recipients of the eucharist in the parish—the patronate or the congregational will? In the name of the law and the civil courts the patrons claim the dominancy for their will. The communicants by the Church Courts maintain, in the name of the Constitution and of Christ, that their will ought to be dominant in making the preacher the pastor.

The contest and the claims of both parties are old. History shows that each party has had its victories. Law also shows the fact in an abundance of contradicting statutes.

Just as certainly as the Revolution settlement placed William of Orange on the throne, did it establish the Kirk on a basis of non-intrusion and spiritual independence. Strike the Act of Anne out of the statute-book, and the dominancy over the appointment of pastors reverts to the communi-

* 'The Fall of the Kirk,' by Mr. John Robertson.

cants. By this Act the Jacobites regained the powers which the settlement of the Constitution had given to the Kirkmen, and, to borrow a phrase from the French, effected a counter-revolution. It is one of the most curious of historical episodes.

Shortly after the union of England and Scotland, two ladies were seated in familiar talk in an apartment of the palace of St. James's. They called each other Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman. The door was loudly and familiarly unlocked, and an abigail came tripping across the floor with a bold and gay air. Suddenly recognising a person she did not expect, she stops short, and drops a grave curtsey, like a player, to the haughtier-looking of the ladies. She then turned to the stout, dark-haired, and easy-tempered looking lady, and, without a curtsey, says to her, in a faint, low voice—"Did your Majesty ring, pray?" Thus did the abigail betray the ascendancy she had acquired over her royal mistress. The haughty lady, honored with an obeisance before her Queen, was Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. The dark-haired, stout, and easy-tempered lady was Queen Anne. The abigail was Mrs. Hill, afterwards Lady Masham, a poor relative of the proud Duchess, the daughter of a bankrupt London merchant, a Baptist by religious profession, and a humble dresser in the court. Her object in seeking power was chiefly to marry the man she liked. This scene first showed the Duchess that her day of power was over,—this scene was the first sign of a change of imperial power. Henceforth, for four years, the abigail was the sovereign ruler of the British empire. Anne was the nominal, the dresser the real Queen. Writing of the ministry which the abigail brought into place and power, instead of the cabinet to which he belonged himself, the Duke of Marlborough, in one of his letters, says, the only persons who really have power are the abigail Masham and the premier Harley. In the end, the abigail who made, unmade the premier. Well did the clear-headed hero of Ramilies and Blenheim know that he had been defeated, degraded, and ousted by the abigail. The accomplished, worldly, lazy, jocular Harley might be the intriguer,—Bolingbroke, a brilliant, superficial profligate, an English Alcibiades, in a peruke,—Don Juan might be the orator, and the proud and fitful humorist—the bitter-hearted and iron-headed Dean Swift, might be the journalist of the Tory Government—but the dictatrix who could make or destroy them all was Masham the abigail. To help Episcopacy and Jacobitism in Scot-

land, the Tory Government made short work of restoring patronage in the Kirk. In the towns and among the hills of Scotland, a thousand clergymen were peacefully pursuing the round of their duties, relying for their privileges on the treaty of union. The Kirkmen expected no evil. But Scotchmen were put forward in Parliament by the Masham ministry to break the treaty of union. In six weeks an act was hurried through both houses, which, as has now been decided by the courts of law, took from the Kirk courts their *liberum arbitrium*, subjected the co-ordinate power of Presbytery to the civil courts, broke the union treaty of two nations, and fastened the iron yoke of lay patronage on the necks of the Scotch. In three years after the royal sceptre had touched the treaty which guaranteed the inviolability of the Church of Scotland, the Church was violated by this abigail act.

Edinburgh, now only a day distant from London, was in those days a fortnight. Carstares, Blackwell, and Baillie, a remonstrating deputation from the Kirk, hastened up to London. All in vain. Neither the chiefs of the legislature nor the chiefs of the literature of London heeded them. Strong in the support of the court, the Tories carried every thing before them. Few listened to the ideas of the Covenanters, when the French *bel esprit* was the mode. Small heed was given to the Presbyterian claims of spiritual independence by the clubs, which were then enjoying the humors of Sir Roger de Coverley, and the wit of the young poet of the 'Rape of the Lock.'

Carstares, a man whose thumbs had been screwed for Whiggery, had a mastery over none but Kirk ideas. He returned to Edinburgh to persuade the Kirkmen to be thankful that the General Assembly itself had not been abolished. His was not the mind to see the advantage to the wronged, when their oppressors add to the reality the conspicuous appearance of oppression. The temporary abolition of the General Assembly would have ensured the repeal of the abigail act after the death of Anne.

For seventy or eighty years the General Assembly, at every one of its meetings, entered into a solemn protest against the breach of the treaty of union. At first the protest was a reality, in the course of years it became a formality. Lawyers now tell the Kirkmen they lost their privileges by their own slackness or *laches*. Perhaps a vigorous agitation begun in 1711 might have enabled the Kirkmen to gain back their rights. But it would have strength-

ened the Jacobites by swelling their ranks in 1715 and 1745 with discontented Presbyterians. That the Kirkmen did not agitate this question, when to do so would have endangered the succession of the House of Hanover to the throne, ought not to be deemed a fault, while the name of our sovereign is Guelph, and not Stuart.

The act of the ministry of Harley and Bolingbroke soon filled the Kirk with men of kindred spirits with their own. Skepticism became the fashion of the age. Of the clergy produced by the abigail act, an idea may be formed from the character of their type and representative—William Robertson. The men hostile to the spirit and the ideas of the Kirk of Knox, who became pastors under the abigail act, called themselves—Moderates. William Robertson was the flower of Moderatism. The morning of the 30th of May, 1751, saw the churchyard of the parish of Torphichen thronged with rustics in their Sabbath clothes. With sorrow and indignation they were to witness the settlement of a pastor over them in the teeth of their continued and universal opposition. A cavalcade of merry clergymen came riding up, headed by Mr. William Robertson, the minister of Gladsmair. He was a man about thirty, with a countenance which he has transmitted to his descendant Lord Brougham—altogether an active, keen, bright look. The cavalcade of clergymen were flanked and surrounded by a troop of dragoons. As the troopers and parsons dashed among the people, tradition says Captain Hamilton, of Westport, drew his sword, and shouted, "What! won't ye receive the gospel? I'll swap off the head o' ony man that 'll no receive the gospel." Thus did William Robertson proceed to bestow the spiritual office. Many years elapse. He is the chief of the Kirk. He has won the crown of history. Writing to Gibbon in his days of celebrity, he gives the clue to his conduct when the dragoon-heading intruder at Torphichen. We find Principal Robertson the chief of the Kirk, congratulating the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' on his skilful management of superstition and bigotry in his chapters on Christianity. He thus gives us a glimpse of the moral theory of which the Torphichen intrusion was the application. The congratulation to Gibbon, and the dragoon ordination, were only the abstract and the concrete of the same thing. David Hume once named, for the recommendation of Dr. Robertson, two persons for Kirk offices. Respectable, amiable, useful, and gifted a skeptic may be,

and we know several who are—but skeptics receiving the pay of faith—why, it will take much logic to make honest men of them.

The spread of Methodism during the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and the reaction against the sceptical philosophy which forms so remarkable a feature of the age, changed the spirit of the clergy of the Kirk. The reaction against the philosophy of the eighteenth century, which in England has given expression to itself in Coleridge and Pusey, is represented in Scotland by Chalmers. About the year 1834, the majority of the clergy of the Kirk, quitting doubt and imbibing faith, forsook the patrons for the people. The spirit of John Knox became dominant once more in the church which he founded. The ascendancy passed away for a few years from the men animated by the spirit and principles of William Robertson.

Ten years ago a controversy raged in Scotland on the connexion between Church and State. One of its results was, it quickened the conviction in the Evangelical clergymen and laymen of Scotland, that the settlement of pastors in parishes was a matter in which patrons ought not to have unrestrained power. This controversy brought out more clearly than ever the fact that in the New Testament the settlement of pastors is an affair between the clergy and the Christian society, with which the aristocracy have no scriptural right to intermeddle. The voluntary controversy enkindled this bit of the New Testament in the hearts of the pious Kirkmen. Hence the Church resolved not to allow patrons to intrude pastors.

This was the origin of the non-intrusion controversy. When the General Assembly declared there should be no more intrusion, it was generally thought they had a perfect legal right to do what they did. A Scotch judge proposed, the crown lawyers of the day approved, and Lord Chancellor Brougham applauded the declaration.

But mark the mournful farce of the law. The legality of non-intrusion has been tried. Five Scotch judges have maintained the view of the law which enabled the Evangelical Kirkmen to obey their New Testament convictions respecting the settlement of pastors. Eight Scotch judges have decreed the opposite, and a great deal more. The House of Lords, as the last court of appeal, found the Scotch clergy bound to ordain at the bidding of the civil courts. When the affair began, it was commonly thought that the spiritual courts could re-

strain the civil courts in the settlement of ministers. It has been decided that the civil courts can control, forbid, and command the spiritual courts in all spiritual things; ordination, preaching, sacraments, and excommunication. Men with the New Testament alive in their hearts could not submit; they therefore separated from their temporalities, and left an establishment which forbade them to obey in their spiritual procedure the Lord Jesus Christ—and commanded them to obey the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.

The grossest notions prevail respecting the principle of spiritual independence. Historically we might show that this principle has rendered the noblest services to civilization. Philosophically it might be identified with the freedom of inquiry essential to the progress of science. Politically, it is the ecclesiastical aspect of that mental freedom on which so much eloquence has been expended, when called the Freedom of the Press. In fact, whether Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst shall prescribe to Scotch Kirkmen their religion, or each man, after studying the Bible for himself, and being persuaded in his own mind, decide for himself, is the question for which five hundred elegymen have sacrificed their endowments, the principle for which in a few months, in a season of commercial distress, the Evangelical Kirkmen of Scotland have subscribed £300,000.

Noble as the conduct of its friends has been, the principle itself is nobler still. Spiritual independence is not merely one of the *isms* of a Scotch sect. It is a broad, a universal, a catholic principle—as old as Christianity itself, and held as a glorious and all-important doctrine by all the sincere men who have ever labored or suffered for Christ. Paschal the Third wished to give up his endowments for it a thousand years ago. But it is not a principle peculiar to Christians. It is dear to all who love to be spiritually free. A Comte can contend for it as well as a Chalmers. That the moral and spiritual theory by which a man is to guide himself in life shall not be a prescription of statecraft but the adoption of a free and earnest soul:—this is the very vital idea of all individual and social civilization. It is the first want of clear spirits. Nor is the importance or the nobleness of the principle lessened by the fact that in the case of the herd of men it can mean only a liberty to choose among the creeds which other and abler men draw up. Genius alone can enjoy aught of the highest freedom of the soul. Genius alone can attempt

that work of fear—asking the Universe questions respecting the Great Spirit of it. But the freedom—the independence, is for all. The spiritual views of genius ought to be free for the sake of human advancement. All men ought to be free in spiritual affairs, because whenever they are in earnest in them they will be free or die. A crawling thing is the soul of that man who could take his spiritual theory from a Peel or a Wellington, or submit in his spiritual actions to the dictation of a Lyndhurst or a Brougham. Yet this submission is the meaning of the supremacy of the state in all things. Largely and broadly viewed, spiritual independence means the right of every man to form and to fulfil his convictions respecting his moral and spiritual affairs. True, what the Non-Intrusionists contended for was the spiritual freedom of the Kirk. They struggled for their own highest interests. But the principle is all-important to all men. Free Kirkmen cannot confine it to themselves. They have been the martyrs of the general principle of spiritual independence by contending for free action in obedience to their own spiritual theory; a peculiar modification of Christianity. But the principle is the bulwark of all sincere spiritual belief, and the universal recognition of it would be a grand step in furtherance of civilization.

Now it is most important to observe that no Christian church in England deems the connexion between Church and State virtuous on the condition of the enforcement of spiritual offices by civil damages. Yet this was the condition imposed upon the Evangelical Church of Scotland.

It is difficult to give an idea of the effect of the adverse decisions of the civil courts on the spiritual liberty of the Evangelical Kirk. Suffice it, they gave the whole clergy and people of the Kirk less power over the collation of a layman to the cure of souls than is now possessed by a single English bishop. Unlike the bishop, the clergy were prohibited from refusing to make a layman a spiritual person, on pain of rebukes, damages, and imprisonments. Until recently, all that the civil courts could control was the temporalities, they have lately controlled, commanded, and enforced the spiritualities.

Observation of the course of the law in the progress of this controversy is not much calculated to increase our reverence either for the law itself, or the functionaries who administer it. After careful perusals of the acts of Parliament involved, and the learned arguments founded upon

them, the conviction fastened on most clear-headed and impartial men was, that the law of the question was a heap of contradictions. Most unquestionably, close inspection of the decisions and speeches of the judges reveals abundance of blunders. The most eminent Non-Intrusionists justly complain that the civil courts have confounded the difference between constitutional and what may be termed administrative law. The one, say they, assigns the functions and limits of the respective courts: the other lays down the rules or methods by which they are to determine on the proper subjects which have been respectively allocated to them. Now our Court of Session, and of course the House of Lords, when acting as its appellant court, were limited to things civil—our Church Courts were recognised as distinct and unfettered in things ecclesiastical. If any question included both, their conflicting decisions were followed by civil and ecclesiastical effects, which were incongruous, no doubt, but did not come into collision, as when the rejected presentee, or his patron, got the stipend, and the Church Courts filled up the vacancy by a stipendless minister of their own. Now how say they does the matter stand? Our constitutional rights were secured at the Revolution settlement. Twenty years after this an act passed on the subject of patronage. A hundred and thirty years farther on the discovery is made of what no one suspected before (neither lawyers nor ecclesiastics), that in this act there lay what was only brought out for the first time by the House of Lords—a direct infringement of our prior constitution. Was it not then the duty of the Legislature to remedy their own blunder—their own law? And is not their refusal to do so a direct breach of national faith? Such are the just complaints of the Non-Intrusionists when required, in spiritual affairs, to disobey the Lord Jesus Christ in obedience to the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. No wonder, though the interdicts of the civil courts were torn in pieces, and the fragments trampled under foot, amidst the applause of large assemblies. No wonder, though the Whig Lord-Advocate Rutherford, and the Tory Lord-Advocate Rae, thought it prudent to inflict no punishment on those who treated interdicts of the civil courts, respecting preaching and sacraments, with the most contumelious scorn.

As a specimen of the blunders of the law lords, we may mention the decision in the Auchterarder case. They found the Pres-

bytery astricted, and bound to take the presentee on trials, which was precisely what had been already done. The first part of the trials by the constitution of the Church of Scotland is preaching "trial sermons" before the people. The presentee was rejected because he had failed in his trials. Yet the absolute wisdom of the law lords found the Presbytery bound to do what they had done. Mark another odious feature of this decision—the ease with which men, appointed to administer the laws, usurp the function of making laws. Because the act of Queen Anne said the Presbytery were bound and astricted to receive and admit the presentee, after taking him on trials, three or four lords, on their mere wills, took it upon themselves to say, for the first time, what had never been said during the hundred and thirty years since the passing of the act substantially, that the Church Courts were bound to *ordain* the presentee. This was judge-made law with a vengeance. Had the most powerful minister this country has ever seen, a man who held between his finger and his thumb the fortunes of a hundred law lords, brought in with due form a bill to compel clergymen to confer spiritual offices at the bidding of civil judges, he would have failed in the attempt amidst the derision of all sincere men in Europe. But three or four law lords effect the purpose themselves of a morning—without warning, without opposition, without rendering a reason, by a little skill in the management of legal quiddities—men on whose minds the study of the law has exercised all the narrowing and debasing influences by which it converts immortal spirits into quibbling machines—establish a principle new to the law, and monstrous in the view of common sense, and by doing so inflict, blindly, the heaviest blow given in this day to all the institutions of the country, disrupt the most useful and honored of Established Churches, and throw upon revolutionary courses and convictions a million of Scotchmen, whose religious position previously made them the natural guardians of order and the constitution. In proportion to the worthlessness of the thing for which they claim obedience is the loudness of their cry—"obey the law." In the House of Lords, on this question, a claptrap sure of cheers was any allusion to obedience to the law.

Mark what the thing is for which claims to obedience are set up. After their decisions have compelled five hundred clergymen to leave the Establishment, and when,

according to Lord Aberdeen, one hundred and fifty more have almost resolved to follow, a bill is passed in the House of Lords to declare what the law of the matter is. Most of the Scotch judges authorize Lord Aberdeen to say they deem his bill a very exact statement of what the law is at present. On this up start three of the four English judges whose decree expelled the Free Kirkmen, and say, "If this bill is exact, if the Scotch judges are right on the Scotch law, we were quite wrong in our recent decision." It is not surprising that the law lords felt the sting of the disgrace with which this act covers them. Rumor says, that so conscious were the Cabinet of the shame with which Lord Aberdeen's Scotch Kirk Bill clothes the law lords, that he induced them to support it only by a threat of resignation, and consenting to call his bill at the same time declaratory and enacting, that is, a statement that the law precisely is that, certain, which it precisely is not.

The conduct of the chiefs of political parties respecting this question has been as little to their credit as the quibbles, blunders, and usurpations of the lawyers have been honorable to them. The principles of Whiggism led Lord John Russell to take, in his letter to the Scotch electors in the city of London, a position in accordance with the interests of his party. In that letter he declared himself in favor of the ecclesiastical rights of the people. When the letter of Sir James Graham, in answer to the moderator of the General Assembly, appeared, the statesmanship, which forms a part of his nature, enabled him to regard with due scorn a document in which a minister quibbles when he ought to deal with facts, is polemical when he ought to be political, and tries, by obtaining victory in the use of dialectical foils, to get over the difficulties which arise in a stern crisis of national affairs. Lord John Russell is too able and too real a man to look with complacency on a Home Secretary who chopped logic when he ought to have warded off a great national calamity. He could not applaud a man, nor praise a Cabinet, who fiddled before a burning Church. But unluckily the averments of one or two Scotch Liberal members, whose opinions are entitled to deference on the subject of whiskey-punch and nothing else, induced Lord John to believe for a few days that the Convocationists were not sincere in their resolution to leave the Establishment. Under this belief he made a speech unworthy of him, in opposition to the heredi-

tary principles of the Whigs, and inimical, if not fatal to the interests of his party. Why did he not in the debate on Mr. Fox Maule's motion express the contempt he felt for the letter of Sir James Graham? Why did he not speak on that occasion in accordance with his own better judgment, and the advice of the ablest of his friends? Why did he thus produce a contradiction between that speech and the sentiments of his letter to the Scotch electors of London?

In his letter to the Scotch electors in the city of London, Lord John declared he would willingly give his concurrence to "a bill properly guarded, and which should secure, on the one hand, the opinion of a deliberate majority of male communicants, and which shall, on the other, provide not for the mere assent, but the conscientious examination of the rejection by the Church Courts." All that either the principles or the party interests of the leader of the Whigs required, Lord John Russell avowed in this letter. He declared himself in favor of the two principles involved in the question, and essential to a satisfactory settlement of it. He saw with the eye of a statesman that the people of the Church, if it were to retain their affections, must have a power in the appointment of their clergymen, and therefore he was willing to secure the deliberate opinion of a majority of the male communicants. Not deluded by declamations about the ecclesiastical power lording it over the civil, Lord John Russell saw that all the power the Church Courts really wanted was the power of conscientiously fulfilling the rejection of the communicants. It is greatly to be regretted that any asseverations, however confident, should have led Lord John Russell, even for an instant, to depart from the wise, consistent, and statesmanlike positions of this letter. We heard the Scotch liberals, on whose statements he temporarily relied, declare, one week before the 18th of May, that the number of clergymen giving up their endowments would not exceed six—a mistake almost of units for hundreds.

In 1840 we declared our conviction that the bill of the Earl of Aberdeen, though then apparently withdrawn forever, only lay couchant, waiting the advent of a Tory Parliament and a Tory Administration. "The first hour of a Tory ascendancy in the Legislature," we said, "will quicken it into life." It is one of the few bills which ministers have professed themselves resolved to carry through the Commons this session. Aught more despicable than the conduct of ministers in their legislation

for the Kirk has not occurred of late years. Lord Aberdeen promised to Dr. Chalmers a bill which would legalize non-intrusion, and enable the Presbytery to reject a presentee on the most frivolous objection or dislike of the people. His own instance was, though the dislike might be grounded on nothing more reasonable than an aversion to red hair. Instead of such a bill, the one he brought in did not allow the Church Courts to reject the presentee on the dislike of the people, however well-founded, unless for reasons likely to be satisfactory to the civil courts. By fulsome flatteries he endeavored to cajole Dr. Chalmers into an acquiescence in his breach of promise, and knowing that that great man, from his experience in the negotiation, was forced to exclaim, "The morality of politicians is the morality of horse-jockeys," he took the initiative in fault-finding, and accused, in his place, in the House of Lords, his reverend correspondents as unscrupulous and dishonest.

In the first session of the present Parliament the efforts of the Tory ministers were devoted to the suppression of discussion. Four times was discussion shirked. Kirkmen in their senses hoped for no other advantages than discussion from the bill of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Campbell of Monzie. Discussion was the only good the Kirkmen expected, and Peel refused it. Discussion was the only harm their enemies had to dread, and Graham screened them from it. As the meeting of the General Assembly approached, and the Government was decidedly opposed to the very smallest measure of concession with which the Church could put up, a declaration of the Assembly against the Government was dreaded and staved off as adroitly as possible. Graham came down to the House breathing attachment to the Church of Scotland, and begged for only six weeks of delay to enable the Government to prepare a final and satisfactory feat of statesmanship. The Cabinet knew the meeting of Assembly would then be over. Vague professions of friendship of the warmest kind were uttered. Mr. Campbell, the friend of the Veto, left the Church confidently in such good hands, and Conservative Non-Intrusionists nodded their heads, and said Peel was now enlightened, and they had reason to hope all would be well. The last Assembly in which the Evangelical party joined in the deliberations, was opened with great pomp and many gilt coaches. Many hopes hung on the sage head of Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Emerson

Tennent, to carry his election, had held out the fairest and falsest promises to the Presbyterians of Belfast. The Rev. Dr. Cooke, a man who encases the soul of a Jesuit, and an Inquisitor in the mean practices of a bigoted Protestant Presbyterian and Tory partisan—this vain-glorious demagogue, who has justly fallen into general contempt, assured the public that he had reason to believe that the Government would introduce a satisfactory measure. So generally were delusions spread abroad at this time, that it was rumored that Lord Justice Hope had assured Dr. Candlish he would consent to a settlement even on the basis of the call of the people. The indulgent fancy of partisanship, which covers more sins than charity, imagined that from a Cabinet the dominant minds on Scotch affairs of which were Graham and Aberdeen, the fierce foes of the Evangelical party, a measure of concession would come for the healing of the sore evils of the suffering Church. Shrewd observers said, that while the Church could not bring an overpowering pressure to bear on the party interests of the Tories, it was folly to expect, from men of aristocratic principles and passions, concessions to ecclesiastical democracy. Men, they said, whose lives may have exhibited many derelictions from their principles, seldom display any derelictions from their passions, and the Cabinet was composed of men animated by hatred of Evangelism, and possessed by a double hatred to what we may call Evangelical democracy. Still the Conservative Non-Intrusionists hoped against hope, that their Conservative chiefs would break their words, belie their actions, forswear their principles, and act against their passions, without the pressure of any greater political necessity than the prevention of the separation of a portion of the Evangelical clergy from the Establishment.

During the Assembly of 1842 delusion ruled the hour. To sanguine minds gleams of hope seemed breaking through the dark and gathering embarrassments of the Kirk. On the upper edge of the black and threatening cloud opposed to them, there seemed, to adapt to our purpose a beautiful image from the gifted Hugh Miller, to be gleaming sunlit hues of purple and gold, destined to disperse it all into comfortable sunshine. Conciliation,

"Like morning fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds
And grisly spectres which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the Church of God with terrors dire."

The delusions of hope prevented the Assembly from declaring against the Government. Graham the zealot against Chalmers in the senates of Glasgow College, the re-announcer of the principles of Aberdeen's repudiated bill, the patron who in no case consulted the wishes of the parishioners in a settlement, the Home Secretary who sent the police to Culsalmond, and the soldiers to Glass, succeeded, aided by the down-right gullibility of a few Conservative Non-Intrusionists, with fair words, vague promises, and gilt coaches, in staving off the stern rebuke which his misdeeds had most richly merited; and while shaking in the very face of the General Assembly itself, the repudiated Aberdeen bill, managed to stifle the denunciations and remonstrances of that venerable and insulted body. In Parliament discussion was shirked by the technical objection that Mr. Campbell had not received the consent of the Crown for the introduction of his bill. Paltry as the formality was, it succeeded until too late in preventing the distressed cry of one of the noblest institutes of the land from being heard by the Parliament and the people of England. Sir George Sinclair, and Mr. Colquhoun of Killermont, intrigued with Conservative Non-Intrusionists to betray the Church into a departure from her principles. Forty clergymen were jockeyed into an expression of approbation of a settlement on the basis of a *liberum arbitrium*, which meant a free power to obey the Lords of Session. While the friendly professions of the Peel ministry were loudest their deadly intrigues were rifest. Mr. Colquhoun was the fit instrument of these tricks. He is a man who seems to believe in nothing but dexterity. One of the most inconsistent of politicians, he is not content with being a weathercock, but insists every time he turns in delivering a homily to the congregation below, to assure them he has not changed—which is quite true, for his principle is obedience to the wind. Sir Robert Peel appears characteristically in these affairs, in both the higher and the feebler points of his character. He declared the settlement of the question to be a thing worthy of the ambition of a great statesman. He aspired to win fame by grappling with difficulties. But what perfection is to genius, fame is to mediocrity—a phantom ever to be pursued and never to be attained. His aspirations might have been worth something had a bold nature or a fertile genius backed them. But his sterile nature produced nothing. However often he may have tried to conceive, he had

no product. Ignorant of the great moral elements at work, he knew not how to control them. Unacquainted with the characteristics of the Scottish people, he did not believe in the existence of the high principle and heroic self-sacrifice of which the clergymen of the Evangelical party were capable. When listening to his speech on Mr. Fox Maule's motion,—calm, artificial, shallow, imposing and plausible as it was—it was evident that his intellect had never apprehended, nor his sympathies realized, the moral powers in fiery action on the question. His speech would have been immensely more statesmanlike had he, before going down to the House, tied a knot on his handkerchief, to remind him now and then of the existence of such a thing as conscience.

When the deputation of Non-Intrusionists had listened to the debate in the House of Commons they became eager to return to Edinburgh to carry on their preparations for the disruption. On the 18th of May the Moderator, Dr. Welsh, read their protest, and quietly and silently the men, who alone inherit the spirit of John Knox, took their hats and left the church of their fathers. There was a large crowd in the street outside the church in which the Assembly met. When Dr. Welsh, Dr. Chalmers, and the body of the clergy appeared outside the door, some of the spectators were about to cheer, but the cry passed round, Hush! hush! The crowd took off their hats. As the procession walked arm-in-arm down the street towards the Canon mills, there was abundance of cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs from windows, balconies, and roofs. It was a stirring spectacle. Southwards, high on the rock of the castle, the spire of the New Assembly Hall was seen. Eager faces lined the street. Northwards appeared the flashing waters of the Firth and the brown hills of Fife. Those, however, who saw most of the glories of the scene felt—what could not be expressed by cheers or uncovered heads—the very presence of Duty and of God.

It must never be forgotten for a moment that the cause of this act was the prevalence among legislators and statesmen of the doctrine called Erastianism, the principle of which is, that the relations of the clergy to the state imply no greater independence of control than those of soldiers and sailors. This principle is far stronger than Voluntarism or Jacobinism for putting churches into danger. When Archbishop Whateley and Bishop Denison declare their conviction of the absolute ne-

cessity for the adoption of some more efficient means for the maintenance of doctrine and discipline in the Church of England, they are told that an army or navy legislature were just as reasonable a thing as a church legislature, a remark which to be true requires fighting and believing to be the same thing. The party forming the majority of the Church of Scotland were separated from the state by this doctrine—the subserviency of spiritual persons in spiritual affairs to civil powers and civil penalties. It has been remarked, with truth, that the different effects of the voluntary controversy on the Church of England and the Church of Scotland show the difference of the latent genius of these churches. At first, as both were established, they defended the principle of Establishments together, but events developed their different spiritual idiosyncrasies. The English Church develops her tendencies towards Rome; the Scotch Church her leanings towards Protestant Dissent. But the principle for which the Evangelical Kirkmen have suffered is dear to all Churchmen, whether their leanings be towards Rome or towards Dissent, and to all Dissenters and all men in earnest respecting spiritual affairs of every sect, creed, and moral theory. Comparisons may be made between the virtue displayed by the Free Kirkmen on the 18th of May, 1843, and that displayed by the Non-Conformists on the 24th of August, 1662. The Non-Conformists could not act together so well as their modern rivals. The victims of the Restoration saw positive persecution before them, but they had no status in the Church from which they were ejected—they had no spiritual rank in the Establishment. They were required by a particular day to leave the Establishment or to subscribe their names to acknowledgments of error and professions of belief glaringly false—to deny the validity of their own ordination, and conform to ceremonies which they deemed dangerous and wicked. The secular and political authorities required them to do all this solemnly and formally on a particular day. It demands less virtue of a man to refuse to write himself a liar, than to suffer for a high, all-important, and abstract spiritual principle. This latter has been done by the Kirkmen. They who were the majority and the ornaments not merely of the Establishment but of the Church to which they belonged, although high and holy principles were assailed in their persons, were not subject to any such violent and vulgar coercion as that which

ejected the Non-Conformists. They are therefore more purely and nobly martyrs for their principles. The suffering endured by clergymen in the picturesque cities, the heather hills, the quiet glens, the storm-circled islands of Scotland, was not a thing from which they could not escape without the forfeiture of common honesty and manhood, but a principle high and holy, identical with Christianity and civilization, received the voluntary homage of their sufferings and privations. If pastors are exchanging manse for huts, if mothers are looking at their children and wondering about their future bread, if families are leaving what they thought the homes of their lives, if fathers and mothers have to take farewell of the graves of their children, if young probationers have to resign for ever their visions of domestic happiness and moral usefulness—these sufferings have been encountered not because they could not be avoided—these sacrifices of interest and feeling to duty have been borne not because they could not be escaped, but for the sake of a principle which blends the beauty of Christian holiness with the highest interests of human civilization.

On the consequences of this event we have already expressed our views elsewhere so fully that nothing is left for us but to quote them:

“There is a striking contrast between the weakness of the Liberal party in Parliament and the gigantic power of the principles of democracy in the country. A middle class organization, and a thing unheard of before, a distinct working class organization (numbering one thousand prisoners for its principles), are actively employed endeavoring to wrest from the aristocracy their legislative power. A League is agitating everywhere to deprive the aristocracy of their provision monopolies, and their principles have an avowed hold on the minds of the ministers placed in power by the aristocracy. Healthy moral feelings are frowning down even in Parliament itself the aristocratic corruption of the constituencies. In the English Church a body of clergymen have rapidly become the majority, who, having lofty and holy ideals of great prelates, like those who fought the battles of civilization in the middle ages, are resolved to diminish the temporal, to raise the spiritual peers. All the moral life in Britain at this hour is anti-aristocratic. Every mind of genius now ruling the convictions of the age, is either on principle or by tendencies reducing the power of lords. There is not a faith really felt and carried out at this day, but diminishes the aristocratic power. Historical philosophy, as understood by all its students, shows the strong influences of the ocean-tides of civilization in these signs. The lord whose ancestor had life and death on his lips, has little suspended on his now-a-days, except perchance the vanity of tuft-hunters. Yet

some dream that the English aristocracy are to continue the only instance of their order unreduced in Europe. Children build castles on the sand within tide-mark, and fancy they will not be demolished by the advancing waves.

"The most ominous quarrel for the aristocracy is that begun in England and completed in Scotland with the clergy respecting ecclesiastical power. The principle of the letter of Sir J. Graham, by alienating all earnest clergymen from connexion with the aristocracy, must in the end wither the arm of lordly power. Ministers are the greatest destructives of the day. When the bulk of the people of the Established Kirk leave her, they escape from her aristocratic influences. Moderate parsons, by taking the stipends and doing the bidding of the patrons, will not thereby become a link between them and the population. The passions and principles which in Scotland demand the reduction of aristocratic power, have hitherto been greatly restrained by the Evangelical clergy—thanks to the Peel Ministry, the restraint has become an impetus. Aristocratic doctrines will, undoubtedly, be taught for the aristocratic stipends. But, like Dean Swift, when his audience consisted of his clerk only, the preachers will have to say instead of dearly beloved brethren, 'Dearly beloved Roger, be a Tory.' The bits of bread will buy the bits of sycophancy. Hitherto, at most of the elections since the Reform Act, the Evangelical clergy have voted for the Tories, and to their influence over the political serfs of the counties does the aristocratic party owe its position. This will never happen again. At the next general election, happen when it may, the Tories will have nothing to back them but the brute power of property.

"By the secession of the Evangelical party, the aristocracy will lose dignity. They may not see how this will happen; but they will find it to their cost. They will have yet to pay a high price for their patronage in filling the vacancies. The Moderate Erastian, anti-Evangelical Establishment has not had, and when the vacant stipends have found liars will not have, any moral influence, over the people. They will be odious to all men, and will involve their patrons in their odium. Were I asked to name one of the worst effects of Church Establishments I should say—they neutralize the Christian idea of dignity. The servant is greatest in the New Testament—the lord is greatest in the Established Churches. A God-like dignity, according to Christianity, invests the servant who, victorious over selfishness, does, makes, and suffers most for others. According to Establishments, power and honor, the appointment of the pastor, the highest place, the pew adorned with armorial bearings, the glaring escutcheon, the black hangings, and the bannered tomb, belong to proud and triumphant Selfishness, riding in painted coaches, clothed in ermine, and tricked out in stars, swords, and coronets. In the Bible glory is a radiance from the man: in the Establishments the honor follows the accidents. Christ says, honor most those who are most successfully unselfish—aristocratic churches say by all their peculiar influences, honor most those who are selfish most successfully.

Barbarism connects scorn, contempt, and meanness with poverty and weakness; and the Established Churches embody the feelings of barbarism by excluding the lowly from power and honor. The religion of the Son of the Carpenter of Nazareth looks only for moral qualities in the poor man, and finding them clothes him with a sacred power, and adorns him with a celestial glory. Establishments honor the oppressor—Christianity the oppressed. An advanced civilization is now teaching that selfishness cannot be dignified by ducal coronets. Selfishness is vice and baseness even while it wields a royal sceptre. According to the noble doctrines now abroad, Genius which betters and blesses the lives of men fills the real thrones of the world.

"Now, by their secession, the most loved and influential of the clergy of Scotland will insensibly and unconsciously become teachers of these democratic views of dignity. They may not become politicians; but they cannot prevent their influences from making democracy still more than it is a part of the sacred convictions of the Scotch. The Free Kirk will be to the upper classes of the towns, and the middle classes of the agricultural districts, a most powerful teacher of the doctrines which make men greater and lords less.

"Ministers have weakened the hold, the moral hold which the aristocracy have on their lands. The Conservatives have unsettled property. They have declared to all the world that clergymen can derive incomes from land only on terms deemed sinful by all churches. Subjection to Cæsar in the things of God is the indispensable tenure of tithes and tithes. Even stipends from land can be held only by allowing the aristocratic will to lord it over the sacred rite of ordination. Thousands, however, of the best minds in the three kingdoms judge the right of the clergy to their endowments to be superior and stronger than the title of the landlords to their estates. They would blot the baronial hall from the landscape sooner than the church with its skyward spire. The reason why clergymen should enjoy the fruits of the soil, seem to them stronger than the reasons for giving the aristocracy a monopoly of the earth. The clergy they think came better by their property than the aristocracy. When certain barons and chieftains were asked of old to show the titles by which they held their lands—they drew their swords. A soldier laid a village in ashes and strewed it with the corpses of its owners, and thus his blood-covered sword made him lord of the village. A chieftain and his clan seized a district, and held it by the sword, making the eagle's feather in his bonnet the symbol of his sovereignty over hill, and vale, and stream. Time puts his cloudy hand over these transactions. The descendant of the feudal baron is clad in ermine instead of mail, and the chief of the clan is seen oftener in the clubs of Pallmall than on the heather of his native hills. But men now-a-days suspect there is nothing high, holy, noble, or divine, in what was done either by the sword or by time. Many see nothing but bold selfishness in these affairs. An owner of land, awakened to religious views, feels that he cannot better bestow a part of it than by giving it

to keep up for ever a church, and a clergyman to teach the grandest doctrine his heart can conceive—the divine ideal of self-sacrificing love, the awful fact which exhibits God in his blood for sinners. Hence Church property. It is perceived that the clergy, however sluggishly, do some work for society in return for their incomes. The aristocracy do nothing. Opinion is the creator of law which again makes and unmakes property. Why should property of a base be more secure than property of a holy origin? Why ought men who teach morals, console the sick and give future hopes to the dying, to hold their incomes from land on a tenure of sinful subserviency to men who spend their lives in making laws for their own interests, indulging their appetites, basking aloft in sunshine amidst the clustered fruitfulness of the land? Why is it right to allow every lordling at will, although his will may be formed by the most skeptical and the most libertine influences of the age, to domineer over the Church of God and trample under foot the cross of Christ? Such are the questions let loose by the folly of the Government on the minds, not of the revolutionary poor, but of the thoughtful and devout Kirkmen and Churchmen of these realms. Sir James Graham has brought a glare as from a revolutionary torchlight upon the foundations of aristocratic property.

"To me the fall of the Kirk is the only precursor of the fall of the Peerage. The praises which have been sounded in high places upon the distinct committal of the Government to the enforcement of spiritual duties by civil penalties, is ominous of the addition of the clergy to the multitudes already bent on the destruction of feudal aristocracy. The omen reminds me of a dream of the last Countess of the ancient family of the Keiths, Earls of Marischal. She dreamt she was standing on the land eyeing with pride the noble castle of Dunotter, which, built on granite, frowns defiance on the ocean, dashing against its rocky feet. A company of priests appeared in their robes, walking in solemn procession, chanting hymns, and sat down and began chopping the rocks on which the castle rests, with their penknives. The Countess laughed at them, she shouted to them derisively, and clapped her hands in scorn of them. However, while she gazed, the clergy disappeared, the rocks and walls rent and fell into the sea, and nothing was left to be seen of the great castle, except fragments of furniture floating on the waves.

"The aristocracy cannot afford to quarrel with the clergy."

Since the above was written, new facts have abundantly confirmed the argument. A Highland chieftain with whom we had a chat the other day, not on his native heather but in a gorgeous club in Pallmall, told us the following incident expressive of some of the consequences of this question in reference to aristocratic property. He found one morning recently, between sixty and seventy of his poor people assembled before his house in the Highlands. He went down to them. "They had come," they said,

"to beg him not to banish the Gospel." He could not see what the Gospel had to do with the matter, and was angry with them. Perhaps this chieftain will permit us to ask if the preservation of the hereditary affection of his clan is not truer Conservatism than marking his disapprobation of their Church principles in a way to alienate their affection for ever. Many Highlanders said, when they heard how the Kirk had been treated, "There will be bonnets on the green." Religious principles and religious feelings are thus brought into hostility with lordly privileges, and aristocracy rashly tries a fall with Evangelical Christianity. By refusing sites for Free Churches on their estates, the aristocracy are making the vital religion which has just displayed its power so strikingly inimical to them and their privileges, the security of their property, and the maintenance of their dignity. When refused sites for Churches, devout Free Kirkmen exclaim, "The earth is the Lord's. Who gave you a right to refuse a spot on it for the worship of the Creator of it? Did you make the land? Did you get it from the Maker of it to prohibit his worship upon it?" Such were the words addressed the other day by a Conservative Free Kirkman to a Tory Peer. They show that the misconduct of Tory ministers and Tory lairds has injected into the minds of men (but yesterday the breakwater between Aristocracy and the surges of Democracy) the very central ideas of Revolutionary Chartism. The true Conservatives of their order are the Fox Maules, the Patrick Stewarts, and the Breadalbanes, who try to win for Aristocracy the love of religious Scotchmen.

We conclude our desultory remarks with a few words respecting what ought to be done with Lord Aberdeen's bill, the position of the Professors who have seceded, and what we think the present duties of Voluntaries and Radicals in Scotland.

Lord Aberdeen's bill has, it is said, reached the commons, only in consequence of his threatening to resign his office if his colleagues did not overcome their repugnance to it and support it. Shrewd people always suspect a man of the vices of which he loudly accuses others, and this bill gratifies the clerical ambition of the Muir party, a clerical ambition of which the Chalmers party was falsely accused. The party who have left the Establishment rejected the bill of the Earl of Aberdeen, because it enabled Presbyteries to lord it over the people. Apparently the bill gives the Presbytery the whole power of deciding upon the

admission of a presentee to a benefice, but they must record their reasons for the revision of the Civil Courts. The Church Courts are empowered to decide absolutely on the objections of the people and intrude any man they like in defiance of them. Before they can reject the presentee of the patron, their reasons must be such as will seem satisfactory in a court of civil law. Seemingly the measure cuts right down between the patron and the people, but the ecclesiastical Foreign Secretary takes care to put the poisoned side of the knife towards the people. The facetious illustrations of its absurdity which we have seen, however witty, have not been quite apt. It does not lock the door of the stable when the steed has been stolen, but it creates a disturbance among the horses that remain. It is not a case of a surgeon who, having brought his instruments, performs the operation although the patient is dead; it is a case of a surgeon who, missing the patient that called him in, operates on the first person that falls in his way. But no Tory surgery will save the Kirk. The Conservatives, whether Whig or Tory, will not be able to maintain for one million an intolerable burden on two millions of Scotchmen. The life has fled from the Kirk. The spirit of John Knox has left it. The genius of Presbyterianism is gone. The Establishment is a corpse without salt on its breast.

The Professors of the Universities are bound to sign the Confession, conform to the worship, and refrain from injuring the Establishment of the Church of Scotland. The object of these conditions was to keep out Prelatists. An attempt is made to enforce this act against the separating Professors, beginning with Sir David Brewster, who is distinguished from his colleagues in St. Andrew's by being known to Europe. The object of this act was the protection of the constitutional settlement of 1690. Sir D. Brewster and the separating Professors have left the Establishment in adherence to this very settlement. It will be strange indeed, if adherence to the thing the act protects should subject them to its penalties, while Prelatical Professors are allowed to remain unmolested. Surpassingly odd will it be should the act be used to turn out the sort of persons it was enacted to keep in, while it keeps in precisely the sort of Professors it was passed to keep out.

A few words to Radicals and Voluntaries. Why have they not seized the initiative in a movement for the reduction of the churches in all the cities. Surely their principles require this of them. Obstacles

of Presbyteries and Courts of Tiends, and legal opinions ought not to prevent them from memorializing every Town Council to avert the spectacle of highly-paid clergymen without congregations. Carping at the Free Kirkmen does not seem to be quite so much their duty as co-operating with them on the point of agreement—to avert from Scotland the calamity of an Ecclesiastical Establishment like that of Ireland. J. R.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

ARE they not wondrous? how the sight
Revels in changes quick and bright,
Less like the work of mortal hand,
Than some gay scene of fairy-land:
Lo! from our fixed and rapt survey
Object by object melts away,
Yielding their shadowy forms and hues
To merge in fresh Dissolving Views.

The ancient castle seems to shine
Reflected in the clear blue Rhine,
Anon, the proud and stately tower
Becomes a simple woodbine bower;
Swift sailing ships, and glittering seas,
Change to the churchyard's mournful trees,
Whose dark and bending boughs diffuse
Shade o'er the dim Dissolving Views.

How sad a tale of truth ye tell,
How do ye bid the spirit dwell
Upon the change, the dream, the strife,
The mockery of human life!
Soon is each fleeting joy o'ercast,
Nothing that glads our eyes can last,
Rich sunlight may the scene suffuse,
But ah! it gilds Dissolving Views.

The banquet-hall becomes the shed,
The battle-field the lowly bed,
The hero sinks into the slave,
The altar changes to the grave;
Forms of young loveliness and bloom
Shine forth and fade—we mourn their doom,
Till Time, to soothe our grief, renews
The bright and false Dissolving Views.

In every season, clime, and age,
Poet, historian, and sage,
Warn us distrustfully to meet
Life's frail and flattering deceit;
But ye in graphic might arise,
Bringing the lesson to our eyes,
We look, and pensively we muse
On once beloved Dissolving Views.

Nor idle is your fair array,
Surely a moral ye convey,
Bidding us prize that far-off home,
Where shade and change shall never come;
And, as your phantom world departs,
We sorrow for the spell-bound hearts,
Who smile to greet, and weep to lose
Earth's varying Dissolving Views!

AMERICAN POETRY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Cary and Hart. 1842.

IN general, the point of divergence of two languages originally one, is concealed in the obscurity of unapproachable antiquity. That ramifications have taken place naturally, since the miracle of Babel, we have every reason to believe—but we only discover the streams where they are far apart, and it is a work of difficulty and uncertainty to trace them up to their original diffuence. There are many curious circumstances which must strike even the most superficial philologist in returning up these streams. The few parent-fountains forming the miraculous origin of each great family of tongues, preserve their distinctive characteristics through endless combinations, and tend to imprint on their derivatives corresponding varieties of character and expression, according to their combination and arrangement. For it is of such materials that a spoken language is composed, and from such materials alone it can be modified and inflected. No power of taste, custom, or circumstances can do more than qualify one language by the admixture or extraction of other known ones; nor can the utmost ingenuity of man create new elements out of which to supply, enrich, or strengthen the current media of expression. But, subordinate to these great distinctions, there are wide differences where we can trace an original unity at a period more recent than the confusion of tongues, and in which the divarication has been caused by natural circumstances, such as the migration of tribes, colonization, conquest, geographical position, or the long-continued friendship or hostility of neighboring nations. To apply ourselves to the examination of such matters can never be unprofitable, even in the uncertainty in which they are wrapped—we say uncertainty, for we have only the internal evidence of a language *as it is*, for our guide; as in geology we are unable to discover any authentic history to assist our researches. Man in his earlier state was as utterly unconscious of the philosophy of his language as of that of his mind; and hence we must be content to meet with those difficulties by which observation upon the casual relics of unobserved changes will ever be accompanied.

But in the case of England and America, and in that case alone, we can approach the point of divergence, and watch the process of separation from its commencement. Mankind will eventually have an opportunity of examining by proof all those nice and refined questions which only an argument of remotion was before able to solve for us; it has the process going on under its eyes, and it may test by actual experiment all that was hitherto but theory and deduction.

For all the efforts of America to preserve an identity of language with us (the only thing she seems to wish to follow us in) will not avail to resist the immutable law which ordains that nations removed shall not be identical in any one particular; and even from her literature she will not long be able to exclude the elements of change, which in the volume before us begin to make a show, and give an exotic tint to the blossoms—and there are many bright ones—with which it is overspread. The *vulgar* tongue it is, however, which will no doubt be the first to alter, as may be expected, it being there that the process is left to itself, and in it we could, if we were so disposed, and that our space and subject admitted of it, even now exhibit very remarkable variations, not only in words, but in idioms and forms of expression. American literature has hence a double interest with Englishmen. For a philological inquiry mixes itself with it, and urges attention as a matter of duty, where inclination would have already recommended it. It is not our part, however, to point out examples of what we have been noticing, either directly or by the selection of our quotations. It is enough to denote the commencing existence of such changes, and recommend it as a subject worthy of national observation.

The endeavor to hold strictly to English in literature has had its cramping effect on the powers of American poets. In prose the restraint is not equally felt, or at least does not so severely cramp the author; and accordingly their prose compositions are many of them bold, natural, and rich. But in verse it is essential that there should be an entire freedom from restraint—an independence of expression as well as of thought; nor has any poet ever been able to show a bold and vigorous originality who has been obliged to watch his expressions as they arose in his mind, and square his words when written according to an unfamiliar vocabulary. Hence there is timidity and restraint in all their poetical

efforts—they are laboriously correct, but undaring and tame; and a general absence of forcible metaphor, novel and striking metre, startling eccentricity, and successful innovation, mark the uneasy anxiety after *English* which guided their compositions. Of course, in so voluminous a miscellany as that before us, this assertion will be qualified with exceptions—one must be obvious, that of *Maria Brooks's* poetry, (*Maria Del' Occidente*), of which wild and reckless vigor is one of the high characteristics. It must be remembered, however, that she, like Irving, was a long resident in England, and benefited moreover by the critical care, advice, and assistance of Southey, in whose house she was for a considerable time domesticated.

In these higher qualifications, then, we are bound to record American deficiency. Genius, the transfiguration of the beautiful into the sublime, the wings upon the head and feet, the magic wand of inspiration, are not there. Like elegant translations, or accurate copies, these writings please and satisfy, but do not move us—we admire and approve, but must refuse homage; and delightedly admit them to the shelves of our library, while we must exclude them from the sanctuary of our hearts. In such a position, however, they stand becomingly—they have many claims on our regard, and in one or two points, we are bound to confess, put to shame our own modern school. A healthy and wholesome spirit of thought and morality uniformly pervades their pages—a simple and safe tone of feeling is caught, we trust, from the tastes of their readers, and conventionally purifies their lays; there is little that is false or affected in sentiment, much less of what is pernicious or demoralizing, in the large collection they have sent over to us in this volume; or if the former admission is too strong, we may safely allow it as far as morbid and unhealthy sentiment is concerned. There is also an absence of personal and political acrimony, singular enough in a people, who in plain prose must be admitted to possess a national talent for invective, whetted by constant practice, and which either argues the cautious and rigid selection of the editor, or else how completely the bards of America keep in their minds the identity of *poetry* and *fiction*; and we have a right to thank them that on such ground at least they can lay aside inveterate habits, and allow their imagination to give practical efficacy to the precept—"Peace, good will towards men."

But after all it will be better to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself. And we purpose, in doing so, to use all possible impartiality in the selection, which must after all be but a scanty gleanings from such a field. It was about the close of the seventeenth century that the shell was first sounded beyond the Atlantic by bards of English descent. For, quaint and grotesque as were the productions of those worthies, Folger, Mathew, and Wigglesworth, the circumstance of their being *published* in America does not in itself constitute them American poetry—the authors were English born, and would probably have put forward their absurdities at home, if they could have found a printer—with this difference, that their names and books would have been already in the tomb of "all the Capulets." The true commencement of American song is with Benjamin Thompson, "y" renowned poet of New England." He was born at Quincy, in 1640, and wrote an astounding epic, entitled "New England's Crisis," about the year 1676. Besides this "great epic," "he wrote," says the editor of the collection before us, "three shorter poems, *neither* of which have much merit."

It is attempted to be proved in this volume, that very little poetry worthy of preservation was produced in America before the period of the revolution; in fact, till the spirit of freedom began to influence the national character. "The POETRY OF THE COLONIES," says the editor, "was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction." Nothing is more easy to make than such an assertion—nothing more easy to prove. A little judicious selection in both periods will make it all plain; but, even giving him credit for making a fair selection from the *colonial* bards, will the specimens he produces support the implied assumption that the "spirit of liberty" has begotten "originality, energy, and freedom" in the later bards of his country? We hesitate in replying to the question. At least we are unable to observe the strong demarcation between the two periods which he would have us recognize.

Philip Frenneau was the most distinguished poet of the revolutionary time. Out of his voluminous compositions, the editor has been able to extract a few detached scraps, fit to be ranked in a "select" collection. The equivocal merit of his verse makes us the more regret not being indulged with a little of his prose, which, as Mr. Thomas modestly remarks, "combined the beauty and smoothness of Addi-

son with the simplicity of Cobbett!" Here are some stanzas:—

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear, etc.

But we would willingly, out of the selected specimens, ourselves select the best, although it would be perhaps only fair, since the country has itself passed favorable judgment on what is here given us, to scan them strictly, or at least take them indiscriminately. Dana is one of the few names which has reached this country, and it deservedly holds a high place on the roll of American genius. Dana is, we are informed, of a fair English descent; William Dana, Esq., having been sheriff of Middlesex, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the republican editor adds, "Thus it will be seen our author has good blood in his veins—an honor which no one pretends to despise, who is confident that his grandfather was not a felon or a boor." He, like all the other literary men of America, was a magazine writer and editor, though he has escaped, more completely than most of them, the faults of style, diction, and sentiment, which such an occupation must have a tendency to create. There is a sustained feeling through his compositions, which do not seem to be thrown at the public in fragments, in order that they may stick the more readily and immediately. But there is wanting, too, the bold and fierce energy, the hardihood of thought and language, which constitute at once the faults and the interest of a vigorous mind. Take, for instance, the following good lines from "Factitious Life," which are only a weakened reflection of the more burning thoughts of another poet:—

THE OCEAN.

Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains:
Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors,
Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.

Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul: and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast
rolled.

Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing
land;

And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is thronged again, O Sea!
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all!
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown.
And see! those sable pines along the steep,
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

"The Buccaneer," a clever imitation of Coleridge's style, is his principal poem, and it gains, perhaps, as much as his other poems lose, by being less wild and extravagant than what it is modelled upon; but in such a piece as the following, we look in vain for the true picturesque—it is near being pretty, almost good—no more. The little German ballad, "Wohin, woher," comes nearest to it:—

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
And with that boding cry
Along the waves dost fly?
O! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us; Thy wail—
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad: as if in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

William Cullen Bryant, the most popular of American poets, somewhere about the year 1821 presented his principal poem, "Thanatopsis," for insertion in "The North American Review," while Dana was one of its managers. It was agreed by the whole directory that the unknown author

"could not be an American," *the poem was so good*. He was, however; and to show that now at least the nation appreciates the powers of its author, we need only extract from the notice prefixed to the extracts the following passage—

"This (The Ages, a poem) is the only poem he has written in the stanza of Spenser. In its versification it is not inferior to the best passages of the 'Fairie Queene' or 'Childe Harold,' and its splendid imagery and pure philosophy are as remarkable as the power it displays over language:"—that is, in versification it is equal to the best parts of the best poems of this class that have ever been written, and in every thing else vastly superior. But it really is good, in spite of this fulsome stuff; and indeed "Thanatopsis" may vie with poems of a very high class in English literature. The tone is solemn, sustained, and dignified—not so much thought as Young, but less of epigrammatic quaintness. The following is a fine admonition:—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Yet even in this fine poem, and in the other compositions of Bryant, are to be detected constant imitations of what has gone before—a want of originality and independence. We only admit such resemblances where the ancient classics are drawn upon. In America we can plainly see that English poetry of every age is admittedly set up for modelling from, and that it pleases instead of offends a trans-Atlantic ear to perceive that the (in another sense) *fontes remotos* mix with the julep of their verse.

Take as an instance part of a description of the prairies—

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn

Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

Here we are perpetually getting sight of Lord Byron. There is ever and anon an approximation, and then off again at a tangent; and then close again, like the buzzing of a bee about our ears: and we have no doubt that all this is a merit in America, though she cannot of course expect that we should feel any very lively emotions of interest when we find that what its shores are ringing with is only the echo of what shook our ears at home long ago. Observe in the passage we have extracted the expressions—

Still this great solitude is quick with life—

"A populous solitude of bees and birds,"

Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers,

"And fairy-formed and many-colored things."

Then again (of the bee)—

I listen long

To his domestic hum. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn, etc.

"The hum

Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words."

Here are the *disjecta verba poetæ*; and, be it remembered, the passage is not selected, but simply adduced. There are plenty of other similarities, bearing the same shadowy resemblance to archetypes in English poetry; and we should find it difficult to show a passage *quite* original in any one of this author's poems. We wish to offer the best specimens of this the best of American poets—so we give the following pretty piece entire:—

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer air,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

The following are perhaps the best lines
in the collection. They occur in an ad-
dress to the evening wind :—

Languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade ; go forth,—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !
Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest.
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast.

It will not be expected by the reader
that we should pretend even to enumerate
the names of the first-class American poets.
If we adduce a few, it is without prejudice
to those we omit to mention, and almost
without assigning any superiority in those
we notice over the rest. The volume be-
fore us embraces extracts from at least one
hundred writers, and some of the poems
given run to a considerable length. Cer-
tain names, however, are better known here
than others, and have attained higher ce-
lebrity ; and such is the case, too, with our
own writers in America. For instance,
Kirke White, instead of being classed with

those geniuses who are more eminent for
their promise than their performance, is
perhaps more quoted and imitated in Amer-
ica than any modern English poet. We
could easily multiply examples ; and hence
we may not, perhaps, fall in with American
feeling or public judgment in the remarks
we make, or the authors we quote. Lu-
cretia and Margaret Davidson, accordingly,
we dismiss without notice. They were
written into popularity by a popular author,
and never would have attracted interest by
their writings, or, indeed, by their history ;
which, as we have remarked in a former
number of this Magazine, is, in its manu-
facture, but an affected imitation of a lite-
rary history published in the parent country
years ago.

The most remarkable poem that has ever
appeared from an American pen, is un-
doubtedly "Zophiel," by Mrs. Brooks, a
lady who, in publishing, assumed the name
of Maria Del' Occidente. This poem was
published in London in 1833, at a time
when Mrs. Brooks was the guest of Sou-
they, and that eminent man honored it by
correcting the proof-sheets as they passed
through the press. He has himself borne
testimony to the genius of the author in
that strange book of his, "The Doctor," in
which he styles her "the most impas-
sioned and the most imaginative of all po-
etesses ;" and the *Quarterly Review*, in de-
nying her the full benefit of the laureate's
praise, admits the poem to be "altogether
an extraordinary performance." The germ
of the story is to be found in the sixth, sev-
enth, and eighth chapters of the apocryphal
book of Tobit, and the mysterious obscurity
of the text admits of the full play of her ima-
gination, or *fancy*, as the reviewer would
have it called, which involves and evolves
itself in the most extraordinary, and at
times magnificent flights. The observa-
tions of the editor of the collection upon
the merits and defects of this performance
are impartial and sound, and unbiassed by
the leaning which in some instances mis-
leads him into undue panegyric. He says,
"in some of her descriptions she is per-
haps too minute ; and, at times, by her ef-
forts to condense, (or rather *we* should say,
by the over-rapidity of her thoughts,) she
becomes obscure. The stanza of 'Zophiel'
will probably never be very popular, and
though the poem may, to use the language
of Mr. Southey, have a permanent place in
the literature of our language, it will never
be generally admired."

It is impossible for us to give more than
a single passage out of the third canto of the

poem, the whole of which is quoted in the collection :

PALACE OF GNOMES.

'Tis now the hour of mirth, the hour of love,
The hour of melancholy ; night, as vain
Of her full beauty, seems to pause above,
That all may look upon her ere it wane.
The heavenly angel watch'd his subject star,
O'er all that's good and fair benignly smiling ;
The sighs of wounded love he hears from far,
Weeps that he cannot heal, and wafts a hope be-
guiling.

The nether earth looks beauteous as a gem ;
High o'er her groves in floods of moonlight laving,
The towering palm displays his silver stem,
The while his plummy leaves scarce in the breeze
are waving.

The nightingale among his roses sleeps ;
The soft-eyed doe in thicket deep is sleeping ;
The dark-green myrrh her tears of fragrance weeps,
And every odorous spike in limpid dew is steep-
ing.

Proud, prickly cerea, now thy blossom 'scapes
Its cell ; brief cup of light : and seems to say,
"I am not for gross mortals ; blood of grapes—
And sleep for them. Come, spirits, while ye
may !"

A silent stream winds darkly through the shade,
And slowly gains the Tigris, where 'tis lost ;
By a forgotten prince, of old, 'twas made,
And in its course full many a fragment cross'd
Of marble fairly carved ; and by its side
Her golden dust the flaunting lotos threw
O'er her white sisters, throned upon the tide,
And queen of every flower that loves perpetual
dew.

Gold-sprinkling lotos, theme of many a song,
By slender Indian warbled to his fair !
Still tastes the stream thy rosy kiss, though long
Has been but dust the hand that placed thee
there.

The little temple where its relics rest
Long since has fallen ; its broken columns lie
Beneath the lucid wave, and give its breast
A whiten'd glimmer as 'tis stealing by.
Here, cerea, too, thy clasping mazes twine
The only pillar time has left erect ;
Thy serpent arms embrace it, as 'twere thine,
And roughly mock the beam it should reflect.

We add a few lines, quoted by "The Doc-
tor," from a smaller poem, which to us ap-
pear eminently beautiful—

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest
draught.

N. P. Willis, so well known to us as a
flippant and amusing prose writer, is also
a poet, and we had occasion lately to ex-
tract some pretty passages from his drama
of "Bianca Vi-conti." He is also the au-
thor of another drama, "Tortosa the Usu-

rer," both of which, our editor tells us,
have been the most successful works of
their kind produced in America.

His "Lines on leaving Europe" begin
well :

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue ;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew !
Strain home ! O lithe and quivering spars !
Point home, my country's flag of stars !

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas !
O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea !

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld !
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line come hurrying back ;
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy ;
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire !
O, what has changed that traveller-boy !
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds
home !

In the following he is a little less affected
than usual, and we wish him to have the
benefit of so rare a perfection :—

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air ;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet ;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.
'Tis a bird I love with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chime plays soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee.

We pass by the application, which is rather clumsily and lengthily tacked on to the close.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney is a lady whose poetry is much lauded in America. Our editor says, that while in England in 1840, she visited Avon, Dryburgh Abbey, Grasmere, and Rydal Mount, and other Meccas of the literary pilgrim. We copy the following really delicate and elegant lines to the memory of the lamented Felicia Hemans:—

FELICIA HEMANS.

Nature doth mourn for thee. There is no need
For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,
As for a florist fallen. The ivy, wreath'd
Round the gay turrets of a buried race,
And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legends blend thy hallow'd name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
Whate'er it touched most holy. The pure shell,
Laying its pearly lip on ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers where the sea-gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee through all the sounding deeps.
Hark! from snow-breasted Himmaleh to where
Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,
From the scathed pine tree near the red man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds
Its vast columnar temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage-home the haunt
Of Poesy. Yea, thou didst find the link
That joins mute nature to ethereal mind,
And make that link a melody. The couch
Of thy last sleep was in thy native clime
Of song, and eloquence, and ardent soul,
Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance that isle
So loved of favoring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn
Did gird itself, until the life-stream oozed
In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
That angels poising on some silver cloud
Might linger 'mid the errands of the skies,
And listen, all unblamed. How tenderly
Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest!
And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
Watch, lest some step disturb thee, striving still
From other touch thy sacred harp to guard.
Waits she thy waking, as the mother waits
For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen,
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
For every mountain, stream, and shadowy dell
Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike
The simple language of the freckled flower,
And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
And from thy living intercourse with man
Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that bless'd
choir,
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well
From this sublunar terrace, and so long

Interpreted. Therefore we will not say
Farewell to thee; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities,
The sage shall greet thee with his benison,
And woman shrine thee as a vestal flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

We confess we neither see the meaning
nor melody of the following, entitled

A BUTTERFLY.

A butterfly bask'd on an infant's grave,
Where a lily chanced to grow;
Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low.

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track;
I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings—
Would thou call the blest one back!

Let us leave a favorable impression by
the following few lines, which have merit, in
spite of the "dashed it out" of the second
line, which would almost ask a change in
the first line from "on" to "neath" to make
the image presented perfect:—

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

The sentiment reminds us faintly of that
beautiful idea of Martial's—

Mors vocis iter properavit cludere blandæ,
Ne posset duos flectere lingua deos.

Theodore S. Fay is known in these
countries as the author of "Norman Les-
lie," "The Countess Ida," etc., and is now
secretary of legation at Berlin. He is a
native of New-York. The following is the
spirited commencement of a poem, which,
as it proceeds, becomes heavy with scenery
descriptions, the ballast which sinks most
of the American versifiers:—

MY NATIVE LAND.

Columbia, was thy continent stretch'd wild,
In later ages, the huge seas above?
And art thou Nature's youngest, fairest child,
Most favor'd by thy gentle mother's love?

Where now we stand did ocean's monsters rove,
Tumbling uncouth, in those dim, vanish'd years,
When through the Red Sea Pharaoh's thousands
drove,
When struggling Joseph dropp'd fraternal tears,
When God came down from heaven, and mortal
men were seers?

Or have thy forests waved, thy rivers run,
Elysian solitudes, untrod by man,
Silent and lonely, since around the sun
Her ever-wheeling circle earth began?
Thy unseen flowers did here the breezes fan,
With wasted perfume ever on them flung?
And o'er thy showers neglected rainbows span,
When Alexander fought, when Homer sung,
And the old populous world with thundering battle
rung?

Lindley Murray, known as the author of the "English Grammar," had a wife; and addresses her in the following stanzas, which are given, we know not whether to prove that he was a grammarian or a married man; it is impossible they could be meant to establish his claim to be a poet:—

TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee.
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own;
All hers and mine are roll'd in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

Charles Fenno Hoffman is known at this side of the Atlantic as the author of "Greys-laer," "Winter in the West," and "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,"—but is one of the most popular of song writers in America. He is a true disciple of Christopher North in his sporting propensities, and one of his wild feats cost him a leg and nearly his life. We are half inclined to think the fellow better than the

whole Yankee crew of them. There shows through his dashing numbers an *aristocracy* of soul and sentiment, pleasing from its rareness. A wave of the cavalier's feather shows so gaily among the round-head multitude, that we hail the wearer as nearer our old world sympathies by a "gentlemanlike distance:"

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

GRAVE CERES herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

POMONA, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while VENUS looked on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

Here is something in Beranger's style:—

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
The entwining of myrtle and steel!
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
 With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
 Like the music that's said from the ocean
 To rise ere the gathering storm,
 That her image around us should hover,
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
 We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
 As we drink to the myrtle and steel!
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
 To marshal the host for the fray,
 Where proudly our banner is flinging
 Its folds o'er the battle-array;
 Ye gallants—one moment—remember,
 When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
 That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherished
 By lads of the myrtle and steel.
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

But we shall forget that there are limits to our paper, or rather, to our reader's patience. Let us give every due praise, therefore, before we have done, to the editor of the volume we have quoted from, for the justice he has rendered to his native authors. He has made ample selections—said all he could for the writers in the compendious biographical and literary notices prefixed to the extracts, and brought out the whole in a convenient and creditable form. The volume comprises much matter, elegantly printed, at a cheap rate, and will, we have no doubt, do much, at home at least, for the "Poets and Poetry of America."

DECREASE OF CRIME.—Meath is one of the most populous, Roman Catholic, and "agitated" counties in Ireland. The assizes for that county commenced on Thursday at Trim. The commission was opened in the Crown Court, by Mr. Justice Burton. The grand jury disposed of their portion of the criminal business in an hour and ten minutes, and at two o'clock on Friday the judges, grand jurors, lawyers, litigants, and all had left the town! Look at the change in this same county of Meath since 1836, seven years ago. Judge Burton also presided at the Meath assizes in that year, when the commission lasted nine days, from Tuesday until Wednesday week! During that period, the judge had to discharge the repulsive duty of sentencing to death eight fellow-creatures, seven of whom were actually hanged, and the other, a female, transported for life. At the present assizes, however, Judge Burton went through the entire business in about ten hours, and the severest sentence he passed was transportation for seven years, and that in one case only. There was another case of a most novel and extraordinary kind, which excited great mirth amongst the peasantry. It appears that the public executioner of the county of

Meath, in consequence of the total cessation of his employment as the "finisher of the law," and the gloomy prospects before him, had betaken himself to pig-stealing. Transportation is often inflicted for this offence, but whether out of consideration for the office of the criminal, or, perhaps, from mitigating circumstances in the case, the sentence upon the "hangman" was only twelve months' imprisonment. The people were heard, in various parts of the court, exclaiming that it would be a charity to transport the executioner, as he had no chance whatever of future business in the county.—*Examiner*

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.—It was reported that there was a probability that a Congress would be held for the purpose of settling the unhappy differences that threatened to overthrow all order in Spain. Such was the intention in case the Regent Espartero resigned; and Monsieur Guizot made an official application to Lord Cowley to this effect, to take place on the Regent's quitting voluntarily the country. This arrangement was, however, interrupted by the temporary, more favorable aspect of the Regent's prospects. Subsequently, on the result of Zurbano and Seoane's defeat before Madrid on the 23d, Monsieur Guizot again proposed the Congress, but it is understood that Lord Aberdeen now declines it. This refusal, it is believed, results from a different disposition on the part of Queen Christina and her confidential advisers relative to the marriage of the young Queen. They now entirely oppose the views of the King of France, and intend proposing to the Cortes the young Prince Coburg, brother of the King of Portugal; and as the settlement of the marriage question will devolve on that body, and not on the private will of any individual, such a proposal would have greater chances of success than any of the rival claims, and would meet with the sanction of both England and the Northern Powers, which would successfully replace the idea of a Congress, and it would be highly acceptable to the Spanish nation, who, of course, are most interested. Preparatory to this question being brought forward, it is intended that the Queen shall be at once declared of age.—*Globe*.

ANTI-DUELLING ASSOCIATION.—A very numerous meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly military and naval officers, took place yesterday in the large room of the British Coffee-house, Cockspur-street, "for the purpose of considering the propriety of memorializing the Queen to aid in the suppression of duelling, by visiting those who engage in that unchristian practice with the marked expression of her Majesty's displeasure." Viscount Lifford was called to the chair; and among those present were Lord R. Grosvenor, M. P.; Lord H. Cholmondeley, Captain Sir Edward Parry, R. N.; Admiral Sir F. Austin, Admiral Oliver, Rear-Admiral Manginn, Captain the Hon. F. Maude, Hon. Captain Vernon Harcourt, Hon. C. Howard, M. P.; Captain Childers, Captain Sir H. Hart, R. N.; Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M. P.; Captain J. Trotter, Captain H. Hope, R. N.; Captain Roberts, R. N.; Hon. W. Cowper, M. P., &c. A memorial was proposed and adopted. The noble chairman stated that the institution for the suppression of duelling already numbered 416 members, of whom 23 were noblemen, 15 sons of noblemen, 18 members of Parliament, 20 baronets, 35 admirals and generals, 32 colonels, 56 captains in the royal navy, 26 majors, 42 captains in the army, 26 lieutenants, and 28 barristers.—*Examiner*.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

From the New Monthly Magazine

BY THE EDITOR.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealcreagh—who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leander-ing distance, from which the unknown might have swum. Meanwhile, the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features, at least as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrin voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahoney.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course what I am."

"Why, thin," said Mike with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I am only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite re-assured, "to cry O'Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he larn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, skyblue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Mathew's."

"Begad, that's true," exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repale."

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favor in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honor's tail!"

"That very same," said the Merman. "'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow.' But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Divil a bit of a Repale without *that*!"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-colored paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting Mike," and he winked again with his round, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty inconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the Repale," and whipping out a huge clasp knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed,—and, strange to say of an Irish operation, without shedding a single drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on the broad end, "there you are, free and independent, and fit to sit where you please."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College Green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of—the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the Union!"

A RUSSIAN PARDON.—Prince Mirski, a Polish nobleman, who has been an exile in France for 12 years, and to whom the French Government had granted a considerable state in Algeria, applied for an amnesty to the Emperor Nicholas, and in order to obtain it the more easily, abjured the Roman Catholic religion in favor of the Greek church. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction at the repentance of the prince, and authorized him to return to his native country. On his arrival last month at Warsaw, the prince was arrested, and conveyed to the forests of Zamora, where General Prince Bebulau, the governor, caused him to be confined in one of the subterranean cells, together with his youngest son. It is said that through the particular favor of the emperor for the prince, this detention is limited to six months, but it is not known whether this will be considered as sufficient expiation for the part this prince took in the insurrection of 1831.—*Examiner.*

AIR.

From Tait's Magazine.

Air! that fillest every place
In thy viewless course!
Element! pervading space!
Life-sustaining force!
Sphere-encircling! unconfined!
Parent of the mighty wind!
Where ye list—ye winds!—ye blow,
We hear your sound, but cannot know
Whence ye come, or whither go,—
Wild—resistless—boundless—free—
A marvel and a mystery!

Ye storm-blasts loud, that fiercely fly,
Rushing through the crashing sky,
Bringing, with your ice-cold breath,
Desolation, blight, and death;
Rending, as ye tear along,
Forests tall, and oak-woods strong.
Wondrous power and strength have ye;
Beauty—might—and majesty!

And ye soft airs! that gently sigh
Through the leafy bowers!
Gales that seem to faint and die
On beds of perfumed flowers!
Whispering zephyr! cooling breeze,
Stealing through the rustling trees,
Making all the green leaves quiver,
Crisping o'er the rippled river,—
Fitfully ye sink and swell
O'er moss and moor—o'er crag and fell,
Breathing into Nature's face
Freshness, loveliness, and grace.
Wanderers ye, from pole to pole,
Far as the ocean-billows roll!
O'er the sea, and o'er the land,
O'er pathless tracts of desert sand;
O'er the snow-clad mountain's peak,
O'er the hill-side, lone and bleak;
O'er tangled glen, and rose-twined bower,
And o'er the ivy-mantled tower;
O'er minster gray, and cloister dim,
O'er castle old, and dungeon grim.

Tell us, as ye sweep along
With your melancholy song,
Tell us of those distant lands—
Of Arab holdes, and pirate bands.
Ye have been upon the deep,
Where the eddying waters sweep—
Ye have heard the stifled cry
Of the tired swimmer's agony.
Tell us of the eagle's nest
Far on the snow-topp'd mountain's breast;
Of wild bee in the forest glade,
Of lovers in the greenwood's shade;
Of monks that meditate and pray
In gloomy niche of cloister gray;
Of nun devout, of chanted hymn,
Of bearded baron stern and grim;
Of castle moat, and minster bell,
Of captive in the dungeon's cell.

Where ye list, ye winds! ye blow;
We hear your sound, but cannot know
Whence ye come, or whither go.
Wanderers ye, from pole to pole,
Far as the ocean-billows roll,—
Wild—resistless—boundless—free—
A marvel and a mystery.

A.

SEQUEL TO THE NORTH AMERICAN
BOUNDARY QUESTION.

From the Westminster Review.

North American Review, No. 119, for April,
1843. Wiley and Putnam

OUR number for February contained an article on the 'Treaty of Washington concluded by Lord Ashburton,' but the attention of the public was diverted from the merits of the question by a postscript to a pamphlet of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, which appeared about the same time, in which it was stated that a map had been discovered by Mr. Sparks, in Paris, supposed to have been the one alluded to by Franklin, in which he had marked with "a strong red line" the limits of the United States, "as settled in the preliminaries between the British plenipotentiaries." Our readers will remember that as this map was found unexpectedly to be wholly favorable to the claims of Great Britain, a cry was raised that Mr. Webster had overreached Lord Ashburton, who, it was presumed, would not have concluded the treaty of Washington had he been aware of the existence of this map. We have no desire to revive a discussion which may now be considered as set at rest, but to render our former paper upon the Boundary question historically complete, it is necessary to notice this map controversy, however briefly; and we cannot better explain its nature than by quoting the following condensed statement of the arguments on both sides from the April number of the 'North American Review.'

"It would seem, that, while the treaty was before the Senate for the action of that body, the Secretary of State communicated to Mr. Rives, the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, the copy of a letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, with the copy of a map, the originals of both of which had been seen by Mr. Sparks in one of the public offices in Paris; and also an extract from a letter which he had written on the subject to the Secretary of State. These papers were considered of sufficient consequence to be produced in the Senate during the debate on the treaty. The following is the extract from Mr. Sparks's letter. (dated February 15th, 1842,) as published in Mr. Rives's speech:

"While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript:

'Passy, December 6th, 1782.

'SIR,—I have the honor of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries.

'With great respect, I am, &c.

'B. FRANKLIN.'

"This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed; and, if we could procure the identical map mentioned by Franklin, it would seem to afford conclusive evidence as to the meaning affixed by the commissioners to the language of the treaty on the subject of the boundaries. You may well suppose that I lost no time in making inquiry for the map, not doubting that it would confirm all my previous opinions respecting the validity of our claim. In the geographical department of the Archives are sixty thousand maps and charts; but so well arranged with catalogues and indexes, that any one of them may be easily found. After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a strong red line throughout the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and apparently drawn with a hair-pencil, or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other coloring on any part of the map.

"Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of the St. John, and between the head-waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed. The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of proceeding to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the streams which flow into the St. John, between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident that the line, from the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is intended to exclude *all the waters* running into the St. John.

"There is no positive proof that this map is actually the one marked by Franklin; yet, upon any other supposition, it would be difficult to explain the circumstances of its agreeing so perfectly with his description, and of its being preserved in the place where it would naturally be deposited by Count de Vergennes. I also found another map in the Archives, on which the same boundary was traced in a dotted red line with a pen, apparently copied from the other."

"I enclose herewith a map of Maine, on which I have drawn a strong black line, corresponding with the red one above mentioned."

"Mr. Rives then remarks,—'I am far from intimating that the documents discovered by Mr. Sparks, curious and well worthy of consideration as they undoubtedly are, are of weight sufficient to shake the title of the United States, founded on the positive language of the treaty

of peace. But they could not fail, in the event of another reference, to give increased confidence and emphasis to the pretensions of Great Britain, and to exert a corresponding influence upon the mind of the arbiter.' While Mr. Rives was still speaking, another map was brought forward by Mr. Benton, the senator from Missouri, with the view, as Mr. Rives understood it, of confronting and invalidating the map alluded to in the above extract, but, as Mr. Benton afterwards said, for the purpose of showing that the red lines were no secret. Be this as it may, the map turned out to be of such a character as to excite some degree of surprise in the Senate. After describing it in general terms, Mr. Rives adds,—

"Here, then, is a most remarkable and unforeseen confirmation of the map of Mr. Sparks, and by another map of a most imposing character, and bearing every mark of high authenticity. It was printed and published in Paris in 1784, (the year after the conclusion of the peace,) by Lettré, *graveur du Roi*, (engraver of maps, &c., to the King.) It is formally entitled on its face, a 'Map of the United States of America, according to the Treaty of Peace of 1783'—(*Carte des Etats Unis de l'Amérique, suivant le traité de paix de 1783.*) It is 'dedicated and presented' (*dediée et présentée*) 'to his Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, near the court of France,' and while Dr. Franklin yet remained in Paris; for he did not return to the United States till the spring of the year 1785. Is there not, then, the most plausible ground to argue, that this map, professing to be one constructed 'according to the Treaty of Peace of 1783,' and being 'dedicated and presented' to Dr. Franklin, the leading negotiator who concluded that treaty, and who yet remained in Paris while the map was published, was made out with his knowledge, and by his directions; and that, corresponding as it does *identically* with the map found by Mr. Sparks in the Archives of the Foreign Affairs in Paris, they both partake of the same presumptions in favor of their authenticity.'

"The coincidence between those two maps is certainly remarkable; but we would observe, that Mr. Sparks does not intimate that he saw any writing or other marks on the map mentioned by him, except the red boundary line, from which it could be even inferred that this was the identical map alluded to in Franklin's letter. There is nothing like positive proof, therefore, in the case, though the presumptive evidence is strong. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Benton, Mr. Woodbury, and other senators, who spoke against the treaty, made light of this map, as the tenor of their arguments required, calling it an old map, and a French map, adding, that on all the old French maps the southern boundary of Canada is pushed too far down. But we are authorized to say that this red line has no connexion whatever with any old boundary of Canada; that it is a line drawn by hand with remarkable distinctness and precision, not upon an engraved line, and not merely along the highlands south of the St. John, but throughout the entire circuit of the United States, in exact

conformity with the treaty, even running out to sea, and pursuing its direction, at the adjudged distance of twenty leagues, parallel with the coast, from the mouth of the St. Mary to that of the St. Croix. There is another circumstance, also, which shows the care with which this red line was drawn. On D'Anville's map the latitude of forty-five degrees runs much too far south, coming down, in fact, almost to Crown Point. Now the red line, after descending the Connecticut River for some distance, turns off to the west before it reaches the latitude of forty-five degrees on the map, and proceeds in a direct course to the St. Lawrence, so as to pass near the head of Lake Champlain, which is the true position. This is a proof, that the person who drew the line knew the geography of that part of the country, saw the error of the map, and corrected it.

"As to Lattré's map, described by Mr. Rives, there is no certainty of its having been seen by Dr. Franklin before its publication. It is probable, and that is all. As far as this probability goes, it may strengthen the presumption that the map in the Archives is the one sent by Franklin to Count de Vergennes. In each case we have no more than presumptive testimony. The fact that such maps exist, however, of so early a date, is a consideration of some moment.

"There are other maps of a similar character, which could not have originated in the same source. A revised edition of De Lisle's Map of Canada, published in Paris in the year 1783, purports to exhibit the northern boundary of the United States. The title of this map boasts of its having been corrected and improved from many printed and manuscript materials, (*un grand nombre de relations imprimés ou manuscrites.*) The boundary line, from the source of the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is drawn south of the St. John, and in such a manner as to exclude all the waters of that river from the territory of the United States. It is a dotted line, engraved, and distinctly marked by a red border on the British side, and a green one on the American, running in contact with each other. After arriving at the highlands near the head waters of the St. John, this line takes a devious course, winding its way into Canada as far as the River St. Francois, and thence in a south-easterly direction to Lake Champlain, which it crosses a full degree too far south. In all this part it is extremely inaccurate, and could not have depended on any information derived from Franklin, although he was then in Paris. By what authority the line was made to run south of the St. John can only be conjectured.

"There is, likewise, a copy of Mitchell's map, which formerly belonged to Baron Steuben, but which, we believe, is now in the possession of the government. On this map the boundary of the United States is delineated, throughout, by a broad and bold red mark, drawn by hand, and it runs south of the St. John; made with less precision, indeed, than the line on the map in the Paris Archives, but it is substantially the same. A gentleman now living saw this map fifty years ago in the library of Baron Steuben, with the red line then existing as it now appears. It could not have been copied from either of the

French maps mentioned above, for, in such case, the part of the line in question would have been executed with more exactness.

"We have before us a curious German map of the United States, by Güssefeld (*"Charte über die XIII. Vereinigte Staaten von Nord-America,"*) published at Nuremberg in 1784, in which the boundary is very distinctly drawn, and follows the highlands south of the St. John. The author says, in a French note engraved on the margin, that he had constructed it from the best English maps, (*d'après les meilleurs et spéciales cartes Anglaises.*) This was the year after the ratification of the treaty, and it is the more remarkable, as we believe no English map has been found, of an earlier date than 1785, in which the boundary does not run on the northern highlands, as claimed by the United States. The line in question could hardly have been copied from Lattre's map, because, although it is in all essential points the same, it is by no means identical with it.

"Faden's map, of 1785, is the earliest English authority of this kind, as far as our knowledge extends, which has been produced in vindication of the British claim. On this map, the boundary runs south of the St. John. A copy of it, brought over by Lord Ashburton, was exhibited for the edification of the Maine Commissioners. They seem neither to have been captivated with its charms, nor convinced by its red or black lines. They call it a 'small one, and of small pretensions,' and allow themselves to utter a hard insinuation against the motives of its author, the King's Geographer. But this is not much to the purpose, since the line is there notwithstanding, and is acknowledged to have been put there when the map was made.

"Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his recent pamphlet on the Treaty of Washington, lets us into the secret of another 'ancient map discovered in one of the public offices in London, after the departure of Lord Ashburton, which had been apparently hid away for nearly sixty years, with a red line drawn upon it exactly conforming to the British claim.' He says, 'No doubt was entertained that this was one of the maps used by the negotiators of 1783, and that the red line marked upon it designated the direction of the boundary they had established. But this map was not signed, and could not be authenticated.' We are left to infer that this was the reason why it was not sent over to Lord Ashburton, to aid him in the negotiation.

"Such is the testimony of maps on one side. We now turn to the other. In the first place, there were at least four distinct maps of the United States, expressly designed to show the boundaries, published in London during the interval between the signing of the preliminaries and the ratification of the treaty by Great Britain. These were Sayer and Bennet's, Bew's, Willis's, and Cary's. All these maps exhibit the boundaries exactly as claimed by the United States. The first two were issued a few days before the debate in Parliament on the preliminary articles, and it cannot be doubted that they were known to the members, and understood by them as presenting an accurate delineation of the boundaries. Not a word to the contrary appears in any

one of the speeches, although the large extent of the boundaries was made a topic of severe comment by some of the opposition members.

"But a map worthy of more consideration, perhaps, than either of these, is that published in London in the year 1783, by the same William Faden who, two years afterwards, perpetrated the act of sending into the world the 'small map' to which the Commissioners of Maine took such exceptions. His first map, of which we are now speaking, is stated on the face of it to be drawn 'according to the treaty;' the engraved and colored lines are designed for this special object. It was probably published before the signature of the definitive treaty, or at least soon afterwards, for that event took place in September of the same year. It is about two feet square, and the boundaries marked on it correspond with the greatest exactness to the American construction of the treaty. As a proof that the attention of the delineator was drawn particularly to the north-eastern boundary, we have only to cite the following printed note, attached, among others, to the margin of the map: 'The Province of Sagadahock is a new concession.' The tract intended by this 'new concession' is colored green, and stretches across the basin of the St. John to the ridge of the Canadian highlands. There are many other notes on the margin, explaining the boundary in different places, all tending to show that the work was executed with extreme care. And perhaps no man in England was more competent to such a task. He was eminent in his profession, and had engraved nearly all the maps and plans, published by authority, illustrative of the movements of the British army during the war of the Revolution. He could not, therefore, be ignorant of American geography. He even takes the trouble to exhibit an estimate, in figures, of the extent of territory conceded in various parts of the United States by the treaty, beyond what belonged to the Colonies under the old charters. Putting all these circumstances together, we are bound to regard this map as conclusive evidence of the state of opinion on the subject at that time in England, among those who were the most capable of forming a correct judgment.

"Besides the maps here enumerated, Mr. Galatin speaks of seven others, made within two years after the signature of the preliminary articles, all of which agree with these five; and, as we have before observed, no map published in England within the same period has been produced, which gives countenance to any other line of boundary. We deem these facts the more weighty, as Mr. Oswald, the British Commissioner for negotiating the treaty, was in London when the earliest maps were made; and there is the strongest probability that he was consulted by the map-makers on a subject of this nature; quite as strong as that Dr. Franklin was consulted for the same purpose in Paris; or, at all events, that Mr. Oswald would take care, by some public manifestation, to correct errors of so grave an aspect derived from a false construction of the treaty. Nor would these errors, if they were such, have been overlooked by the ministers, who were vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of boundaries. We hear of no such

correction from any quarter, nor of any assertion or insinuation, that the maps were erroneous.

"When we descend to later dates, we still find English maps, of the highest authority, containing the same boundary, notwithstanding the example of Faden's second effort. And these are even copied by some of the best French maps, in defiance of Lattré and the amended edition of De Lisle. In the *Atlas Universel*, by Robert, published at Paris in 1757, there is a map of Canada, on which the northern and eastern boundary of New England is laid down as since claimed by the United States under the treaty of 1783. Some time after the negotiation of that treaty, a new edition of the Atlas was published, with additions and alterations: but the boundary line in question remains the same, although the editor, under the head of *Limites des Etats Unis*, quotes the second article of the treaty, which relates to the boundaries, and implies that he considered no change of the first edition of the map necessary, in order to meet the terms of that instrument. On our table lie three maps of the United States by Tardieu, published at different times in Paris, one of them on a large scale, on each of which the boundary is drawn as claimed by the United States, with a slight deviation on one part. The north and south line, after crossing the St. John, and reaching the source of the Ristagouche, turns a little to the west, and seeks its way to the Canadian highlands, so as to avoid the head waters of that river. This is in exact accordance with Mr. Hale's line, and with Mr. Buller's north-west angle. We have also before us an elegantly executed German map of the United States, by Reichard, belonging to the Ebeling Collection in Harvard College, published at Nuremberg in 1809, which gives the boundary exactly as claimed by the Americans. And, indeed, innumerable testimonies might be accumulated, to show that such has been the general sense of European geographers, as well on the continent as in England.

"We shall here dismiss this subject of the conflict of maps. We confess it is extraordinary, nor shall we venture upon the hopeless task of explaining or reconciling its difficulties, or of bringing light out of darkness. As far as it goes, however, the weight of the argument from this source preponderates heavily on the American side; immeasurably so, if we estimate it by the number of maps; but less so, it may be conceded, if the relative authority of the principal ones only be regarded. We must hold to the conviction nevertheless, that Mr. Oswald, or the British ministers, or both, were consulted in the execution of the first English maps. The presumption is so strong, that nothing short of absolute demonstration to the contrary can weaken this belief. We allow it is probable, and nothing more, that Franklin was consulted for a similar object in Paris. An idea has been thrown out, on the supposition of the red line on D'Anville's map having been drawn by Franklin, that he was mistaken. This is an easy way of solving the problem, if the fact could be proved. If this red line rested on Franklin's authority alone, such an idea might possibly be more than a shadow. As we have only probabilities in the case, it is, in our opinion, much more probable

that he did not draw the line, than that he should not understand the treaty, six days after it was signed, which he had been as many months in negotiating. But what shall we do with the four maps, emanating from different sources, of which it is not pretended that Franklin had any knowledge? These are all separate authorities, and they accord with the supposed Franklinian red line. Besides, why should we conjecture Franklin to have been mistaken, any more than Mr. Oswald, or the British ministers, or the English map-makers? Since we must admit an error on one side or the other, and admit, also, that we know nothing more about it, let us do justice to both parties, and at least allow them the grace of dividing the mistake between themselves, until we can place it on the right shoulders by some clear and indisputable evidence. It is a matter of serious regret that the opinions of Mr. John Adams and Mr. Jay, in regard to this boundary dispute, were never publicly expressed. The former lived twelve years, and the latter fifteen, after the Treaty of Ghent, and yet nothing has been communicated to the world, from which their sentiments can be known or even inferred. This silence is the more remarkable, as they had given their testimony in the case of the St. Croix; and, if similar testimony had been proffered in relation to the north-eastern boundary, it could hardly have failed to produce a speedy settlement of the question. Until the opinions of these commissioners can be ascertained, from undoubted authority, it is neither just nor reasonable to throw the burden of error upon Dr. Franklin.

"In escaping from this labyrinth of conflicting maps, we shall remark only, that it affords another proof of the wisdom of the course adopted by the negotiators, in setting aside the old controversy, and seeking a new arrangement upon the untried and pacific principles of a compromise."

We have nothing to add to the above statement, which fairly explains all that we thought it desirable to say by way of postscript to our former paper on this subject. We may, however, express our gratification that this question of international dispute has been treated on the other side of the Atlantic in the fair and temperate spirit which characterizes the whole of the article to which we have referred in the 'North American Review.'

ROBERTS'S HOLY LAND.—Mr. Roberts's great work on the *Holy Land* proceeds satisfactorily; the last Part we have seen (VI.) is still devoted to the desert solitudes and rocky caves of Petra, with its half-built, half-excavated temples; the stupendous proportions of whose columns, though dwarfed by the huge masses of the cliffs above, are made evident by the contrast with the figures. The groups of Arabs introduced in these views are the most attractive points of the pictures, and the best executed portion of the lithography; the foregrounds and distances of the last Part showing signs of haste and inequality that we hope will be no more apparent in nature than they have been in previous Parts.—*Athenæum*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR
NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL, (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE,)

DURING THE TIME SPENT BY HIM IN HER
FATHER'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PREFACE.

THE writer of the following pages trusts that she will not be thought presumptuous in presenting them to the public. Thrown at an early age into the society of Napoleon, she considers it as an almost sacred duty, to communicate any fact or impression which, uninteresting in itself, may still be worth recording as relating to him, and as serving to elucidate his character.

Could these recollections of the emperor have been published without her name being appended to them, they would long ago have appeared; but feeling that their sole merit consisted in their being faithful records of him; and that if produced anonymously there would be no guarantee for their truth: and being at the same time reluctant to publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship, they have been postponed, and perhaps would have been still longer delayed, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which forces her to hesitate no longer, but with all their imperfections on their head to send them at once into the world.

The authoress may compare her feelings on casting her little vessel on the waters to those of Shelley, when on exhausting his whole stock of paper, he twisted a bank-note into the shape of a little boat, and then committing it to the stream, waited on the other side for its arrival with intense anxiety. Her ship-building powers she fears are as feeble; her materials as frail: but she has seen the little paper nautilus floating with impunity and confidence on the bosom of that mighty ocean which has engulfed many a noble vessel: accepting the augury, she intrusts her tiny bark to the waves of public opinion; not with confidence, however, but with fear and trembling, yet mingled with a gleam of hope that it may reach its haven, if favored by propitious skies and friendly breezes.

The writer must crave indulgence for the frequent mention of herself during the narrative. The nature of the subject renders this unavoidable.

E. L. A.

My object in the following memoir is to confine myself as far as possible to what

concerns Napoleon personally. I have many reminiscences (unconnected with him) of those happy days of my childhood, but I feel that they would be uninteresting to the public, and I have carefully excluded all but that in which the emperor took a personal share.

A slight description, however, of the localities connected with him, will not be considered a deviation from this resolution on my part, and I may perhaps commence this slight memoir of Napoleon most properly by a few words upon the general aspect of St. Helena, and the impression conveyed by it on first approaching its shores.

The appearance of St. Helena, on viewing it from the sea, is different from any land I ever saw, and certainly but little calculated to make one fall in love with it at first sight. The rock rising abruptly from the ocean with its oblong shape and perpendicular sides, suggests to one's mind, more the idea of a huge dark-colored ark lying at anchor, floating on the bosom of the Atlantic, than of a land intended for the habitation and support of living beings.

Nor on a nearer acquaintance does its character become more amiable. If a vessel approach it during the night, the effect on coming on deck in the morning is most peculiar, and at first almost even alarming. From the great depth of water, ships are able to go very close into the land, and the eye long accustomed to the expanse of sea and atmosphere, is suddenly startled by coming almost as it seems in contact with the dark, threatening rock, towering hundreds of feet into the air, far above the masts of the tallest vessel. I was quite a child at the time of my first visit, and my terrors were increased by being told that one "giant-snouted crag," which bore some resemblance to the head of a negro, was to eat me up first when the breakfast-bell struck, and then the rest of the passengers and crew.

I rushed instantly below, and hiding my face in my mother's lap, I tremblingly announced our fate, and was with difficulty soothed by her assurances of safety and protection. But I did not venture from under her wing until the dreaded "eight bells" had sounded, and the appearance of breakfast announced better things in store for us.*

* I think that the heart of even Napoleon, when he first surveyed his future abode, must have sunk within him; and as he passed into the anchorage, the galleries on either side bristling with cannon, and frowning down upon him the despairing in

On rounding Munden's battery, James Town breaks upon the view. It is singular and striking, and quite in harmony with the rest of the peculiar scenery of St. Helena. The houses are all built at the bottom of a wide ravine, which looks as if it had been caused by some convulsion of nature; or, as if the rock, tired of its solitary life and isolated situation in the midst of the Atlantic, had given a great yawn and could not shut its mouth again.

The buildings are confined entirely to the bottom of this cleft or chasm, as its sides are too precipitous to allow of houses being built upon them.

The position of the town renders it suffocatingly hot in summer. The cool sea-breeze so delicious in most tropical climates is almost excluded by the situation of the valley, as the inhabitants call James Town, and for nine months in the year the heat is almost unendurable.

We were fortunate enough to reside out of town: my father possessing a beautiful little cottage about a mile and a quarter from the valley, called the Briars: a spot which merits a slight description, both from its own beauty, and from having been the residence of Napoleon during the first three months of his exile in St. Helena.

The way to the Briars winds out of the town by roads cut in the side of the mountain. I cannot say I saw much of this road, or the surrounding scenery on my first journey to our distant abode. I was put into a basket and carried on a negro's head, who trudged away with me very merrily, singing some joyous air. Occasionally he put me down to rest, and grinning from ear to ear, asked me if I felt comfortable in my little nest. I was rather frightened, as this was the first time I had seen a black man, but I soon became reconciled to him, and we became great friends.

He told me he generally carried vegetables into the valley, and appeared highly honored and proud of a living burden being confided to his care. I was soon deposited in safety at the door of the Briars, and bid adieu to my sable bearer, who went away quite delighted with some little present my father gave him for making himself so amiable to me.

Our cottage was built in the style of the Bungalows in India. It was very low, all

the rooms being on one floor; and but for its situation, it would not have been thought pretty. But its situation made it a perfect little Paradise, surrounded by barren mountains; it looked an Eden blooming in the midst of desolation.

A beautiful avenue of banyan-trees led up to it, and on each side it was flanked by the evergreen and gigantic lacos, interspersed with pomegranate and myrtle, and a profusion of large white roses, more resembling our sweetbriar, from which, indeed, the place derived its name.

A walk shaded by pomegranate-trees, thirty or forty feet in height, conducted to the garden—I must plead the same excuse for devoting a few lines to the garden that I have for the cottage—that it was lovely in itself, and the favorite retreat of the emperor.

It would require the pen of a Scott, or the pencil of a Claude, to do any thing like justice to its beauty.

I often wander in my dreams through its myrtle-groves; and the orange-trees with their bright green leaves, delicious blossoms, and golden fruit, seem again before me as they were in my blessed days of childhood. Every description of tropical fruit flourished here luxuriantly.*

Various species of vine, citron, orange, fig, shadoc, guava, mango, all in endless profusion. Nature, as if jealous of the beauty of this enchanting spot, had surrounded it on every side with impenetrable barriers. On the east, to speak geographically, it was bounded by a precipice so steep, as to render all approach impracticable. The dark frowning mountain called Peak Hill, rendered it inaccessible from the south. To the westward, it was protected by a steep declivity, and opposite was a cataract, which was in itself a picturesque and striking object. I forget its exact height, but its roar was very imposing to me, and the volume of water must have been considerable.

In that hot climate it was a delightful next-door neighbor. In the most sultry day one could hardly feel the heat oppressive when gazing on its cool and sparkling waters. On the side nearest the cottage, the defences of the garden were completed by an aloe and prickly-pear hedge, through which no living thing could penetrate.

We had been living for years in this romantic and secluded glen, when our little

scription which the beautified language of his infancy must have rendered familiar to him, might seem also to have been inscribed upon the gloomy rock of St. Helena.

Lascitate ogni speranza
Voi ch' entrate.

* The produce of this garden alone, which the family could not consume, brought annually from 500 to £600.

"isle was suddenly *frighted from its propriety*," by hearing that Napoleon Buonaparte was to be confined there as a prisoner of state.

The garden at the Briars, like the bright dreams and hopes of my own early youth, is now withered and destroyed. It was sold to the East India Company, and was rooted up and planted with mulberry-trees.

It became "food for worms."

If I may be guilty of a conceit on, to me, a melancholy subject. I believe the speculation was unsuccessful.

It was in October, 1815, that this news first burst upon us. We heard one morning an alarm-gun fired from Ladder Hill, which was the signal of a vessel being in sight of the island.

The same evening two naval officers arrived at the Briars, one of whom was announced as Captain D—, commanding the *Icarus* man-of-war. He requested to see my father, having intelligence of importance to communicate to him.

On being conducted to him, he informed him that Napoleon Buonaparte was on board the *Northumberland*, under the command of Sir George Cockburn, and within a few days' sail of the island. The news of his escape from Elba, and the subsequent eventful campaign, had of course not reached us; and I remember well how amazed and incredulous they all seemed at the information. Captain D— was obliged more than once to assure them of the correctness of his statement.

My own feeling at the intelligence was excessive terror, and an undefined conviction that something awful would happen to us all; though of what nature I hardly knew. I glanced eagerly at my father, and seeing his countenance calm, I became more composed, but still I listened to every word of Captain D—'s detail, as if my fate depended on what he was telling us.

The earliest idea I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls, especially those who did not know their lessons.

I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was still hardly diminished.

The name of Buonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him, and

if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet still believed him to be the worst that had ever existed.

Nor was I singular in these feelings; they were participated in by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon, and all those of his own country who lived in England, were of course his bitter enemies. And from these two sources we formed our opinion of him.

It was not, therefore, without uneasiness that I saw my father depart, a day or two afterwards, to go on board the vessels which had just cast anchor in the bay.

The fleet consisted of the *Northumberland*, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, to whose care Napoleon had been confided, the *Havannah*, Captain Hamilton, and several other men-of-war, together with transports containing the 53d regiment. We remained many hours in great anxiety.

At last my father returned from his visit in safety, and we rushed out to question him as to what had happened.

"Well, papa, have you seen him?" for we thought of no one but Napoleon.

He told us he had not seen the emperor, but had paid his respects to Sir G. Cockburn, and had been introduced to Madame Bertrand, Madame Montholon, and the rest of Napoleon's *suite*. He added, that General Buonaparte would land in the evening, and was to remain for the present at the house of a Mr. Porteus, until Longwood, which was intended for his ultimate residence, should be ready for him.

We were so eager to see the illustrious exile, that we determined to go in the evening to the valley to witness his disembarkation.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the landing-place, and shortly after a boat from the *Northumberland* approached, and we saw a figure step from it on the shore, which we were told was the emperor; but it was too dark to distinguish his features. He walked up the lines between the admiral and General Bertrand, and enveloped as he was in a surtout, I could see little but the occasional gleam of a diamond star which he wore on his heart.

The whole population of St. Helena had crowded to see him, and one could hardly believe it contained so many inhabitants. The pressure became so great that it was with difficulty way could be made for him, and the sentries were at last ordered to stand with fixed bayonets at the entrance from the

lines to the town, and prevent the multitude from pouring in.

Napoleon was excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence though with respect. I heard him afterwards say how much he had been annoyed at being followed and stared at, "*comme un bête féroce*."

We returned to the Briars that night to talk and dream of Napoleon.

The next morning we observed a large cavalcade moving along the path which wound round the mountain at the base of which our dear little cottage was lying, almost hidden in its nest of leaves. The effect of the party was very picturesque.

It consisted of five horsemen, and we watched them with great interest, as, following the windings of the path, they now gleamed in the sun's rays, and were thrown into brilliant relief by the dark background behind, and then disappearing, we gazed earnestly, until from some turn in the road they flashed again upon us. Sometimes we only saw a single white plume, or the glint of a weapon in the sun.

To my already excited fancy it suggested the idea of an enormous serpent, with burnished scales, occasionally showing himself as he crawled to our little abode.

We were still doubtful whether Napoleon was of the party. We had already learnt to look for the gray surtout and small cocked hat, but no figure in that dress could be distinguished, though our spy-glass was in anxious requisition. Every one thought he would be best able to discover him. At last one of the party exclaimed,

"I see a figure with a small cocked hat, but no great coat;" and then we were at last certain that it was the emperor. We concluded he was on his way to Longwood to look at his future residence.

About two o'clock on that day Mr. O'Meara and Dr. Warden called on us, and were overwhelmed with all kinds of questions about Buonaparte, his manners, appearance, &c., &c. They described him as most agreeable and pleasing, and assured us we should be delighted with him. But all their persuasions were thrown away upon me; I could think of him only with fear and trembling. When leaving us they again repeated that our opinions of Napoleon would entirely change when we had seen and conversed with him.

At four o'clock in the evening the same horsemen that we had seen in the morning, again appeared on their return from Long-

wood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation I saw them with terror begin to descend the mountain, and approach our cottage.

I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone: but mamma desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. I had learned that language during a visit my father had paid to England some years before, and as we had a French servant, I had not lost what I had then acquired.

The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage-road, they all dismounted excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He retained his seat, and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, General Bertrand on the other.

How vividly I recollect my feelings of terror mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom had I learned to dread so much.

His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his color jet black: and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world!

Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach, Napoleon, contrasting as his shorter figure did with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were very beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had regarded him. While he was talking to

mamma I had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features, which I did with the keenest interest: and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features, but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass, and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as it caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat-pocket.

The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there. My father had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, and he immediately assured us of his willingness to resign them to General Buonaparte, as the situation appeared to please him so much, and it was arranged, much apparently to Napoleon's satisfaction, that he should be our guest until his residence at Longwood was fit to receive him.

Our family, at the time of the emperor's arrival, consisted of my father, my mother, my elder sister, myself, and my two brothers, who were quite children.

Napoleon determined on not going down to the town again, and wished his rooms to be got ready for him immediately. Some chairs were then brought out at his request upon the lawn, and seating himself on one, he desired me to take another, which I did with a beating heart. He then said,

"You speak French?"

I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe.

"What is the capital of France?"

"Paris."

"Of Italy?"

"Rome."

"Of Russia?"

"Petersburg now," I replied, "Moscow formerly."

On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and fixing his piercing eyes full on my face, he demanded sternly,

"Qui l'a brûlé?"

On seeing the expression of his eye, and hearing his changed voice, all my former terror of him returned, and I could not utter a syllable. I had often heard the burn-

ing of Moscow talked of, and had been present at discussions as to whether the French or Russians were the authors of that dreadful conflagration, and I feared to offend him by alluding to it.

He repeated the question, and I stammered, "I do not know, sir."

"Oui, oui," he replied, laughing violently; "vous savez très bien, c'est moi qui l'a brûlé."

On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said,

"I believe, sir, the Russians burnt it to get rid of the French."

He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find that I knew any thing about the matter.

The arrangements made for him were necessarily most hurried, and while we were endeavoring to complete them in the way we thought most likely to contribute to his comfort, he amused himself by walking about the grounds and garden. In the evening he came into the house; and as my father and mother spoke French with difficulty, that language being much less studied in England then, than it is at present, he addressed himself again to me, and asked me whether I liked music, adding,

"You are too young to play yourself."

I felt rather piqued at this, and told him I could both sing and play. He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, "Ye Banks and Braes." When I had finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard.

I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked he thought it too pretty to be English.

"Their music is vile—the worst in the world."

He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, "Vive Henri Quatre."

I said I did not.

"He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air."

In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing.

He was, nevertheless, a good judge of music, (if an Englishwoman may say so after his sweeping denunciation of our claims

to that science,) probably from having constantly listened to the best performers. He expressed a great dislike to French music, which he said was almost as bad as the English; and that the Italians were the only people who could produce an opera.

A lady, a friend of ours, who frequently visited us at the Briars, was extremely fond of Italian singing, which "she loved, indeed, not wisely, but too well;" for her own attempts in the *bravura* style were the most absurd burlesque imaginable.

Napoleon, however, constantly asked her to sing, and even listened with great politeness; but when she was gone, he often desired me to imitate her singing, which I did as nearly as I could, and it seemed to amuse him. He used to shut his eyes, and pretend he thought it was Mrs. —, "our departed friend;" and then pay me gravely the same compliments he would have done to her.

The emperor retired for the night shortly after my little attempt to amuse him, and so terminated his first day at the Briars.

It is not, however, in my power to give a detailed account of the events of each day the emperor spent with us.

I shall never cease regretting that I did not keep a journal of all that occurred; but I was too young and too thoughtless to see the advantage of doing so. Besides, I trusted to a naturally most retentive memory, thinking it would enable me at any time to recall the minutest incident concerning Napoleon. In this I have deceived myself. My life has been a chequered and melancholy one; and many of its incidents have been of a nature to absorb my mind, and abstract my attention from every thing but the consideration of present misery. This continued for a length of time, has erased things from my memory which I thought I never could have forgotten, but of which I now retain nothing but the consciousness that they took place, and the regret that I am unable to record them.

Many of the circumstances I am about to relate, however, I did write down shortly after they occurred, and the others have been kept fresh in my memory by being repeated to friends; so that the reader of my little volume may depend on the absolute truth and fidelity of my narrative,—a consideration, indeed, to which I have thought it right to sacrifice many others.

I do not then profess to give a journal of what Napoleon daily said and did at the Briars; but the occurrences I do relate, I

have inserted as nearly as possible in the order in which they took place.

The emperor's habits during the time he stayed with us, were very simple and regular; his usual hour for getting up was eight, and he seldom took any thing but a cup of coffee until one, when he breakfasted, or rather lunched; he dined at eight, and retired at about eleven to his own rooms. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age, than as the mighty warrior, at whose name "the world grew pale." His spirits were very good, and he was at times almost boyish in his love of mirth and glee, not unmixed sometimes with a tinge of malice.

Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Buonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her, and brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl.

The little girl screamed so violently, that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room.

Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bug-bear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same terror of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then, as a last resource, tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for any thing.

He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down, and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between

himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming,

"This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life."

Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said,

"He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry."

I told him the cow appeared tranquillized, and stopped the moment he disappeared; and he continued to laugh, and said,

"She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him."

The emperor during his residence under my father's roof, occupied only one room and a marquee. The room was one my father had built for a ball-room. There was a small lawn in front, railed round, and in this railing the marquee was pitched, connected with the house by a covered way. The marquee was divided into two compartments, the inner one forming Napoleon's bedroom, and at one extremity of the external compartment, there was a small tent-bed with green silk hangings, on which General Gourgaud slept. It was the bedstead used by the emperor in all his campaigns. Between the two divisions of the tent was a crown, which his devoted servants had carved out of the turf-floor, and it was so placed that the emperor could not pass through without placing his foot on this emblem of regal dignity.

Napoleon seemed to have no *penchant* for the pleasures of the table. He lived very simply, and cared little or nothing about what he ate. He dined at nine, and at that hour Cipriani, the *maitre d'hôtel*, made his appearance, and with a profound reverence said in a solemn tone, "*Le diner de votre majesté est servi.*"

He then retreated backwards, followed by Napoleon and those of his suite who were to dine with him.

When he had finished he would abruptly push away his chair from the table, and quit the dining-room, apparently glad it was over. A few days after his arrival, he invited my sister and myself to dine with him, and began quizzing the English for their fondness for *rosbif* and plum-pudding.

I accused the French in return of living on frogs, and running into the house I brought him a caricature of a long lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the tip of it, ready to jump down his throat, under-

neath was written,—"*A Frenchman's Dinner.*"

He laughed at my impertinence, and pinched my ear as he often did when amused, and sometimes when a little provoked at my *espièglerie*.

Le petit Las Cases, as he called Count Las Cases's son, formed one of the party on that day; he was then a lad of fourteen, and the emperor was fond of quizzing me about him, and telling me I should be his wife. Nothing enraged me so much: I could not bear to be considered such a child, and particularly at that moment, for there was a ball in prospect to which I had great hopes of papa allowing me to go, and I knew that his objection would be founded on my being too young.

Napoleon seeing my annoyance desired young Las Cases to kiss me, and he held both my hands whilst the little page saluted me. I did all in my power to escape, but in vain. The moment my hands were at liberty I boxed le petit Las Cases's ears most thoroughly. But I determined to be revenged on Napoleon; and in descending to the cottage to play whist, an opportunity presented itself, which I did not allow to escape.

There was no internal communication between the part occupied by the emperor and the rest of the house, and the path leading down was very steep and very narrow; there being barely room for one person to pass at a time. Napoleon walked first, Las Cases next, then his son, and lastly my sister Jane.

I allowed the party to proceed very quietly until I was left about ten yards behind; and then I ran with all my force on my sister Jane. She fell with extended hands on the little page; he was thrown upon his father, and the grand chamberlain, to his dismay, was pushed against the emperor; who, although the shock was somewhat diluted by the time it reached him, had still some difficulty from the steepness of the path in preserving his footing.

I was in extacies at the confusion I had created, and exulted in the revenge I had taken for the kiss; but I was soon obliged to change my note of triumph.

Las Cases was thunderstruck at the insult offered to the emperor, and became perfectly furious at my uncontrollable laughter. He seized me by the shoulders, and pushed me violently on the rocky bank.

It was now my turn to be enraged. I burst into tears of passion, and turning to Napoleon, cried out,

"Oh, sir, he has hurt me."

"Never mind," replied the emperor. "Ne pleurs pas—I will hold him while you punish him."

And a good punishing he got: I boxed the little man's ears until he begged for mercy; but I would show him none, and at length Napoleon let him go, telling him to run, and if he could not run faster than me, he deserved to be beaten again.

He immediately started off as fast as he could and I after him, Napoleon clapping his hands and laughing immoderately at our race round the lawn.

Las Cases never liked me after this adventure, and used to call me a rude hoyden.

I never met any one who bore these kind of things so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him to lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity and indulgence to me. I looked upon him indeed, when with him, almost as a brother or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality were put to flight the moment I came within the influence of his arch smile and laugh.

If I approached him more gravely than usual, and with a more sedate step and subdued tone, he would, perhaps, begin by saying,

"Eh bien, qu' as tu, Mademoiselle Betsee? Has le petit Las Cases proved inconsistent? If he has, bring him to me;" or some other playful speech, which either pleased or teased me, and made me at once forget all my previous determinations to behave prettily.

My brothers were at this time quite children, and Napoleon used to allow them to sit on his knee, and amuse themselves by playing with his orders, &c. More than once he has desired me to cut them off to please them.

One day Alexander took up a pack of cards, on which was the usual figure of the Great Mogul. The child held it up to Napoleon, saying,

"See, Bony, this is you."

He did not understand what my brother meant by calling him Bony.

I explained that it was an abbreviation—the short for Buonaparte; but Las Cases interpreted the word literally, and said it meant a bony person.

Napoleon laughed and said, "Je ne suis pas osseux," which he certainly never could have been, even in his thinnest days.

His hand was the fattest and prettiest in the world: his knuckles dimpled like those of a baby, his fingers taper and beautifully formed, and his nails perfect.

I have often admired its symmetry, and once told him it did not look large and strong enough to wield a sword. This led to the subject of swords; and one of the emperor's suite who was present, drew his sabre from his scabbard, and pointing to some stains on the blade, said that it was the blood of Englishmen. The emperor desired him to sheathe it, telling him it was bad taste to boast, particularly before ladies.

Napoleon then produced from a richly embossed case, the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. The sheath was composed of one entire piece of most splendidly marked tortoise-shell, thickly studded with gold bees. The handle, not unlike a fleur-de-lys in shape, was of exquisitely wrought gold. It was indeed the most costly and elegant weapon I had ever seen.

I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a circumstance which had occurred in the morning, in which I had been much piqued at the emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible, and I determined to punish him for what he had done.

I drew the blade out quickly from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner. I kept telling him all the time, that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist. But I only laughed at her, and maintained my post, keeping the emperor at bay until my arm dropped from sheer exhaustion.

I can fancy I see the figure of the Grand Chamberlain now, with his spare form and parchment visage, glowing with fear for the emperor's safety, and indignation at the insult I was offering him. He looked as if he could have annihilated me on the spot; but he had felt the weight of my hand before on his ears, and prudence dictated to him to let me alone.

When I resigned my sword, Napoleon took hold of my ear, which had been bored only the day before, and pinched it, giving me great pain. I called out, and he then took hold of my nose, which he pulled heartily, but quite in fun. His good-humor never left him during the whole scene.

The following was the circumstance

which had excited my ire in the morning. My father was very strict in enforcing our doing a French translation every day, and Napoleon would often condescend to look over them and correct their faults. One morning I felt more than usually averse to performing this task, and when Napoleon arrived at the cottage, and asked whether the translation was ready for him, I had not even begun it.

When he saw this, he took up the paper and walked down the lawn with it to my father, who was preparing to mount his horse to ride to the valley, exclaiming as he approached,

"Balcomb—voilà le thème de Mademoiselle Betsee. Qu'elle a bien travaillé;" holding up at the same time the blank sheet of paper.

My father comprehended imperfectly, but saw by the sheet of paper, and my name being mentioned by the laughing emperor, that he wished me to be scolded, and entering into the plot, he pretended to be very angry, and threatened if I did not finish my translation before he returned to dinner, I should be severely punished. He then rode off, and Napoleon left me, laughing at my sullen and mortified air. And it was the recollection of this which made me try and frighten him with the sword.

The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us, and amongst other things the miniatures of the young King of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right-hand supported a small globe.

I asked the meaning of these emblems, and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified he was to rule the world. Another miniature on a snuff-box, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to Heaven. Underneath were these words:

"Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon père, ma mère, et ma patrie."

It was an exquisite thing.

Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he is riding, and the other he is decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris—an unwarlike emblem, and perhaps intended as a

delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa.

The Paschal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colors of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lion-like attributes of his profession.

We next saw another drawing, in which the Empress Maria Louise and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others.

Napoleon then said he was going to show us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was with it. He seemed pleased with my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed.

The emperor usually played cards every evening, and when we were tired of looking at the miniatures, &c., he said,

"Now we will go to the cottage and play whist."

We all walked down together. Our little whist-table was soon formed, but the cards did not run smoothly, and Napoleon desired Las Cases to seat himself at a side-table, and deal them until they dealt easily.

While the Grand Chamberlain was thus employed, Napoleon asked me what my *robe de balle* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request of course was instantly acceded to.

I now ran upstairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it.

He said it was very pretty, and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said,

"Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game."

I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon.

The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espièglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavored whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then silyly held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered; but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done.

He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the *pagode*; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball-dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner-room and locked himself in.

I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock.

I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me.

At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them.

I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all; when to my great joy I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress.

"Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress, I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud."

General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him.

I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled.

He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before.

Napoleon walked by the side of our horses until he came to the end of the bridle-road which led to the Briars. He then stopped and remarked on the beauty of a house which was situated in the valley beneath us, asking to whom it belonged and expressing his intention of going down to see it.

Las Cases accompanied the emperor down the side of the mountain, and we went on to the ball. He mentioned the next day how charmed he had been with the place, and that he had ridden home on a beautiful little active pony belonging to the owner, Major Hodgson.

The only exception to the emperor's habits of regularity, when with us, was in his hour of rising.

In the midst of our garden was a very large pond of transparent water, full of gold and silver fish; and near this was the grapery formed of trellis-work, quite covered with vines of every description. At the end of the grapery was an arbor, round, and over which a treillage of grapes also clustered in the richest profusion. To this spot which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast-time in writing, and when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Cases.

No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there; and this little attention was ever after gratefully remembered. From this prohibition, however, I was exempt, at the emperor's own desire. I was considered as a privileged person; even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Cases, he would come and answer my call, "Come and unlock the garden-door;" and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile.

I did not abuse this indulgence, and seldom intruded on him when in his retreat.

I remember, however, one day a very pretty young lady came from the valley to pass the morning with us. She was dying to see Napoleon, but the heat was very oppressive, and he had retired to his arbor to avoid it.

I hesitated for some time between the fear of disturbing him and disappointing my friend; but at last Miss C—— appeared so mortified at not seeing him, that I ran down to the garden and knocked at the door.

For a long while I received no answer, but at length by dint of thumping, and calling to the emperor, I succeeded in waking him. He had fallen asleep in the arbor over his papers.

He came up to the door, and asked me what I wanted.

I said, "Let me in, and you shall know."

He replied, "No; tell me first what it is, and then you shall come in."

I was then obliged to say I wished to introduce a young lady to him: he declined seeing her, and desired me to say he was unwell. I told him she would be dreadfully disappointed, and that she was so pretty.

"Not like the lady I was obliged to say agreeable things to yesterday?"

I assured him she was quite a different person, being very young and handsome.

At last I succeeded in getting the door opened; as soon as I found it unlocked, I ran up to the table where he had been writing, and snatched up his papers.

"Now," I said, "for your ill-nature in keeping me so long at the door, I shall keep these, and then I shall find out all your secrets."

He looked a little alarmed, when he saw the papers in my hand, and told me to put them down instantly; but I refused and set off round the garden flourishing my trophies.

At last he told me if I did not give them up, he would not be my friend; and I relinquished them.

I then took hold of the emperor's hand, for fear he should escape, and led him to the house, where we found Miss C——. I introduced her to Napoleon, and he delighted her excessively by his compliments on her beauty, &c.

When she was going away, he walked down the lawn with her and lifted her on her horse. He told me after she was gone, that she was a very pretty girl, but had the air of a *marchande des modes*.

The golden fruit in this modern garden of the Hesperides, had for its dragon an old Malay slave, named Toby, who had been captured and brought to the island as a slave many years before our arrival. The old fellow had lived in the garden forty years without once crossing its boundary. He was an original and rather interesting character. A perfect despot in his own

domain, he never allowed his authority to be disputed; and the family stood almost as much in awe of him as they did of the master of the Briars himself.

Napoleon took a fancy to old Toby, and told papa he wished to purchase him and give him his freedom; but for some political reason it was not permitted.

The old man retained ever afterwards the most grateful sense of Napoleon's kindness; and was never more highly gratified than when employed in gathering the choicest fruit, and arranging the most beautiful bouquets to be sent to Longwood, "to that good man, Bony," as he called the emperor.

Napoleon made a point of inquiring, whenever I saw him, after the health of old Toby, and when he took his leave of him, he presented him with twenty Napoleons.

The emperor was very accessible while at the Briars, and knowing how much it would delight us, he seemed to wish to return any little attentions we were able to offer him by courtesy and kindness to our friends.

My father, one day during his residence with us, invited a large party, and the emperor said he would join us in the evening. He performed his promise, and delighted every one with his urbanity and condescension. When any of our guests were presented to him, he usually inquired his profession, and then turned the conversation upon some topic connected with it.

I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father, at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox.

Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather surgical profession than any other.

The practice of the law was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, and that he who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong. So it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience.

Of the church also (*les ecclésiastiques*) he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers, and not the less so because they are ready to send a bullet through your head if you tell them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mystify, or inflame them against each other, and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as science. The emperor spoke in high terms of Larey, who, he said, was a man of genius, and of unimpeachable integrity.*

On the emperor's first arrival in St. Helena he was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley just below our cottage. In these short walks he was unattended by the officer on guard, and he had thus the pleasure of feeling himself free from observation. The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him was a Captain Grately of the artillery, and though a mild and gentlemanly person in his manners, Napoleon took an unconquerable dislike to him. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, "that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon."

The latter was one day riding along one of the mountainous bridle paths at St. Helena, with the orderly officer in attendance; suddenly the emperor turned short to his right, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast gazing at him, in terror for his safety and doubt as to his intentions.

He was either not well enough mounted, or his nerve was unequal to the task of following Napoleon, and giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at the Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and demanding to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance, he was ushered at once into the dining-room.

The admiral was in the act of discussing his soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence. He then very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Buona-

parte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created.

I have mentioned being struck with Napoleon's seat on horseback on first seeing him. He one day asked me whether I thought he rode well. I told him with the greatest truth, that I thought he looked better on horseback than any one I had ever seen. He appeared pleased, and calling for his horse he mounted, and rode several times at speed round the lawn, making the animal wheel in a very narrow circle, and showing the most complete mastery over him. One day, Achambaud, his groom, was breaking in a beautiful young Arab, which had been bought for the emperor's riding.

The colt was plunging and rearing in the most frightful manner, and could not be induced to pass a white cloth which had been purposely spread on the lawn, to break him from shying. I told Napoleon it was impossible that he could ever ride that horse, it was so vicious. He smiled, and beckoning to Achambaud, desired him to dismount, and then, to my great terror, he himself got on the animal, and soon succeeded in making him not only pass the cloth, but put his feet upon it; and then rode him over and over it several times. Achambaud, as it seemed to me, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He was delighted with his emperor's prowess, but mortified at his managing a horse so easily which he had been trying in vain to subdue.

Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden the same horse 120 miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there were no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me he had once remained on horseback; but I remember being much surprised at his powers of endurance.

His great strength of constitution was probably more instrumental than one would imagine at first view, in his reaching the pinnacle of his ambition. The state of the mind is so dependent on the corporeal frame, that it is difficult to see how the kind of mental power which is necessary to success in war, or political turmoil, can exist without a corresponding strength of body, or at least of constitution.

In how many critical periods of Napoleon's life would not the illness of a week

* The above conversation is from a note of my father's.

have been fatal to his future schemes of empire. How might the sternness of purpose by which he subjugated his daring compeers of the revolution have been shaken, and his giant ambition thwarted by a trivial sickness. The mind of even a Napoleon might have been prostrated, and his mighty *will* enfeebled by a few days' fever.

The successful leader of a revolution especially ought to be exempt from the evils to which flesh is heir. His very absence from the arena for a few days is enough to ruin him. Depreciating reports are spread, the prestige vanishes, and he is pushed from his stool by some more vigorous and more fortunate competitor.

The emperor possessed a splendid set of china of the Sèvres manufacture, which had been executed at an enormous cost, and presented to him by the City of Paris. They were now unpacking, and he sent for us to see them. They were painted by the first artists in Paris, and were most lovely. Each plate cost twenty-five Napoleons. The subjects all bore reference to his campaigns, or to some period of his early life. Many of them were battle pieces, in which the most striking incidents were portrayed with the utmost spirit and fidelity. Others were landscapes, representing scenery connected with his victories and triumphs.

One, I remember, made a great impression on me. It was a drawing of Napoleon on the bridge of Arcola. A slim youth—standing almost alone, with none near but the dead and dying, who had fallen around him—was cheering on his more distant comrades to the assault. The spirit and energy of his figure particularly attracted my admiration. The emperor seemed pleased at my admiring it, and putting his hand to his side, exclaimed, laughing,

"I was rather more slender then than I am now."

The battle of Leipsic was one of the subjects depicted on the china. Napoleon's figure was happily done, and an admirable likeness; but one feels rather surprised at the selection of such a subject for a complimentary present. I believe the battle of Leipsic is considered to have been one of the most disastrous defeats on record; but probably the good citizens of Paris were not so well aware of this at the time the china was presented to him as they are now.

His campaign in Egypt furnished subjects for some of the illustrations. The stork was introduced in several of these Egyptian scenes, and I happened to have

heard that that bird was worshipped by the Egyptians. I asked him if it were not so. He smiled, and entered into a long narration of some of his adventures with the army in Egypt; advising me never to go there, or I should catch the ophthalmia, and spoil my eyes!

I had also heard that he had professed Mahometanism when there; and I had been prompted by some one to catechise him on the subject. I at once came out with the question in my English French.

"Pourquoi avez vous tourné Turque."

He did not at first understand me, and I was obliged to explain that *tourné Turque* meant changing his religion.

He laughed and said,

"What is that to you? fighting is a soldier's religion; I never changed that. The other is the affair of women and priests,—*au reste*; I always adopt the religion of the country I am in."

At a later period some Italian ecclesiastics arrived at St. Helena, and were attached to Napoleon's suite.

Amongst the emperor's domestics at the Briars, was a very droll character; his lamplighter, a sort of *Leporello*, a most ingenious little fellow in making toys, and other amusing mechanical contrivances. Napoleon would often send for the scaramouch to amuse my brothers, who were infinitely delighted with his tricks and buffooneries. Sometimes he constructed balloons, which were inflated and sent up amidst the acclamations of the whole party. One day he contrived to harness four mice to a small carriage, but the poor little animals were so terrified that he could not get them to move, and after many ineffectual attempts, my brothers entreated the emperor to interfere. Napoleon told him to pinch the tails of the two leaders, and when they started the others would follow. This he did, and immediately the whole four scampered off to our great amusement—Napoleon enjoying the fun as much as any of us, and delighted with the extravagant glee of my two brothers.

I had often entreated the emperor to give a ball before he left the Briars in the large room occupied by him, which had been built by my father for that purpose.

He had promised me faithfully he would, but when I pressed him urgently for the fulfilment of his promise, he only laughed at me, telling me he wondered I could be so silly as to think such a thing possible.

But I never ceased reproaching him for his breach of faith, and teased him so that at last, to escape my importunities, he said,

that as the ball was out of the question, he would consent, by way of *amende honorable*, to any thing I chose to demand to console me for my disappointment.

"Tell me, que veux-tu que je fasse, Mademoiselle Betsee, pour te consoler."

I replied instantly.

"If you will play a game of 'blind man's buff,' which you have so often promised me, I will forgive you the ball, and never ask for it again." Not knowing the French term (if there is any) for blind man's buff.

I had explained before to the emperor the nature of the operation to be gone through.

He laughed at my choice, and tried to persuade me to choose something else, but I was inexorable, and seeing his fate inevitable, he resigned himself to it with a good grace, proposing that we should begin at once.

My sister and myself, and the son of either General Bertrand or some other of the emperor's suite, formed the party. Napoleon said we should draw lots who should be blindfolded first, and he would distribute the tickets.

Some slips of paper were prepared, on one of which was written the fatal word "*la mort*," and the rest were blanks. Whether accidentally or by Napoleon's contrivance I know not, but I was the first victim, and the emperor taking a cambric handkerchief out of his pocket, tied it tightly over my eyes, asking me if I could see.

"I cannot see you," I replied, but a faint gleam of light did certainly escape through one corner, making my darkness a little less visible.

Napoleon then taking his hat waved it suddenly before my eyes; and the shadow and the wind it made startling me, I drew back my head.

"Ah, leetle monkee," he exclaimed in English, "you can see pretty well."

He then proceeded to tie another handkerchief over the first, which completely excluded every ray of light.

I was then placed in the middle of the room and the game began.

The emperor commenced by creeping stealthily up to me and giving my nose a very sharp twinge. I knowing it was him both from the act itself and his footsteps. I darted forward and very nearly succeeded in catching him, but bounding actively away, he eluded my grasp. I then groped about and advancing again, he this time took hold of my ear and pulled it. I stretched out my hands instantly, and in the exultation of the moment screamed out,

"I have got you—I have got you—now you shall be blindfolded!"

But to my great mortification it proved to be my sister, under cover of whom Napoleon had advanced, stretching his hand over her head.

We then recommenced, the emperor saying, that as I had named the wrong person, I must continue blindfolded. He teased and quizzed me about my mistake, and bantered me in every possible way; eluding at the same time with the greatest dexterity, my endeavors to catch him.

At last when the fun was growing "fast and furious," and the uproar was at its height, it was announced that some one desired an audience of the emperor; and to my great annoyance, as I had set my heart on catching him, and insisting on his being blindfolded, our game came to a conclusion.

The emperor having returned from seeing his visitor, and his dinner-hour approaching, he invited us to dine with him. We told him we had already dined.

"Then come and see me eat," he added; and when his dinner was announced by Cipriani we accompanied him into his marquise. When at table he desired Narane to bring some creams for me; I declined them as I had dined, but I had unfortunately told him once before that I was very fond of creams, and though I begged in vain to be excused, repeating a thousand times that I had dined, and could not eat any more, he pressed and insisted so strongly, that I was at last obliged to comply, and with some difficulty managed to eat half a cream.

But although I was satisfied, Napoleon was not; and when I left off eating, he commenced feeding me like a baby, calling me his little bambina, and laughing violently at my rueful countenance. At last I could bear it no longer, and scampered out of the tent, the emperor calling after me,

"Stop, Miss Betsee; do stay, and eat another cream; you know you told me you liked them."

The next day he sent in a quantity of bon-bons by Marchand, with some creams; desiring his compliments to Miss Betsee and the creams were for her.

The emperor possessed among his suite the most accomplished confiseur in the world. M. Piron daily supplied his table with the most elaborate, and really sometimes the most elegant designs in *pâtisserie*, spun sugar, &c. Triumphant arches, and amber palaces, glittering with prismatic tints, looked as if they had been built for the queen of the fairies, after her majesty's own designs.

Napoleon often sent us in some of the prettiest of these architectural delicacies; and I shall always continue to think the bon-bons from the atelier of Monsieur Piron "more exquisite still" than any thing I have ever since tasted.

But I suppose I must grant with a sigh, that early youth threw its *couleur de rose* tints over Piron's bon-bons, as well as over the more intellectual joys of that happy period.

The emperor sometimes added sugared words to make these sweet things sweeter.

On New Year's day a deputation consisting of the son of General Bertrand, Henri, and Tristram, Madame Montholon's little boy, arrived with a selection of bon-bons for us, and Napoleon observed that he had sent his cupids to the graces. The bon-bons were placed in crystal baskets, covered with white satin napkins on Sèvres plates. The plates I kept till lately, when I presented them to a lady who had shown my mother and myself many very kind attentions. And this was the last I possessed of Napoleon's many little gifts to me, with the exception of a lock of his hair, which I still retain, and which might be mistaken for the hair of an infant from its extreme softness and silkiness.

Napoleon was fond of sending these little presents to ladies, and generally courteous and attentive in his demeanor towards them. He always gave me the impression of being fond of ladies' society; and as Mr. O'Meara remarks, when alluding to my sister and myself dining one day with him, "His conversation was the perfection of *causerie*, and very entertaining." He was perhaps rather too fond of using direct compliments, but this was very pardonable in one of his rank and country.

He remarked once, that he had heard a great deal of the beauty and elegance of the governor's daughter, and asked me who I thought the most beautiful woman in the island. I told him I thought Madame Bertrand superior beyond all comparison to any one I had ever seen before. My father had been greatly struck with her majestic appearance on board the Northumberland: and I always thought every one else sank into insignificance when she appeared. And yet her features were not regular, and she had no strict pretension to beauty; but the expression of her face was very intellectual, and her bearing queen-like and dignified.

Napoleon asked me if I did not consider Madame Montholon pretty. I said, no. He then desired Marchand to bring down a

snuffbox, on the lid of which was a miniature of Madame Montholon. It certainly was like her, and very beautiful. He told me it was what she had been when young. He then recurred again to Miss C——, and said Gourgaud spoke in raptures of her, and had sketched her portrait from memory. He produced the drawing, and wished to know if I thought it a good likeness. I told him she was infinitely more lovely, and that it bore no trace of resemblance to her. I mentioned also that she was very clever and amiable. Napoleon said I was very enthusiastic in her favor, and had made him long to see her.

Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand, and the rest of his suite, often came to see him at the Briars, and remained the day. It was quite delightful to witness the deference and respect with which he was treated by them all. To them he was still "le grand empereur." His every look was watched, and each wish anticipated as if he had still been on the throne of Charlemagne.

On one of these occasions Madame Bertrand produced a miniature of the Empress Josephine, which she showed to Napoleon. He gazed at it with the greatest emotion for a considerable time without speaking. At last he exclaimed it was the most perfect likeness he had ever seen of her, and told Madame Bertrand he would keep it, which he did until his death. He has often looked at my mother for a length of time very earnestly, and then apologized, saying, that she reminded him so much of Josephine. Her memory appeared to be idolized by him, and he was never weary of dwelling on her sweetness of disposition and the grace of her movements. He said she was the most truly feminine of any woman he had ever known.

Napoleon afterwards spoke of the Empress Marie Louise with great kindness and affection. He said she would have followed him to St. Helena if she had been allowed: and that she was an amiable creature, and a very good wife.

He possessed several portraits of her. They were not very attractive, and were seen to disadvantage when contrasted, as they generally were, with his own handsome and intellectual-looking family.

The emperor retired early this evening. He had been in low spirits since his audience of his visitor; and after the portraits of the Empress Josephine and Marie Louise had been produced, he appeared absorbed in mournful reflection, and was still more melancholy and dejected for the rest of the evening. His visitor proved to be a Count

Piontkowski, a Polish officer, who had formerly held a commission in "la grande armée," and had landed in the morning, having with great difficulty obtained permission to follow his master into exile, "to share with him his vulture and his rock." He called at the Briars, and requesting an audience, information had been sent to the emperor of his arrival. A long interview took place between them, which apparently excited painful reminiscences in the mind of the emperor. I asked him afterwards about his visitor. He seemed to have little personal recollection of him, but seemed gratified with his devotion, and said he had proved himself a faithful servant by following him into exile.

The emperor's English, of which he sometimes spoke a few words, was the oddest in the world. He had formed an exaggerated idea of the quantity of wine drunk by English gentlemen, and used always to ask me, after we had had a party, how many bottles of wine my father drank; and then laughing and counting on his fingers generally made the number up to five. One day to annoy me, he said that my country-women drank gin and brandy; and then added in English,

"You laike verree mosh dreenk, mees; somtaimes brandee, jeen."

Though I could hardly help laughing at his way of saying this, I felt most indignant at the accusation, and assured him that the ladies of England had the utmost horror of drinking spirits, and that they were even fastidious in the refinement of their ideas and their general habits. He seemed amused at my earnestness, and quoted the instance of a Mrs. B., who had, in fact, paid him a visit once in a state of intoxication. It was singular, indeed, that one of the few English ladies he had ever been presented to, should have been addicted to this habit. At last, he confessed, laughing, that he had made the accusation only to tease me; but when I was going away he repeated,

"You like dreenk, Mees Betsee; dreenk, dreenk."

As the time drew near for Napoleon's removal to Longwood, he would come into our drawing-room oftener, and stay longer.

He said he should have preferred altogether remaining at the Briars. That he beguiled the hours with us better than he ever thought it possible he could do on such a horrible rock as St. Helena.

A day or two before his departure, General Bertrand came to the Briars, and in-

formed Napoleon that Longwood smelt so strongly of paint, that it was unfit to go into.

I shall never forget the fury of the emperor. He walked up and down the lawn, gesticulating in the wildest manner. His rage was so great that it almost choked him. He declared that the smell of paint was so obnoxious to him that he would never inhabit a house where it existed; and that if the grand marshal's report was true he should send down to the admiral, and refuse to enter Longwood. He ordered Las Cases to set off early the next morning to examine the house, and report if the information of General Bertrand was correct.

At this time I went out to him on the lawn, and inquired the cause of his anger. The instant I joined him he changed his manner, and in a calm tone mentioned the reason of his annoyance. I was perfectly amazed at the power of control he evinced over his temper. In one moment, from the most awful state of fury, he subdued his irritated manner into perfect gentleness and composure.

Las Cases set off at daylight the next morning, and returned before twelve o'clock. He informed the emperor that the smell of paint was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and that a few hours would remove it altogether. The grand marshal was sharply reprimanded, as I afterwards learned, for making an exaggerated report.

It was arranged that he should leave the Briars two days afterwards for Longwood, which was now quite ready for him. On the appointed morning, which to me was a most melancholy one, Sir G. Cockburn, accompanied by the emperor's suite, came to the Briars to escort him to his new abode. I was crying bitterly, and he came up and said,

"You must not cry, Mademoiselle Betsee; you must come and see me very often at Longwood; when will you ride up?"

I told him that depended on my father. He turned round to papa and said,

"Balcombe, you must bring Missee Jane and Betsee to see me next week, and very often."

My father promised he would, and kept his word. He asked where mamma was, and I said she desired her kind regards to the emperor, and regretted not being able to see him before his departure, as she was ill in bed.

"I will go up and see her."

And upstairs he darted, before we had time to tell my mother of his approach.

He seated himself on the bed, and expressed his regret at hearing she was unwell.

He was warm in his acknowledgments of her attentions to him, and said he would have preferred staying altogether at the Briars,* if they would have permitted him. He then presented my mother with a gold snuff-box, and begged she would give it to my father as a mark of his friendship. He gave me a beautiful little *bonbonnier*, which I had often admired, and said,

"You can give it as a *gage d'amour* to *le petit Las Cases*."

I burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

I went to a window from which I could see his departure, but my heart was too full to look at him leaving us, and throwing myself on the bed I cried bitterly for a long time. When my father returned we asked him how the emperor liked his new residence. He said that he appeared out of spirits, and, retiring to his dressing-room, had shut himself up for the remainder of the day.

With Napoleon's departure from the Briars my personal recollection of him may be said to have come to a conclusion. From my father being the emperor's purveyor we had a general order to visit him, and we seldom allowed a week to elapse without seeing him. On those occasions we generally arrived in time to breakfast with him at one, and returned in the evening.

He was more subject to depression than when at the Briars; but still gleams of his former playfulness shone out at times. On one occasion we found him firing at a mark with pistols. He put one into my hand loaded, I believe with powder, and in great trepidation I fired it off: he often called me afterwards "*La petite tirailleuse*," and said he would form a corps of sharpshooters of which I should be the captain. He then went into the house, and he took me into the billiard-room, a table having been just set up at Longwood. I remember thinking it too childish for men, and very like marbles

on a larger scale. The emperor condescended to teach me how to play, but I made very little progress, and amused myself with trying to hit his imperial fingers with the balls, instead of making cannons and hazards.

Napoleon's health and activity began to decline soon after his arrival at Longwood. In consequence of the unfortunate disputes with the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, he refused to take the exercise his constitution required, and his health became visibly impaired. He was unable, consequently, to enjoy the buoyancy of spirits which probably had been the chief cause of his allowing me to be so often in his society, and distinguishing me with so much of his regard. But he never failed to treat me with the greatest tenderness and kindness.

Some months after his departure I was attacked with an alarming illness. Mr. O'Meara attended me, and at one time despaired of my recovery. The emperor's kindness in making inquiries after me, and his other attentions I can never forget. He ordered his confiseur when I became convalescent to supply me daily from his own table with every delicacy to tempt my appetite, and restore my strength.

In concluding my brief record of Napoleon I will spare my readers any lengthened expression of my own opinion of his character. I have placed before them the greater part of what occurred while I was in his society, and have thus given them, as far as I am able, the same means of judging of him as I possess myself. But yet, in a personal intercourse, incidents occur of too trivial or subtle a nature to be communicated to others, but which are still the truest indications of character, from being the results of impulse, and unpremeditated.

Even a look, a tone of the voice, a gesture, in an unreserved moment, will give an insight into the real disposition which years of a more formal intercourse would fail to convey; and this is particularly the case in the association of a person of mature age with very young people. There is generally a confiding candor and openness about them which invites confidence in return, and which tempts a man of the world to throw off the iron mask of reserve and caution, and be once more as a little child. This at least took place in my intercourse with Napoleon, and I may therefore perhaps venture to say a few words on the general impression he left on my mind, after three months daily communication with him.

The point of character which has more than any other been a subject of dispute

* I trust I may be forgiven the insertion of the following extracts from Mr. O'Meara's "*Voice from St. Helena*."

"The Briars is the name of an estate romantically situated, about a mile and a half from Jamestown, comprising a few acres of highly-cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen-gardens, plentifully supplied with water, with many delightful shady walks, and long celebrated for the genuine old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe.

"Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his (Napoleon's) situation."

between Napoleon's friends and his enemies, and which will ever be the most important of all in the estimation of a woman, is, whether he furnished another proof of the "close affinity between superlative intellect and the warmth of the generous affections," (to use the words of the Rev. — Crabbe, in his delightful life of his father,) or whether he is to be considered a superior kind of calculating machine, the reasoning power perfect, but the heart altogether absent.

Bourrienne, who, although conscientious and exact in the main, exhibits no partiality to the emperor, describes him as "*très peu aimant*," and reports his having said, "I have no friend except Duroc, who is unfeeling and cold, and suits me;" and this may have been true in his intercourse with the world, and with men whom he was accustomed to consider as mere machines,—the instruments of his glory and ambition: and whom he therefore valued in proportion to the sternness of the stuff they were made of. Even his brothers, whom he is said to have included in this sweeping abnegation of friendship, he taught himself to look upon as the means of carrying out his ambitious projects, and as they were not always subservient to his will, but came at times into political collision with him, his fraternal affection, which seldom resists the rude shocks of contending worldly interests, was cooled and weakened in the struggle.

But my own conviction is, that unless Napoleon's ambition interfered, to which every thing else was sacrificed, he was possessed of much sensibility and feeling, and was capable of strong attachment.

The Duchess d'Abrantes, who was intimately acquainted with Napoleon at an early age, gives him credit for much more warmth of heart than is allowed him by the world; and, brought up as she had been with himself and his family, she was well qualified to form an opinion of him.

I think his love of children, and the delight he felt in their society, and that, too, at the most calamitous period of his life, when a cold and unattachable nature would have been abandoned to the indulgence of selfish misery; in itself speaks volumes for his goodness of heart. After hours of laborious occupation, he would often permit us to join him; and that which would have fatigued and exhausted the spirits of others, seemed only to recruit and renovate him. His gaiety was often exuberant at these moments; he entered into all the feelings of young people, and when with them was a mere child, and, I may add, a most amusing one. I feel, however, even painfully,

the difficulty of conveying to my readers my own impression of the disposition of Napoleon. Matters of feeling are often incapable of demonstration.

The innumerable acts of amiability and kindness which he lavished on all around him at my father's house, derived perhaps their chief charm from the way in which they were done—they would not bear being told. Apart from the sweetness of his smile and manner, their effect would have been comparatively nothing. But young people are generally keen observers of character. Their perceptive faculties are ever on the alert, and their powers of observation not the less acute, perhaps, that their reason lies dormant, and there is nothing to interrupt the exercise of their perceptions. And after seeing Napoleon in every possible mood, and in his most unguarded moments, when I am sure from his manner that the idea of acting a part never entered his head, I left him impressed with the most complete conviction of his want of guile, and the thorough amiability and goodness of his heart. That this feeling was common to almost every one who approached him, the respect and devotion of his followers at St. Helena is a sufficient proof. They had then nothing more to expect from him, and only entailed misery on themselves by adhering to his fortunes.

Shortly after he left the Briars for Longwood, I was witness to an instance of the almost worship with which he was regarded by those around him. A lady of high distinction at St. Helena, whose husband filled one of the diplomatic offices there, rode up one morning to the Briars. I happened to be on the lawn, and she requested me to show her the part of the cottage occupied by the emperor. I conducted her to the pavilion, which she surveyed with intense interest; but when I pointed out to her the crown which had been cut from the turf by his faithful adherents, she lost all control over her feelings. Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she sunk on her knees upon the ground, sobbing hysterically. At last she fell forward, and I became quite alarmed, and would have run to the cottage to tell my mother and procure some restoratives; but starting up, she implored me, in a voice broken by emotion, to call no one, for that she should soon be herself again. She entreated me not to mention to any one what had occurred; and proceeded to say that the memory of Napoleon was treasured in the hearts of the French people as it was in hers; and that they would all willingly die for him. She was

herself a Frenchwoman, and very beautiful.

She recovered herself after some time, and put a thousand questions to me about Napoleon, the answers to which seemed to interest her exceedingly. She said several times, "How happy it must have made you to be with the emperor!"

After a long interview, she put a thick veil down over her still agitated features, and returning to her horse, mounted and rode away. For once, I kept a secret, and though questioned on the subject, I merely said she had come to see the pavilion, without betraying what had taken place.

Napoleon, on his first arrival, showed an inclination to mix in what little society St. Helena afforded, and would, I think, have continued to do so but for the unhappy differences with Sir Hudson Lowe. These at length grew to such a height, that the emperor seemed to consider it almost a point of honor to shut himself up, and make himself as miserable as possible, in order to excite indignation against the governor.

Into the merits of these quarrels it is not my intention to enter. With all my feeling of partiality for the emperor, I have often doubted whether any human being could have filled the situation of Sir Hudson Lowe, without becoming embroiled with his unhappy captive. The very title with which he was accosted, and the manner of addressing him when contrasted with the devotion of those around him, must have seemed almost insulting; and the emperor was most brusque and uncompromising in showing his dislike to any one who did not please him. The necessary restrictions on his personal liberty would always have been a fruitful source of discord. And even had Napoleon himself been inclined to submit to his fate with equanimity, it is doubtful whether his followers would have allowed him. Accustomed as they had been to the gaiety and brilliancy of the French capital, their "*séjour*," to use their own words, on that lone island, could not fail to be "*affreux*." And as they were generally the medium of communication between Napoleon and the authorities, the correspondence would necessarily be tinged with more or less of the bitterness of their feelings. Their very devotion to the emperor would make them too tenacious and exacting with regard to the deference his situation entitled him to; and thus orders and regulations, which only seemed to the authorities indispensable to his security, became a crime in their eyes, and were represented to the emperor as gratuitous and cruel insults.

Napoleon, too, in the absence of every thing more worthy of supplying food to his mighty intellect, did not disdain to interest himself in the merest trifles. My father has often described him as appearing as much absorbed and occupied in the details of some petty squabble with the governor, as if the fate of empires had been under discussion. He has often made us laugh with his account of the ridiculous way in which Napoleon spoke of Sir Hudson Lowe; but their disputes were generally on subjects so trivial, that I deem it my duty to draw a veil over these last infirmities of so noble a mind.

One circumstance I may relate.

Napoleon, wishing to learn English, procured some English books, and amongst them "*Æsop's Fables*" were sent him. In one of the fables the sick lion, after submitting with fortitude to the insults of the many animals who came to exult over his fallen greatness, at last received a kick in the face from the ass.

"I could have borne every thing but this," the lion said.

Napoleon showed the woodcut, and added, "It is me and your governor."

Amongst other accusations against Napoleon, some writers have said that he was deficient in courage. He always gave me the idea on the contrary of being constitutionally fearless. I have already mentioned his feats of horsemanship; and the speed with which his carriage generally tore along the narrow mountainous roads of St. Helena would have been intolerable to a timid person. I have more than once seen gentlemen, whose horses were rather skittish, obliged to turn, to their great annoyance, when the emperor approached almost at speed, and fairly take to their heels, pursued by him, until they reached an open space where they could pass his carriage without danger of their horses shying and going down a precipice.

He had a description of jaunting car, in which he yoked three Cape horses abreast in the French style. And if he got any one into this, he seldom let his victim out until he had frightened him heartily.

One day he told General Gourgaud to make his horse rear, and put his fore-paws into the carriage, to my great terror. He seemed indeed to possess *no nerves* himself, and to laugh at the existence of fear in others.

Napoleon, as far as I was capable of judging, could not be considered fond of literature. He seldom introduced the topic in conversation, and I suspect his reading

was confined almost solely to scientific subjects. I have heard him speak slightly of poets, and call them *rêveurs*; and still I believe the most visionary of them all was the only one he ever read. But his own vast and undefined schemes of ambition seemed to have found something congenial in the dreamy sublimities of Ossian.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

From Tait's Magazine.

Thy neighbor who? son of the wild?
"All who, with me, the desert roam;
The freemen sprung from Abram's child,
Whose sword 's his life, a tent his home—
Whose steeds, with mine, have drunk the well
Of Hagar and of Ishmael."

Thy neighbor who? oh tell me, thou,
With burning cheek, and eyes of flame!—
"The iron breast—the dauntless brow—
The souls that Persia could not tame;
The free—the brave—by me led on—
The conquering bands of Marathon!"

Who were thy neighbors? name them, thou,
The sire of academic lore—
There 's something on thy noble brow
Bespeaks a spirit that can soar;
The echoes tell—while Plato smiles,
"The free of Doric lands and isles."

Who is our neighbor? Ask at Rome
The marble bust—the mould'ring heaps;—
At Ctesiphon, the Parthian's home—
His bow 's now broke, his charger sleeps—
At every mound that awes or shocks,
From Indus to the Grampian rocks.

A voice comes o'er the northern wave—
A voice from many a palmy shore—
Our neighbor who? "The free—the brave—
Our brother clansmen, red with gore,
Who battled on our left or right,
With fierce goodwill and giant might."

Who, then, 's our neighbor? Son of God,
In meekness and in mildness come!—
Oh! shed the light of life abroad,
And burst the cerements of the tomb!
Then bid earth's rising myriads move
From land to land on wings of love.

Our neighbor's home 's in every clime
Of sun-bright tint, or darker hue,—
The home of man since ancient time,
The bright green isles, 'mid oceans blue;
Or rocks, where clouds and tempests roll
In awful grandeur near the pole.

My neighbor, he who groans and toils,
The serf and slave, on hill and plain
Of Europe, or of India's soils,—
On Asia, or on Afric's main,—
Or in Columbia's marshes deep,
Where Congo's daughters bleed and weep.

Poor, sobbing thing, dark as thy sire,
Or mother sad, heartbroken, lorn—
And will they quench a sacred fire?—
And shall that child from her be torn?—
'Tis done—poor wrecks, your cup is gall;
Yet ye're my neighbors, each and all.

Who is my neighbor? Is it he
Who moves triumphant down the vale,
While shouting myriads bend the knee,
And poison all the passing gale
With adulation's rankest breath,
To one whose trade is that of death?—

Yes; he's my neighbor—he and they
Who press around yon gallant steed,
That, in the frenzy of the fray,
Has crown'd his rider's ruthless deed—
Crush'd out life's slowly ebbing flood,
And stain'd his iron hoofs in blood!

The gallant chief is passing by,
And crowds on crowds hang round his way,
And youth has lift the voice on high,
And age has bared his locks of gray;
And gentle forms, like birds on wing,
Are passing by and worshipping!

My neighbors all—each needs a sigh,
Each in due form a friendly prayer:—
"Oh! raise the low, bring down the high
To wisdom's point, and fix them there;
Where men are men, and pomp and pride
Are mark'd, and doom'd, and crucified."

Thou art my neighbor, child of pain;
And thou, lorn pilgrim, steep'd in woe;
Our neighbor she, with frenzied brain,
Whose pangs we little reck or know;
Who loved while hope and reason shone,
Nor ceased to love when both were gone.

And if on this green earth there be
One heart by baleful malice strung,
A breast that harbors ill to me,
A sland'rous, false, reviling tongue,—
My neighbor he—and I forgive;
Oh! may he turn, repent, and live.

AMICUS.

IMMENSE BELL.—An immense bell, the largest ever cast in England, weighing no less than 7 tons, 11 cwt. 2 qrs. and 12 lbs., has been shipped for Montreal, intended for the new Catholic cathedral. The bell is heavier than the Great Tom of Lincoln, by 32 cwt.—*Examiner*.

DEATH FROM SYMPATHY.—An inquest has been held on the body of Edward Pearson, aged 25, a coppersmith. On Tuesday last, as deceased was assisting some men to place a large roll of sheet copper into a truck in Shoe lane, it slipped aside, and was near maiming one of them. Deceased, upon witnessing the occurrence, stood motionless, and the workmen asked him if he had received any injury. It was found that he had not; but he was so greatly affected at the danger from which his fellow workman had escaped, that he trembled, and was unable to proceed with his business for more than a quarter of an hour. At twelve o'clock at night his wife found him lying insensible by her side, and in a few minutes he died. Mr. Ray, surgeon, said he thought deceased had died from disease of the heart, most probably hastened by the effects of the fright.—*Ibid*.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH

From the Examiner.

In the House of Commons, Monday, July 31, the second reading of the church of Scotland benefices bill was moved, and Sir J. GRAHAM entered into a historical review of the question, from the time of the reformation down to the present time. From which it appears—1. That the exercise of lay patronage has existed since the reformation, but that it has always been viewed with great jealousy by the Presbyterian people of Scotland. 2. That the Presbyterian settlement of 1690 established, and substantially recognized three rights, namely, the right of the patron to present, the right of congregations to object, and the right of the Presbyteries, or church courts, to consider and decide upon and between the claims of the patron and the objections of the congregation. 3. That though, essentially, this has remained law and practice, the statute of Queen Anne, and subsequent usage, gave power to the patrons, and diminished or obscured the powers and rights of the people and of the church courts. 4. That the general assembly of the church of Scotland continued formally to protest against patronage, until the year 1784; but from that year, down to 1834, no protest had been adopted by the assembly, and patronage existed unquestioned and absolute. 5. That on the revival of the anti-patronage spirit in Scotland, doubts existed as to the interpretation of the right of the congregation to object; the law courts deciding, in the Auchterarder case, that the right of objection was confined to "life, learning, and doctrine," and that no presentee could be refused admission to a charge, except on grounds narrowed to these considerations. 6. But by the passing of the Veto act, the general assembly conferred on the people an absolute right of objecting to any presentee on any ground whatever, thereby overthrowing the legal rights of the patrons. 7. Hence arose the controversy—the Non-intrusionists claiming for the people and the church courts an entire and absolute right of rejection; and the law courts sustaining the rights of the patrons, whose presentees were held to be "duly qualified," and therefore entitled to the possession of their parishes, unless objected to on substantial grounds of "life, learning, or doctrine." 8. In 1840, the Earl of Aberdeen, himself a Presbyterian, brought in a bill to settle the controversy, by defining the rights both of patrons and of people, and of settling both on the old basis of the right of the patron to present, the right of the people to object, and the right and duty of the church courts to decide between patron and people. 9. That attempt having proved unsuccessful, the present government, on coming into office, could not stir until the Veto act of the assembly was rescinded, because they considered it as subverting the law of Scotland on the subject of patronage; but this being done, they proceeded to that settlement of the question which it is expected this bill will effect. The speech of Sir James Graham was occupied with the various details necessary to the elucidation of his argument. In answer to the objection, that the bill was "too late," he said that the go-

vernment could not interfere while the church of Scotland was in opposition to the law of the land; but that objection having been removed by the acts of the assembly, the present measure was now introduced, (Cheers.)—Mr. WALLACE rose to oppose the bill, which, he said, so far from removing doubts, would be the means of exciting a litigation hitherto unknown. It secured the rights of the clergy, but destroyed those of the people; and would involve the Queen in a violation of the coronation oath. He moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months.—Mr. A. B. COCHRANE also objected to the bill.—Mr. RUTHERFORD followed, expressing his surprise at the introduction of the bill at so late a period of the session. Warmly eulogizing the conduct of the seceders, who had acted from deep conscientious feeling, as evinced by no less than two hundred licentiates voluntarily abandoning those prospects which constituted the highest object of their ambition; he proceeded, in a lengthened and learned argument, to show that the original limitations on the rights of lay patronage had not been affected by subsequent enactments, as the statute of Queen Anne, and that therefore the right of the people to object generally to a presentee, and of the church courts to sustain the objection, existed in law, of which the Veto act of the assembly was an assertion. The bill professed to be "declaratory," but where was the law to be found which it professed to "declare?" Nay, if it were only declaratory, whence the necessity of announcing the consent of the crown to the introduction of the measure? The bill was, in fact, "enactive;" it changed the constitution of the church of Scotland, as secured by statute; it interfered with the rights of patrons, and altered the internal government of the church, by interfering with its judicatories; and in handing over the rights of the patrons to the church—the priesthood—it vested them in the worst depositories which could be devised, for "presbyter was but priest writ large." (Hear.) In the present temper of the people it would only aggravate all its evils, and drive more of the members of the establishment from it. (Hear.)—Sir W. FOLLETT said the claims of the Non-intrusionists were such as no government could sanction or satisfy. The present measure, whose object was the removing of doubts, was acceptable to the general assembly, and those adhering to the established church.—Lord J. RUSSELL said, that as the acknowledged learning and undisputed ability of the Solicitor-General had failed to answer the admirable speech of Mr. Rutherford, it was a convincing proof that there was something essentially wrong in the bill. The highest legal authorities of the House of Lords had protested against the bill as being "declaratory" of that which was not the law of Scotland; but a political majority, in order to testify their regard for Lord Aberdeen, and their confidence in his management of our foreign affairs, supported the bill, and overthrew solemn judicial decisions. (Hear.)—Sir G. CLERK followed, re-stating the points urged in the Solicitor-General's speech.—Mr. F. MAULE, speaking on his own behalf and of those who, like him, have seceded with extreme sorrow, from the

established church of Scotland, said that they looked on with comparative indifference as to the result of the bill. It would not withdraw one individual from the ranks of the free Presbyterian church, nor retain in the establishment any disposed to join them. Nor was it acceptable to the moderate party remaining in the church; for at a recent meeting at Edinburgh, at which Principal Macfarlane, the moderator of the general assembly, was present, a resolution was adopted to oppose the bill.—Mr. A. CAMPBELL, in strong and emphatic terms, condemned the bill. It was an utter subversion of the constitution of Scotland, conferred upon the church courts a "Puseyite" power of investigating character, and of entering into private families, in order to weigh one objection against another, and the fate of the factories bill might have warned the government not to interfere with the evangelical party in Scotland.—Mr. H. JOHNSTONE described the bill as a boon, which would be hailed as such by the people.—Sir R. PEEL objected to many of the arguments used in the debate, as having no bearing on the question before the house. The constitution and spirit of Presbyterianism gave the people the right of objection, and the Presbyteries the right of decision; and this, which was the usage from the earliest times, was the leading feature of the bill. He called on them, therefore, to confirm the principle, by carrying the second reading, leaving details for future discussion.—The house divided—for the second reading, 98; against it, 80: majority, 18,

TREES.

From the Athenæum.

LIKE the latest left of the battle-spears,
In their ancient strength they stand;
And they tell us still of the sylvan years
When the forests filled the land;
Ere ever a hunter tracked the wood,
Or mariner plough'd the seas,
But the isles were green in the solitude
Of their old primeval Trees.

They have survived the Druid's faith,
And the Roman eagle's fall,
And the thrilling blast of the bugle's breath
From the Norman's knightly hall;
But the sun shines bright, and the showers descend,
And the wild bird's home is made,
Where the ancient giants still extend
The green of their summer shade.

We have seen our early winters hang
Their pearls on each leafless bough,
And greeted the buds of the waking Spring
With a joy we know not now;
For Life hath its winters cold and hoar,
But their frosts can form no gem;
And the Spring may breathe on our hearts no more,
But it still returns to them.

They are waving o'er our hamlet roofs,
They are bending o'er our dead,
And the odors breathed from his native groves,
On the exile's heart they shed;

Like him who gazed on his country's palm,
By the palace-circled Seine,
Till the Pagod rose in the wanderer's dream,
And the Ganges rolled again.

How sweet in our childhood's ear they spoke,
For we knew their voices well,
When far in our western hills they woke,
Of the coming Spring to tell;
But now they send us a sadder sound,
On the winds of Autumn eves,
For it murmurs of wisdom more profound,
But it tells of withered leaves.

O, such were the Dryad tones that rose
In the Grecian woods of old,
And the voice from the Indian wilderness,
That the conqueror's fate foretold;
For many a minstrel's dream had birth
In the sounds of leaf and breeze,
And the early oracles of earth
Were the old complaining Trees!

FRANCES BROWN.

A FIRE-PROOF POWDER MAGAZINE.—The Times mentions that an experiment took place on Wednesday at Paine's wharf, Westminster, for the purpose of testing the capabilities of a magazine to contain powder in ships of war, recently patented by Mr. J. A. Holdsworth, as being impervious to fire, though subjected on all sides to the greatest possible degree of heat. A model of a magazine, about nine feet square, was placed on the wharf within a few feet of the water's edge. This model is formed of a double set of thin iron plates, riveted together at about two inches and a half asunder, the hollow being filled with water and supplied from a vat placed somewhat above the level of the magazine and entering it through a pipe inserted in the lower part of the model. A channel of communication exists through every side, as well as the top and bottom, and from the upper surface a second pipe conveys the stream of water back to the vat from which it is supplied. The door of the magazine is hung on hinges, made hollow, and guarded from leaking by stuffing boxes, so that the water flows into the door through one hinge and out through the other. The patentee having explained the principle of his invention, placed a quantity of combustible matter within the model, over which some gunpowder was laid on a sheet of paper. A registering thermometer having been placed inside, the door was closed and a stack of dry timber, deposited on every side of the model, was set a-light. The fire was kept up more than half an hour, and the water rose to very nearly boiling heat, continually passing in a stream through the upper pipe into the reservoir containing cold water. On the door being opened, the combustible matters and powder were found to be perfectly uninjured, and the highest point to which the mercury had risen within the model was marked at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. A somewhat similar principle has been applied to the stoker's room in the *Victoria and Albert* royal steam yacht, where the bulkheads have been constructed of two plates of sheet-iron, instead of wood faced with iron, a stream of water constantly flowing between, by which means the temperature of the engine-room is kept cool.—*Athenæum*.

THE REV. MR. MAHONEY, better known as Father Prout, has received from government an appointment in the University of Valetta at Malta.—*Ibid*.

NIEBUHR'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Nachgelassene Schriften B. G. NIEBUHR's *nicht-philologischen Inhalts*. (Posthumous Works of B. G. NIEBUHR, other than Philological.) Hamburg: Perthes. 1842.

WE believe that no modern biographical publication has excited so deep and general an interest as the 'Life and Letters of Niebuhr,' (*Lebensnachrichten*), which appeared about five years ago. The judgment displayed in the compilation of the work is worthy of the rich materials on which it is exercised. The curiosity of the studious and learned to know the circumstances that attended the development of his marvellous historical capacity is fully gratified, and we are not aware of any letters or memoirs which so fully illustrate the political events of the time. But the book has a higher value still, as a picture of Niebuhr in his individual character, and in his social and domestic relations. His letters are tender and communicative from the warmth of his nature; and on serious subjects, although the best of them are addressed to a woman. His first wife, and her sister Doré Hensler, who was his chief correspondent, were fortunately for him not among the multitude of well-meaning women, who cultivate a frivolous indifference to every pursuit which can interest a reasonable man beyond the narrow limits of his own domestic circle.

Those who are already familiar with Niebuhr's personal history will find in the volume before us an interesting supplement to the *Lebensnachrichten*; but its character is not directly biographical. More than half of it consists of letters descriptive of Holland, which he wrote to his family in Holstein, during his residence on a financial mission to Amsterdam, in 1808 and 1809. The remainder of the collection contains political essays, written at different periods of his life from 1806 to 1830. The account of Holland probably retains a great part of its original value: the shorter essays belong more exclusively to their own time, and though still instructive partake of the obsolescence of fulfilled or unfulfilled prophecies. Whatever Niebuhr wrote was so thoroughly characteristic of himself, that every part of the publication tends almost equally to illustrate his life and opinions, and requires some knowledge of his history before it can be fully appreciated. A slight biographical sketch will, therefore, not be foreign to our present purpose.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen on the 27th of August, 1776. His father, Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, had resided in that capital since his return from the East; but in 1778 he removed to Meldorf, in Holstein, once a principal town in the Republic of Dithmarsch, where for the rest of his life he remained as *Landschreiber*, or collector of the revenues. He was a man of extraordinary energy, accurate in observation, and thoroughly practical in character; but his own early education had been neglected, and he could contribute little to the vast amount of knowledge which his son began from his childhood to collect. He taught him, however, to speak French and English, and gave him valuable instructions in geography, his own favorite science. Above all, he impressed him with an early interest in contemporary history, and with a view to an appointment which he hoped to procure for him as a writer in the service of the East India Company, he provided him with a constant supply of English newspapers. The future historian received no direct philological tuition except during part of his thirteenth year, under Jäger, who was master of the school at Meldorf. Yet, when he left his father's house at the age of eighteen, for the University of Kiel, he was already a widely-read scholar, and an original speculator in history and politics. His delicate health had made him sedentary, and his boyhood had been spent among books. Through life the strength of his memory enabled him to retain whatever he read, and it was probably fortunate that his unguided taste led him to study original authors only, where teachers would have led him to dissipate his attention among the labors of commentators. But he always regretted his bookish education. It had made him, as he knew, in childhood *altklug*, too old for his age. It had cut one essential portion out of his life, and it was probably the cause of a certain stiffness and intolerance, which seems to us not unfrequently to accompany his judgment of men and things.

He occupied two years at Kiel in severe study, and in 1790 became private secretary to Schimmelmann, the Minister of Finance at Copenhagen; soon afterward he accepted an appointment in the Royal Library, and after pursuing his studies there for some time, determined to complete his education in England, and arrived there in the summer of 1798. His professed object was to become acquainted with practical life on the only existing field of free political action; but his early habits prevailed.

He soon left England for Edinburgh, and pertinaciously preferred books and lectures, which he might have found on the Continent, to the opportunities which offered themselves of observing actual life. In 1799 he returned to Holstein, and in a few months afterwards settled for a second time at Copenhagen, with the office of assessor in the commercial department of East India affairs, and secretary to the commission for the affairs of Barbary. At the same time he married Amalie Behrens, to whom he had been betrothed before his visit to England. She was the sister of Dorè Hensler, with whom Niebuhr had formed a friendship at Kiel, in the house of Professor Hensler, the father of her deceased husband. There was never a more fortunate union. His wife interested herself in all Niebuhr's schemes, in his studies, and his historical speculations, and fully shared in the public anxieties which henceforth, for many years, engrossed a great portion of his thoughts.

His deep hatred of France must have increased the anxiety and regret which accompanied his first actual experience of the evils of the European war, when Denmark, by joining the coalition of the North, incurred the hostility of England. In March, 1801, the approach of the English fleet was known at Copenhagen, and Niebuhr shared in the hopes of the Danes, that their desperate courage might succeed. His letters at the time are singularly interesting to an Englishman. On the 24th of March, he anticipates from the presence of Nelson, a furious attack on the port. Four days afterwards, he relies in some degree on the impracticability of the channels, and the rapid progress of the batteries. On the 3d of April, he relates how the English had surveyed the navigation, found new channels, marked them out with buoys, turned the defences, and fought the battle, which was as honorable to the courage of the defeated party, as to the skill and daring of Nelson.

When this temporary disturbance had passed away, Niebuhr resumed his course of official and intellectual activity. In 1803 he was employed on a financial mission in different parts of Germany; and in the following year he became a member of the board for the affairs of Barbary, and director of the government bank. During the same period, although his days were occupied with business, and a great part of his evenings in reading aloud to his wife, he acquired a considerable knowledge of Arabic, continued his investigations of Roman an-

tiquity, and wrote or commenced essays on various subjects, one of which contained the principle of his great discovery of the tenure of the public lands of Rome, and of the purpose of the different agrarian laws. His first publication was a notice of the Life of William Leyel, a governor, during the seventeenth century, of the Danish possessions in India. The volume of Posthumous Works contains a translation of the Danish original, which appeared in a periodical, called '*Det Skandinaviske Litteraturselskabs Skrifter*,' in 1805. His next work was a German translation of the first Philippic of Demosthenes, written after the defeat of Austria and Russia at Austerlitz, with a feeling of the imminent danger impending over Europe from the Philip of modern times. Twenty-five years afterwards, when the Revolution of July renewed the fear of French aggression in Germany, the translation was remembered by his friends, and reprinted. Personal discontent with Schimmelmänn, and a growing desire to identify himself with the national struggle of Germany against Napoleon, induced him to accept an offer of the post of joint bank director at Berlin, under Stein, who was at that time finance minister; and he arrived at Berlin in October, 1806, a few days before the battle of Jena. Immediately afterwards all official persons were obliged to leave the capital to escape the French, and Niebuhr accompanied Stein to Königsberg, Dantzic, and the head quarters of the army of Bartenstein, where he was engaged in the financial and commissariat department. The battle of Friedland, in May, 1807, drove the court over the Russian border, and Niebuhr was induced by the earnest entreaty of Hardenberg to accompany them to Riga. The treaty of Tilsit, in July, occasioned the dismissal of the prime minister, and Niebuhr became a member of a commission for conducting the administration till the return of Stein to the head of affairs.

In the universal depression of the time, it was evident that the most pressing business was to find money for the subsidy, which the French demanded as the condition of evacuating the remaining dominions of Prussia, and Stein selected Niebuhr for a mission to Holland, for the purpose of negotiating a loan. In November he left Memel, with his wife, for Berlin and Hamburg, and after a short visit to his relations in Holstein, arrived in Amsterdam in March, 1808. With his characteristic love of knowledge, he had found the means, in Riga and Memel, of learning the Russian

and old Slavonic languages; and about this time, his father proudly tells a friend, that Barthold now knew twenty languages. His residence in Holland gave him abundant leisure, but he had few books, and no literary society; he interested himself however in acquiring the knowledge of the country, of which the results are contained in the Circular Letters to his father and friends, which are now, for the first time, published. The wretched condition of Prussia, and the uncertainty whether Napoleon might even permit its continued existence, made it difficult to transact the commission with which he had been entrusted. The capitalists showed no disposition to lend money, and the financial difficulties of his own kingdom indisposed King Louis to sanction or encourage the withdrawal of a large sum of money from the country. A prospect of success appeared in the spring of 1809, which seems to have been occasioned by the interference of the French government, with a view, when Austria was arming for a new contest, both to procure money for the campaign, and to render the army which occupied Prussia disposable for active service. The negotiation, however, ultimately failed; and after a three months' visit to his friends, Niebuhr rejoined the court at Königsstein, in August, 1809. The campaign of Wagram again disappointed him, but the increased severity of the struggle, and the evident advance of national spirit in Germany, gave him better hopes for future times, than he had entertained after the defeats of Austerlitz and Jena. Henceforth he became more cheerful in his views of public events, though as yet there appeared no probability that the existing generation would witness the liberation of Prussia. He now became a privy-councillor, and entered on a wide sphere of official duties, involving the management of the national debt, of the paper currency, the financial part of the alienation of the demesnes, the salt monopoly, and a superintendence over the provincial debts, and over private banks. The reputation which had procured him the original invitation to leave Copenhagen, was justified by his financial success; but he considered that he was secretly thwarted by Hardenberg, who retained the king's confidence, though not in office; and when that minister returned to power in 1810, Niebuhr, with some difficulty, obtained permission to resign his employments, and with the rank of royal historiographer, joined the University of Berlin, which opened under the

first scholars of Germany, at Michaelmas in the same year.

To himself and to the world this change was the most fortunate event of his life. In the full vigor of life, enjoying perfect leisure, unmixed domestic happiness, and the society of such men as Heindorf, Schleiermacher, and Savigny, he now commenced the Lectures on Roman History, which formed the basis of his great work. They were received by all competent judges with approbation and gratitude, and the first edition of his history, which appeared in the course of two years, though the abstruse disquisitions of which it mainly consisted prevented it from obtaining general popularity, at once established his reputation among learned men, as the most original and successful of all inquirers into Roman antiquity. He probably never felt so thoroughly satisfied as during this period of untroubled industry; but a time of more intoxicating interest approached, when the world was aroused by the event of the Russian campaign.

As soon as the war was resolved on, Niebuhr applied for an appointment in the secretariat department; but in the event of not obtaining it he had resolved to serve as a volunteer in the ranks of the *Landwehr*. He had, before the war commenced, like many others, practised the infantry exercise in secret, and he now, with the full consent of his tender and noble wife, renounced the exemption from personal service to which he was entitled as a professor of the university. In the meantime he undertook the editorship of the 'Prussian Correspondent,' a paper devoted to the advancement of the national enthusiasm. A portion of his addresses to his countrymen through this medium, will be found in the 'Posthumous Works.' In April, 1813, he was summoned to the head-quarters of the allies at Dresden, to arrange with General Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, the terms of the English subsidy. In the autumn he went to meet the English commissioners at Amsterdam, and remained there till the end of the war. His enthusiastic devotion to the cause of freedom, his pride and confidence in the army, and his just hatred of the foreign tyrant, made him from the first sanguine of success, even during the armistice, when Metternich was promising assistance to both parties, with an accumulation of promises perhaps unparalleled even in the annals of diplomatic falsehood. The result of the peace disappointed him. He had hoped that Germany might be restored to its old frontier on

the left of the Rhine, and he deeply resented the opposition of England to the claims of Prussia at the congress of Vienna. It was natural that he should regret that Hanover and Prussia received the district of Hadeln to the south of the Elbe, which was the country of the long line of Frisian yeomen, from which he was himself descended. We can less sympathize with his indignation at the failure of the Prussian claim to the whole of Saxony, which he supported in a pamphlet which attracted great attention. In the hope that a new war would give increased influence to Prussia, he heard, not without satisfaction, of the sudden breaking up of the congress by the news of the flight from Elba. In the course of the winter he had given the crown prince, now King of Prussia, lessons in finance and politics. He mentions in one of his letters, that he has not without difficulty impressed the young prince with due respect for the sound and manly character of the much-abused Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great.

The triumph of the allies and the final overthrow of Napoleon would have given him abundant cause for rejoicing; but in April his father died at the age of eighty-two, and on the 20th June his wife expired in his arms. From this loss he never fully recovered. For many years he could not bear to recommence his history without the companion to whom he had from his youth been accustomed to think aloud; yet it was for her sake that he afterwards resumed his great work, because she for his sake had on her deathbed urged him to complete it. But he could not live alone; and the prospect of solitude became unbearably oppressive to him, when he had accepted from Hardenberg the appointment of minister at Rome, with a view to the arrangement of terms for the government of the Catholic Church in the Prussian dominions. He had persuaded Dorè Hensler, his wife's sister, to accompany him; but in the summer of 1816 he married the niece of her husband, Gretchen Hensler, whom Madame Hensler had educated, and who had now accompanied her to Berlin. She kindly shared in Niebuhr's regrets for Amalie, and by degrees won him over to a calmer and more cheerful view of the future. In the previous winter he had occupied himself in continuing his instructions to the crown prince, and in writing several pamphlets, and shortly before his marriage he published the life of his father, the best example we are acquainted with of a concise and characteristic biography.

In the month of July he set out with his wife for Italy, and arrived at Rome in October. On his way he found, with satisfaction, the estimation in which he was held by learned men in the south of Germany, and at Verona he discovered the fragments of Gaius, which were afterwards published at Berlin. The chancellor, Hardenberg, had promised to send his instructions immediately, but it was four years before he received them, and in the mean time he had little business to transact. When the instructions arrived in 1820, he was occupied by the anxiety for himself and his family, occasioned by the outbreak of the contemptible Neapolitan revolution. We have heard curious anecdotes of the abject cowardice of the Roman authorities, which might well justify him in apprehending danger from the no less cowardly patriots. If we remember rightly, Niebuhr applied to the governor of the castle of St. Angelo for an asylum for his family during the apprehended siege. The governor declared it would be impossible to resist, although he admitted that assistance might be expected in a few days. "You have plenty of guns on your walls," said Niebuhr. "True," shrugged the Roman general, "but who will fire them?" The danger, such as it was, soon passed over. When the Austrian army, dragging with it the perjured and frightened king, was checked on the frontier by want of money, Niebuhr used the credit of his government and of his own name to supply them, a service acknowledged by the transmission from the Emperor of the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold. He had already conciliated the warm regard of the Pope, and of his minister, Cardinal Consalvi; and he facilitated the conclusion of the arrangements with the Papal Court, by conceding the honor of the settlement of the terms to Hardenberg, who visited Rome at the time. He was a sincere friend to the independence and security of the Catholic Church, though his residence in the country had imbued him with profound disgust for the mummeries of modern Italian paganism, to which he seriously preferred the more serious and manly religion under which the old Republic had conquered and civilized the world. But he thought central despotism in all cases bad, and he felt that the church was entitled to be treated with good faith.

In the spring of 1823 he returned to Germany, having, at the wish of his government, withdrawn an application for his recall, on condition of obtaining leave of

absence for a year. He had himself no inclination to leave Rome, for the climate, which at first had increased his hypochondriac depression, became agreeable to him on further experience; and he felt that an absence of seven years had thrown him out of the current of political interests. But his wife disliked Italy, and found the effects of the climate injurious to her health; and he had now four children, whom he was anxious to bring up with the language and associations of Germany. The eldest of them, his son Marcus, was born in the year 1817, and had, from his cradle, occupied a great share of Niebuhr's thoughts and affections. Nothing else could have so effectually cured the melancholy which still oppressed him from the loss of Amalie. He had always loved children, and he became devoted to his own. Before his son could think or speak, he pleased himself with plans for teaching him, and with resolutions such as many fathers have formed and failed in keeping, for avoiding all the defects which had accompanied the formation of his own character. When the child could understand him, he began to tell him stories of the ancient gods and heroes, and was equally delighted with the appreciation or indifference which might, in either case, be referred to some promising quality. His anecdotes of the infantine excellences of Marcus, and Amalie, and Cornelia, constantly communicated to Dorè Hensler, are among the most agreeable portions of his correspondence. Marcus Niebuhr has contributed to his father's memory the present collection of his posthumous works.

M. Bunsen, his worthy successor at Rome, now so well known and highly esteemed in England, has contributed to the *Lebensnachrichten* a very interesting account of 'Niebuhr, as a diplomatist at Rome.' His income did not allow him, or his inclination lead him, to give great entertainments, or compete in splendor with some others of the diplomatic body; but he made it a rule to expend the whole of his official revenue, and his house, his purse, and his advice, were at the service of his countrymen, if deserving. The artists received a peculiar share of his attention and friendship. He anticipated the world in appreciating Cornelius, and the more earnest and religious race of painters, who were then preparing a change in the character of German art. He found in them, however, a want of general knowledge, and a one-sidedness, which, we believe, to be one of the many reasons which account for the inferiority of modern paint-

ers; and it was only with such men as Bunsen, or Brandis, that he could enter upon the vast variety of subjects which his knowledge embraced. The warmest friendship of his latter years he formed with Count de Serre, at that time French ambassador at Naples, and it was partly with a view to facility of intercourse with him, when he should return to France, that Niebuhr determined, in the autumn of 1823, to fix his residence at Bonn. In the following year he lost his friend, with whom he had for the last time parted at Naples.

About this time an attack on his 'History' was fortunately published by Steinacker, which led him, in preparing to answer it, to a discovery of the character of the third great change in the Roman constitution. He immediately determined to resume and remodel his work, and thought it a good omen that his resolution was formed on the anniversary of his betrothal to Amalie. In the long interval which had elapsed since the discontinuance of the work, his views had been gradually ripening and expanding, and he had acquired much valuable knowledge of Italian topography and antiquities, and of the municipal constitutions of the middle ages, which were immediately derived from those of the Roman provincial towns. The king allowed him to resign his post as ambassador, with a pension equal to his salary, and in 1824 and 1825 he was detained for a considerable time at Berlin, to share in the financial deliberations of the Council of State. He refused, however, every offer of a civil appointment, and made a proposal, which the ministry accepted, to attach himself as an independent member of the University of Bonn. His new duties, and the continuation of his 'History,' occupied the remainder of his life. He lectured on Greek and Roman history, on universal and modern history, and on other subjects of the same class. In August, 1826, on the eve of his fiftieth birthday, he completed the second edition of the first volume of his 'History.'

He afterwards still further altered the first volume in a third edition, and remodelled the second volume, notwithstanding an inconsiderate undertaking to superintend an edition of the Byzantine historians. In February, 1829, a part of his house was burnt, and a portion of the manuscript of his history unfortunately destroyed. He immediately began to exert himself to repair the loss, and the second volume was published in July, 1830. The preface expresses the sorrow and alarm with which

the French revolution, which took place in that month, had overwhelmed him. Henceforth he lived in a constant state of anxiety for the results of the new relation in which France seemed to stand to Europe. On the 24th of December, 1830, he caught a cold in returning on a cold night from the public news room, where he had been reading the trial of the ministers of Charles X. On the 2d January, 1831, he died. His wife attended him night and day till she also sickened. Nine days after her husband she died of a broken heart, and was buried in the same grave. The volume before us contains an engraving of a bas-relief by Rauch, which has been placed over their tomb by the pious affection of Niebuhr's pupil and steady friend, the crown prince, now the King of Prussia.

Niebuhr's character was one of strict and inflexible honesty and of earnestness, not too great, but too minute. He seems to have always desponded of success, in some degree because, circumstances compelling him through life to act under the control of others, his convictions were too strong to allow him to be satisfied when they were overruled. He had great influence with Stein, and perfect confidence in his intentions; but the moment that he was removed from the opportunity of personal intercourse with him, he distrusted his judgment, and attributed the misfortunes in which he was involved to the defects of his character. He was irritable, querulous, and hypochondriac; distrustful, like most experienced men, of the affection of his friends, but not like them content to let go what cannot be retained. It is possible that he may have possessed undeveloped powers for governing men. He always thought that he had the natural qualifications of a military commander. We are quite certain that he had not those of a subordinate officer; but it is probable he may have had some ground for his opinion, besides the geographical *coup d'œil*, and the familiarity with military history, which he undoubtedly possessed. On the other hand we can see proofs that he was habitually unpunctual, the fault generally of calmer-minded men; and we suspect that he would have always anticipated defeat like Nicias or Paullus Æmilius.

In all his letters there is scarcely an attempt at wit or playfulness; but a man of ability, whose temperament leads him to express the contempt which he must often feel, cannot help being sometimes humorous. "It is unjust to the Romans," he said, "to say that no true word ever comes

out of their mouths. In every visit, they utter at least one truth in their form of taking leave, 'Now I will relieve you of the annoyance.' (Adesso le leverò l'incommodo)."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. iii. p. 312. "How I enjoyed," he writes in one of the circular letters from Amsterdam, "the contempt of a fine lady for my stupidity and ignorance," (in not being able to play at *bouillotte*;) "I enjoyed it so much that it made the evening quite endurable. I enjoyed too the really unutterable miserableness of a young Parisian gentleman, who pleased the lady as much as I was despised by her; I blessed the conscription which drives such rabble by thousands on balls and bayonets. To such people, a prince says quite justifiably, (not cruelly, like the address to the honorable guards: Do you want to live for ever, you hounds?) but, why do you want to live, you hounds, when death is the only reputable moment of your lives?" *Nachgelassene Schriften*, p. 38. We have heard an expression applied by him to Canning, in conversation with an eminent English scholar, which showed a familiarity with the most forcible parts of our language that renders it almost impossible to quote, even if we had his friend's authority for doing so. With such exceptions as these he seems to have been constitutionally grave and serious.

His talents and attainments were, as we have called them, wonderful. He became one of the greatest scholars in Europe while he was engaged in the details of finance and banking. His knowledge of past history included all nations; his acquaintance with the affairs of foreign states embraced the minutest details. He discusses the French law of election, the calculations of an English budget, the Spanish funds, the Swiss constitution, with an accuracy and familiarity which would have been remarkable in a native of the country under consideration. One source of his information consisted in newspapers, particularly those published in London; but his reading also included reviews, pamphlets, parliamentary reports, novels, travels, and all other miscellaneous kinds of literature, which are generally despised by severe students. Wherever he travelled he talked to persons of every class, if possible on the subjects with which they were most familiar; and he seldom failed to learn some domestic custom or provincial word, which threw light on his historical speculations at the same time that he attained his main object of understanding practically the working of every-day life.

It was this knowledge of the present, which enabled him to realize to himself the condition of the ancient world. A mere comparison of authorities might assist his researches, but never satisfied him: more frequently it was but a process of verification, to justify his discoveries to the world. Knowing what a State must be to fulfil the conditions of political existence, he sought for a point of view from which he could contemplate it as a whole, and a sound historical instinct taught him that what he saw was true or false. He always said that his discoveries flashed upon him, and were only confirmed by his investigations. He saw that things must be so, and found that they were so. And yet the dullest student could not be more conscientiously laborious than Niebuhr. In his whole life he never used a second-hand quotation without citing his immediate authority; and he never wilfully neglected the minutest detail which might support or invalidate his theories. The obscurity in which some of the proofs which his history contains are involved, arises from the difficulty which an ordinary reader finds in occupying the position from which it is necessary to contemplate them.

It is not easy to give a definition of his political opinions, though in themselves they were sufficiently positive and decided. He was not devoted to monarchy, he disliked aristocracy, he loathed jacobinism. His view of public affairs was above all things historical. He watched the practical working and not the letter of a constitution, and valued it as he found that it led to free political action in individuals and corporations, respect for chartered rights in high and low, and perpetuity of the forms of institutions. Uniformity and equality he thought incompatible with freedom, except among a simple, agricultural population. In the complicated social system of modern Europe, he thought that privileged interests, local jealousy of interference, and practical self-government, were necessary as safeguards against the crushing weight of central despotism. The nearest approximation to ideal perfection he saw in the best times of the Roman Republic. He considered national feeling a better bond of union than political sympathy, and his indignation against Canning was founded on his attempt to make England the representative of popular opinion in opposition to the absolute monarchs of the continent. In the application of his principles to events, as they arose, the vehemence of his temperament certainly

predisposed him to exaggerate the importance of transient occurrences; and perhaps he wanted that practical tact, which he appreciated so highly in Englishmen, as the result of their unconscious political education in the course of the discharge of the public duties of their respective stations. On the other hand he had a degree of honesty, which an Englishman can very seldom possess, accustomed and expected as he is to take his opinions in bundles, from the organs or leaders of his party, and anticipating, as he generally does, that his private interests may be affected by his political form of creed. Niebuhr had not even the temptation to belong to a party, and he was quite free from selfishness.

When he was appointed in 1808 to negotiate the loan in Holland, he looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ancient institutions, and with the social character of the country. Not only the glorious history of the United Provinces, but the old local laws and customs of the *sen-districts*, strongly interested him, from the illustration which he expected to find in them of the earlier history of his ancestors, the Frisians of *Hadeln*, and of the sturdy republicans of *Dithmarsch*, among whose descendants he had been brought up. He determined from the first to write a journal in the form of letters to his friends in *Holstein*, with a view to the possibility of ultimate publication. The subjects of the letters are various; but a large portion of them is devoted to the details of *sen-husbandry*, and geological speculations on the origin of the country, for the information of his father, who was not only a scientific observer, but a zealous farmer and land-improver, and in his official capacity interested in the management of the *sea-dikes*. The old man took the warmest interest in the accounts which he received, and wrote minute and detailed answers, which Niebuhr at one time proposed to publish. He describes with pleasure the energy with which his father attended to his farm a few years before, crossing the ten-foot drains which divided the fields, at the age of seventy, with a leaping-pole.

Leaving Hamburg with his wife in February, 1808, he travelled by the road of *Osnabrück* and *Bentheim* into Holland. On his way he admired the Westphalian character, which Stein had taught him to respect, and wondered at the rudeness of their cabins, and the wildness of their morasses. "I can easily believe," he says, "that the old Germans lived in just such

houses, when the old Romans sought them out in these bogs, where it is still far more disagreeable to travel than in Poland or Russia. How the Romans must have despaired, when they were quartered in such a country." In all the Hanoverian dominions, he observes, from the non-interference of the government, each district administered its own affairs; and when the time of need came, people who understood their several neighborhoods came into power; and "effected infinitely more than with us in Prussia, when the States had decayed and degenerated, and all local knowledge was confined to salaried officials." He arrived in Amsterdam early in March.

Louis Bonaparte, the most amiable and benevolent of his family, was then in the second year of his short and unsuccessful reign over a mutilated territory, which contained not more than a million and a half of inhabitants. He devoted himself to the utmost to restore the prosperity of his adopted country, and resisted as far as possible the disposition of Napoleon to make use of it as a province of France. But it was impossible to relieve the distress of the country while England blockaded its coasts, and occupied its colonies. The deficit of the finances constantly increased, and when in the following year, Napoleon, weary of the conscientiousness of his brother, annexed his kingdom to the empire, the arbitrary act by which he cancelled two-thirds of the national debt had become almost necessary. The king received Niebuhr with kindness and courtesy, and won his entire personal esteem; but he could feel little interest in the modern system of administration; and his attention was principally directed either to the recollections of the Republic, or to the custom and national character which survive all political changes.

He admired and studied the celebrated charitable establishments, in which Amsterdam probably surpasses any part of Europe, and he even formed a scheme for employing the judgment and benevolence of Madame Hensler in the superintendence of one of them. He could no doubt easily have accounted for the fact that organized systems of charity succeed better among a monied than a landed community. The great works of art in which both divisions of the Netherlands are so rich, were also fully appreciated by him, and he visited with respect the monuments of the heroes of the Republic, the Ruyters, De Witts, and Barneveldts. Another class of monuments in the cathedral at Utrecht gave occasion to different

reflections. "What great lords are buried here?" said the old woman who showed the church: ay, all lords of quality and rank—those whose names I read were historically unknown to me. And how should it be otherwise? except the Wassenaers, no man of noble family has distinguished himself in the history of the Republic. They were the originators of the enormities by which three Stadtholders, William I. and II., and Maurice, have stained their reputation; and it is remarkable that the province in which the nobility predominated, Gueldres, always betrayed freedom, and tried not merely to aid but to tempt the House of Orange to assume the sovereignty; and also always evaded burdens, and was rated in its quota disproportionately low. All the great men of the Republic were plebeians, (and truly it had many great men,) except Admiral Opdam, who was a Wassenaar, and therefore a nobleman of Holland; in which province the collective knightly body had only one vote, and eighteen towns had one each. The event of a burgher, De Ryk, extorting from the noble commander of the *Watergeueyen* (*Gueux*) their consent to go to Briel, was the foundation of the freedom of the Netherlands. * * * * I remembered my feelings at the spots where the plebeian heroes, poets, and historians rested: as at Leyden too I will make a pilgrimage to the graves of my beloved philologists. One great man and his children are immortal here: but William I. came from Nassau, where Stein was born, and has lived. That must be a fine climate for keeping good old blood as well as old Rhenish wine."

In one of the letters he sums up the principal result of his investigations into the dialects of the Netherlands. He found that the Low Dutch of Holland, Flanders, and Brabant, was unintelligible to the country people of Friesland and Gröningen, who still speak a dialect of the ancient Frisian. On the eastern border he found the language passing into Low Saxon and into Frisian. On the north, between the Maas and the Rhine, there is a mixture of High and Low Dutch, which he attributed to the occupation of the country by the Franks. With some difficulty he procured two books written in ancient Frisian, and mastered the grammar of the language, which, as he says, had never been investigated before: with this key he examined the question of the old divisions of the country.

"1. In old times, as in the seventh century, the Yssel formed the boundary between the Frisians and Saxons, so that all the country west of this river, excepting a portion of Veluwe, belonged to

Friesland, which was bounded on the south by the Maas. The Zuyder-zee, or as it was then called, the Vlie, was still only an inland lake, and Friesland extended along the coast to the north as far as Schleswig. Inland it reached at most points as far as the great morasses, which extend from Overijssel and Drenthe, through Westphalia, into the county of Hoya—these were the northern limits of the Westphalian Saxons, and I find that the word which I heard in Suhlingen and supposed to be Frisian, really belongs to this language. Overijssel is therefore purely Saxon. 2. The ancient inhabitants of Brabant, Flanders, and the country between the Maas and the Rhine, before and under the Romans, seem to have been of the same race as the Frisians. But in the last-mentioned country, and in the Betuwe, the Franks settled in the fourth century, and altered the dialect still more than in the countries west of the Maas, where they never were so numerous. However, here as well as there, it was their supremacy which affected the language most. 3. Low Dutch is not an original language, but Frisian modified by the influence of Frankish and Saxon. The most distinctive words are originally Frisian, and indigenous in no other German dialect. This appears especially in the particles, which in all languages are least borrowed, and therefore the most characteristic parts of it. All words in Hollandish, which resemble Danish or English, and vary from German, are Frisian. 4. The mixture of Frankish arose through the conquest and settlement of the Franks: that of Saxon, through the circumstance that Low Saxon was from early times the written language of these regions. Thence comes the Low Dutch mode of spelling, which deceives the Low Saxon; for many words are spelt as they formerly were with us, but pronounced quite differently. Hence it is that the sound *u* is designated by *oe*. They pronounce *mûd*, *blûd*, *hûd*, *mûder*, and write, as they formerly did with us, *moed*, *bloed*, *hoed*, *moeder*. 5. In the thirteenth century the present language of Holland already existed, and was nearer to German than now."

He afterwards found, during a visit to the northern provinces, that the dialect of Gröningen approximated to Low German, (*Platdeuts*ch,) both in pronunciation and in many words: *Koolzaat*, *colesseed*, for instance, being used instead of the Hollandish *Rapzaat*, *rapeseed*. In the old Frisian language he discovered the origin of the names of the great provinces of Zeeland and Holland.

"A district with independent administration (*selbständige Landschaft*) was called in old Frisian a *Zeeland*, and this is the true origin, unknown, I believe to any Dutchman, of the name of the province which was also Frisian before the Frankish conquest: just as the name *Holland* is Frisian, and signifies *Hauptland*, (*head or chief land*;) this I have proved even to the Hollanders, to whom, even to the historical inquirers among them, Frisian is as strange as Greenlandish."

In determining the extent of the ancient Frisian territory, Niebuhr applied geological observations and theories to the explanation of the fragmentary information which he was able to collect. He had, in common probably with other strangers, and, as he says, with most natives of the country, supposed Holland to be naturally a salt-marsh. On arriving at Amsterdam, he was surprised by finding that the piles on which the city stands, were fixed in a peat-bog, and by inquiry he found that there was not even a word corresponding to *marsh* in Low Dutch or in Frisian. He describes the province of Holland as consisting almost entirely of peat soil, such as in Wales and its borders is called *Rhos*, with abundance of peat-bogs, which he supposes to have been formed on sandbanks originally covered by the sea, and forming receptacles for masses of drift-wood. Zeeland, which he had no opportunity of visiting, he ascertained, with some difficulty, to consist of salt-marsh. The islands in the Maas he found to be fresh water marshes, and some parts of Friesland to consist also of salt-marsh; but by far the greater portion of the surface of the Dutch Netherlands is occupied by *mooren*, or peat-morasses. To the north-east, in Drenthe and Gröningen he found uplands which form the western limit of the granite boulders, which, as is well known, are scattered over the whole width of the great plain which lies south of the German ocean and the Baltic. The Frisian name for a dry upland he observed to be the same which is used in Yorkshire, *wold*; but in some proper names, as *Rinsmageest*, they retain the North German *Geest*, which may perhaps also be traced in some English names, as *Hergest*, a *Geest* near Kington in Herefordshire.

By a combination of historical and geological grounds, he satisfied himself of the truth of a statement in an old Dithmarsch chronicle, that the whole of the country which once formed North Friesland, is now covered by the sea. He traced the ancient coast from the Helder northward along the string of sandy islands which enclose the Zuyder Zee, in a continued *dune* or sandhill, of which Nordeney and Wangeroog, off the mouths of the Jahde and Weser, are remains, by Heligoland as far as Syltöe and Romöe, which lies on the north-west of Schleswig in about 55° N. lat. He supposed the outer sandbank, which formed the coast-line, to include in some places, especially at the mouth of the Jahde, inland seas like the Curische Haff at the north of the Niemen, which is separated from the Baltic by the narrow strip of the Cu-

rische Nehrung, a sandbank which runs as a chord across the arc formed by the Haff. Perhaps a more familiar illustration may be found in the Lido, which separates the lagunes of Venice from the Adriatic; but Niebuhr does not refer to it, and there may be some difference of formation. In other parts he supposed the interval between the shore and the high wolds to have been occupied by swamps and peat-morasses, which may have allowed a person to pass on foot, though not, as he says, in silk stockings and pumps, from Eyderstadt on the mainland to Heligoland. All these fens, from the Rhine to the Eyder, he believed to have been inhabited by Frisians; the wolds by Saxons; the marshes, which were interspersed here and there, by inferior races. He placed the era at which the sea broke through the bar of sandbank at about the year 800, when he supposed that many islands with a Frisian population remained, which afterwards disappeared. Before the catastrophe, he believed that the Elbe and Weser had a common outlet into the sea, but that the Elbe was much narrower than it is at present. North of the Eyder he found no trace of the Frisians, and thought that the rest of Holstein probably belonged to the Angles.

His most direct authority for the ancient extent of Friesland was a copy of the national laws, printed in the fifteenth century. From this he found that the nation was divided into seven Seelands: 1. the present West Friesland; 2. Westergoo; 3. Oostergoo; 4. Zevenwold, together with Drenthe, Vollenhoven, and Lingen; 5. Gröningen; 6. East Friesland; 7. Butjadingerland, Rüstringerland, and Haedelre, (Hadeln,) provinces subject, as the writer complains, to foreign tyrants; adding *Dithmers is etafry. Dithmarsch is yet free*. To prove that in the time of the Romans the Frisian tribes lived not in the marshes, but in rhöses or peat-moors, Niebuhr referred to the statement of Tacitus that they dried earth and used it for fuel.

To determine the present limits of the population of Frisian origin, he attended to dress, local customs, agriculture, and the system of land measurement. Thus he identified a plough with a large wheel running in a furrow and a small wheel outside, to be the original Frisian plough, as distinguished from the old Saxon plough, of which, he says, the original type is that used in Devonshire. He found the Frisian superficial measure to be a *pondemate* or pound, divided, as in our coinage, into twenty shillings or *einsen*, and each *einsen* into

twelve pence. The *pondemate* is equal to about six-fifteenths of a Rhenish *Morgen*, and nearly corresponds to an English acre. In Drenthe he observed, that, as among the ancient Romans, land measurement only applied to arable, which was held in severalty, while the pasturage was occupied in common. He was unable to ascertain the extent of a *ploeging* or *koegang*, a difficulty which the readers of the 'Heart of Mid Lothian' will remember as affecting the corresponding Scotch measure of *ane ploughgate*. In Drenthe he saw the *Hünebedden*, or graves of the Huns, a collection of stones, like those which we are accustomed to call Druidical; but we are surprised to find that Niebuhr attributes all these remains, including Stonehenge, to Frisian tribes of the sixth century, or of even a later period.

His antiquarian researches were combined with inquiries, of which these letters contain the results, into the methods of draining and cultivating peat soils, and into the rental and taxation of the country. He found that in Holland leases were generally for six years, in Friesland for ten, at a rent not very different apparently from that of similar land in England; but subject, at that time, to a tax of fifteen per cent. on the tenant, and ten per cent. on the landlord. The laws of the dikes, the different appropriations of the *Aussendeiche*, or land formed outside the dike, and the regulations for general drainage, also form an interesting portion of the subjects which he investigated.

Of the state of public affairs, the condition of the finances, and the particulars of his official intercourse with the great capitalists he was not able to speak with equal freedom. It was, as we have said, a time of great distress in Holland; but he found that, notwithstanding the annihilation of trade, the economy of individuals counteracted to an extraordinary extent the diminution of their incomes, and the increase of public burdens. On recent history he touches only allusively and incidentally; but he never mentions the republican movement of 1795 without indignation, although he considered it in part a reaction consequent on the establishment of the supremacy of the Stadtholder in 1787, by the influence of England and the arms of Prussia.* It would have been difficult to have founded any general inference on so anomalous a condition, as that of a maritime and trading

* The best account of the history of the Netherlands, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, will be found in the second part of the third volume of Schlosser, published since our notice of his history—'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. 61.

country under a blockade; but we regret that circumstances prevented Niebuhr from giving a full account of the financial and social prospects of Holland. On one side, as a state with commercial importance out of all proportion to its bulk, as the seat of vast accumulated capital, and above all, as a debtor to an immense amount to its own citizens, it has long closely resembled England. On the other hand, it has no basis of land or population, as Voltaire long ago observed, to be compared to our own, and it has not even manufactures to serve as the material of its trade. During the union of the Netherlands, its trade was checked by the jealousy of the Belgian landowners and manufacturers against the free admission of foreign productions. Since the separation in 1830, we believe its wealth has considerably increased, and that the immediate financial pressure has been less felt: but the greater part of the interest of the debt is met by the remittances from the eastern colonies, which might at once be cut off by a war or rebellion. If such a misfortune should occasion a national bankruptcy, it may be doubted whether the prosperity of Holland could ever revive. A great country like France or Austria may overlive a public declaration of insolvency, but it seems as if credit was essential to Holland as to a bank.

Of the political essays which occupy the remainder of the volume the most remarkable is that on the state and prospects of England, which was written in the beginning of 1823. It includes a detailed examination of the condition of the finances, and a suggestion of a property-tax as the only sufficient remedy for the existing difficulties. His views of the foreign policy of the country will seem to most Englishmen sufficiently strange. He says that France has ceased to be our natural enemy, that between England and Russia nothing but blind hatred can occasion a quarrel, and that it would be our true policy to leave the Turks to their fate. Our one natural enemy he holds to be America, and he considered it an unpardonable error to have concluded the last war, before we had produced the dissolution of the union, and extorted the confirmation of a secret article in the peace of Paris (1783,) by which America was not allowed to possess any ship of war larger than a frigate. Further than this, he believes that the English Government has adopted the same view; that it is preparing for a decisive struggle; and that the declaration in favor of the Spanish colonies, is only meant as a step to the overthrow of

the United States: of all which we can only say, that it has not hitherto been verified by experience.

From an account of the Spanish national debt at the time of the short supremacy of the Cortes in 1821, we will content ourselves with the curious fact, that among the innumerable kinds of stock which even then existed, and have since so happily multiplied, were to be found unredeemable bonds of Ferdinand and Isabella, issued in the form of perpetual annuities, to evade the canonical objections to borrowing on usury. The instructive Essay on the French law of election would carry us into too wide a field of discussion for the present occasion.

We regret that we have never seen the celebrated pamphlet, 'The claims of Prussia against the Saxon Court,' which the editor has, we doubt not in the exercise of a sound discretion, excluded from the present collection. We have no doubt that it expressed a feeling which in 1814 was strong and general in Germany; but we are curious to know how Niebuhr reconciled the popular opinion with his own habitual respect for ancient national rights. When the King of Saxony was punished for his adhesion to Napoleon by a sacrifice of a part of his dominions to Prussia, the hardship inflicted on the people by partitioning their country was a strange argument for the right of the stronger power to seize the whole. The Electors of Saxony had held the second rank in the empire, when the house of Hohenzollern were simply burgraves of Nuremberg. The reigning king had followed the fortunes of Napoleon, when every prince in Germany was on the same side, and he may be pardoned for having followed them in their decline, till his last parting, when the emperor left him in the town of Leipsig. His subjects had preferred their German patriotism to their military faith, and their adhesion to the national cause might well be considered an atonement for the faults of their government. The disappointment of Prussia however was severe. The king, with the separate consent of Russia, had announced to the Saxons that they were henceforth to be his subjects, in a proclamation which contrasted most unfavorably with the calm and dignified tone of the answer with which it was met by the King of Saxony. It is probable that the Emperor Alexander expected, in return for his consent, the support of Prussia in the Congress for his own schemes of aggrandizement; and he may also have wished to guard against a renewal of the ancient connection of the House of Saxony

with Poland. But the jealousy of the Western Powers had by this time been aroused against Russia. Talleyrand threatened in the name of his tottering king to march an army of 400,000 men; and Lord Castlereagh put a stop to the scheme by the more substantial threat of the armed interposition of England. It seems to us that in this case the English minister saved the Congress of Vienna from adding to the many well-founded charges of injustice and disregard of national rights, the obloquy of another great spoliation; and we regret that it is through a sanction and not through a protest that the plan is connected with the name of Niebuhr.

How far this transaction increased the disposition to irritation against England which he had entertained since the bombardment of Copenhagen, and how far his dislike was increased by the policy of Canning, his later letters abundantly show. It is, however, always useful to attend to the reproofs of a sagacious fault-finder, and Englishmen can bear attacks on their country with tolerable fortitude; partly from curiosity, and a suspicion that they may be just in detail; partly from confidence that they will on the whole be unsuccessful. Prejudice is a microscope, which alters the relations of the parts to the whole, but brings out partial deficiencies more clearly. If 'a friendly eye would never see such faults,' it may be worth while to have an enemy to observe them. And if, nevertheless, there are Englishmen who feel aggrieved by the scarcely friendly severity of Niebuhr, they may at least derive satisfaction from observing the impartial distribution of his censure, to France, Italy, Spain, America, and Germany itself.

CULTIVATION OF THE PINE-APPLE.—A paper from Mr. Dunsford, upon the cultivation of the pine-apple, was read. This was accompanied by the plan of a pit now in use, differing but slightly in external appearance from M'Phail's. The interior of the pit within the inner walls is filled up with brick rubbish, so as to form a solid mass; and when level, the whole is covered with flat tiles or slates, upon which nine-inch draining-tiles are laid across the bed, commencing just above the front flue, and these are in their turn covered with flat tiles. The draining-tiles convey the heat over the whole surface of the bed, so that a regular bottom-heat of 95° can be maintained. The depth of the pit from the glass to the tiles is 4 1-2 feet at the back, and 4 feet in front. In such a construction, the writer states, that, by the aid of dung-heat, every amateur and gardener may grow pines with as little trouble and expense as melons. A Providence pine, weighing 7 lb. 1 oz., so grown, accompanied the communication.—*Athenæum*.

PROF. WHEATSTONE'S REPORT ON THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.—The electro-magnetic meteorological register, constructed for the Observatory of the British Association, is nearly complete. It records the indications of the barometer, the thermometer, and the psychrometer every half hour during day and night, and prints the results, in duplicate, on a sheet of paper in figures. It requires no attention for a week, during which time it registers 1,008 observations. Five minutes are sufficient to prepare the machine for another week's work,—that is, to wind up the clock, to furnish the cylinders with fresh sheets of paper, and to recharge the small voltaic element. The range of each instrument is divided into 150 parts; that of the barometer comprises three inches, that of the thermometer includes all degrees of temperature between -5° and $+95^{\circ}$, and the psychrometer has an equal range. The machine consists essentially of two distinct parts: the first is a regulator clock, to which is attached all the requisite recurring movements; the second is a train, having an independent maintaining power, which is brought into action at irregular periods of time by the contact of the plunging wires with the mercury of the instruments, as will be hereafter explained. The principal regularly recurring actions connected with the clock train are two:—1st. The plungers are gradually and regularly raised in the tubes of the instruments during five minutes, and are allowed to descend during one minute; 2d. A type wheel, having at its circumference 15 figures, is caused to advance a step every two seconds, while another type wheel, having 12 spokes but only 10 figures, is caused to advance one step when the former completes a revolution. The complete revolution of the second type wheel is effected in six minutes,—that is, in the same time occupied by the ascent and descent of the plungers. Thus every successive division of the range of an instrument corresponds with a different number presented by the two type wheels, the same division always corresponding with the same number. The two blanks of the second type wheel are presented during the return of the plungers, which occupies a minute, and during which time no observation is recorded. The breaking of the contact between the plunger and the mercury in an instrument, obviously takes place at a different position of the type wheels, according as the mercury is at a different elevation; if, therefore, the types be caused to make an impression at this moment, the degree of elevation of the mercury will be recorded. This end is thus effected. One end of a conducting wire is connected with the mercury in the tube of the instrument, and the other end with the brass frame of the clock, which is in metallic communication with the plunger. In the course of this circuit an electro-magnet and a single very small voltaic element are interposed. The electro-magnet is so placed as to act upon a small armature of soft iron connected with the detent of the second movement. So long as the plunger is in the mercury the armature remains attracted, but at the moment the plunger leaves the mercury the attraction ceases, and the release of the detent causes a hammer to strike the types, and impress them by means of black copying paper on the cylinder. The armature subsequently remains unattracted until the plunger descends. Immediately before it reascends, a piece of mechanism, connected with the clock movement, brings the armature into contact with the magnet, which remains there in consequence of the recompletion of the circuit, until the contact is again broken.—*Ibid*.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

No popularity does, or can exist which is not liable to collapses. Twofold infirmity, alike for him who judges, and for him who suffers judgment, will not allow it to be otherwise. Sir Robert Peel, a minister more popular by his tenure of office than any whom this generation will perhaps again behold, has not been able to escape that ordinary trial of human prosperity. Suddenly a great cloud of public danger has gathered around him: upon every path there were seen to lie secret snares: no wisdom could make an election amongst them absolutely safe: he made that election which comparison of the cases and private information seemed to warrant: and immediately, of his own supporters many are offended. We believe it to be a truth, one amongst those new truths whose aspiring heads are even now rising above our horizon, that the office of first minister, either for France or England, is becoming rapidly more trying by the quality of its duties. We talk of energy: we invoke the memories of Pitt and of Chatham: "oh, for one hour," we exclaim, of those great *executive* statesmen—who "trampled upon impossibilities," or glorified themselves in a "vigor beyond the law!" Looking backwards, we are right: in our gratitude we do not err. But those times are past. For Sir Robert Peel no similar course is open. Changes in the temper of the age, changes in the constitution of public bodies, absolute revolutions in the *kind* of responsibilities by which a minister is now fettered, forbid us to imagine that any raptures of national sympathy will ever crowd forward to the support of extreme or summary measures, such as once might have been boldly employed. That style of aspiring action presumes some approach to unity in public opinion. But such unity we shall hardly witness again, were a hostile invader even landed on our shores.

Meantime it will add weight to any thing we can offer in behalf of the Irish policy now formally avowed by Government, if we acknowledge ingenuously that for some weeks we ourselves shared in the doubts upon its wisdom, not timidly expressed by weighty Conservatives. We believe it, indeed, natural and honorable that the first movement of feeling upon cases such as those now proceeding in Ireland, should be one of mere summary indignation. Not that scurrility and the basest of personalities from Mr. O'Connell are either novel-

ties, or difficult to bear. To hear an old man, a man whose own approach to the period of physical decay, is the one great hope and consolation of all good subjects in Ireland, scoffing at gray hairs in the Duke of Wellington—calling, and permitting his creatures to call, by the name of "vagabonds" or "miscreants," the most eminent leaders of a sister nation, who are also the chosen servants of that mistress whom he professes to honor: this might have been shocking in any man who had not long since squandered his own ability to shock. As it is, these things move only laughter or silent disgust, according to the temper of readers. And we are sure that not merely the priests, or men of education amongst Mr. O'Connell's followers, but even the peasantry, must in their hearts perceive how indispensable is a *general* habit of self-restraint and abstinence from abusive language to the effect of any individual insult. These were *not* the causes of public indignation. Not what Mr. O'Connell said, but what he did, kindled the general wrath. To see him marching and countermarching armies, to find him bandying menaces with the Government of this great nation, and proclaiming (openly or covertly) that he would not be the party to strike the first blow, but that assuredly he would strike the second—thinking it little to speak as a traitor, unless also he spoke as an European potentate; this was the spectacle before which the self-control of so many melted away, and which raised the clamor for vindictive justice. It quickened the irritation to know, that hostile foreigners were looking on with deep interest, and everywhere misinterpreting the true readings of the case. Weeks passed before we could thoroughly reconcile our own feelings to the passive toleration, or apparent apathy, of the Government. Our sense of prudence took the alarm, not less than our feelings. And finally, if both could have acquiesced, our sense of consistency was revolted by what met the public eye; since, if the weak were to be punished, why should the strong be connived at? Magistrates, to the amount of three score, had been dismissed for giving their countenance to the Repeal meetings; and yet the meetings themselves, which had furnished the very principle of the reproach, and the ground of punishment, were neither dispersed nor denounced.

Rarely, however, in politics has any man final occasion to repent of forbearance. There may be a tempest of provocation to-

wards the policy of rigor; that policy may justify itself to the moral sense of men; modes even of prudence may be won over to sanction it; and yet, after all, the largest spirit of civil prudence, such as all of us would approve in any historical case removed from the passions of the times, will suggest a much nobler promise of success through a steady adherence to the counsels of peace, than any which could attend the most efficient prosecution of a hostile intervention. The exceeding weight of the crisis has forced us into a closer comparison than usual of the consequences probably awaiting either course. Usually in such cases, we are content to abide the solutions of time; the rapid motion of events settling but too hastily all doubts, and dispensing with the trouble of investigation. Here, however, the coincidence of feelings, heavily mortified on our own part, with the serious remonstrances in the way of argument from journals friendly to Sir Robert Peel's government, would not suffer us to rest in the uneasy condition of dissatisfied suspense. We found ourselves almost coerced into pursuing the two rival policies, down to their separate issues; and the result has satisfied ourselves, that the minister is right. We shall make an effort for bringing over the reader to our own convictions. Sir Robert, we shall endeavor to show, has *not* been deficient in proper energy; his forbearance, where it has been most conspicuous, is either absolute—in which case it will be found to justify itself, even at present, to the considerate—or it is but provisional, and waiting for contingencies—in which case it will soon unmask itself more terrifically than either friend or enemy, perhaps, anticipates.

The Minister's defence is best pursued through the turns of his own admirable speech in the recent debates on the grievances of Ireland. But, previously, let us weigh for a moment Mr. O'Connell's present position, and the chances that seem likely to have attended any attempt to deal with him by blank resistance. It had been always understood, by watchful politicians, that the Repeal agitation slumbered only until the reinstalment of a Conservative administration. The Whigs were notoriously in collusion at all times, more or less openly, with this "foul conspiracy":* a crime which, in them, was trebly scandalous; for they it was, in times past, who

had denounced the conspiracy to the nation as ruinous; in *that* they were right: but they also it was, who had pointed out the leading conspirator as an individual to national indignation in a royal speech; and in *that* they degraded, without a precedent, the majesty of that high state-document. Descending thus abjectly, as regarded the traitor, the Whigs were not unwilling to benefit by the treason. They did so. They adulterated with treason during their term of power: the compact being, that Mr. O'Connell should guide for the Government their exercise of Irish patronage so long as he guaranteed to them an immunity from the distraction of Irish insubordination. When the Tories succeeded to power, this armistice—this treasonable capitulation with treason—of necessity fell to the ground; and once again Mr. O'Connell prepared for war. *Cessante mercede cessat opera*. How he has conducted this war of late, we all know. And such being the brief history of its origin, embittered to him by the silent expression of defiance, unavoidably couched in any withdrawal of the guilty commerce, we all guess in what spirit he will wish to conduct it for the future. But *there* presents itself the question of his ability—of his possible resources—for persevering in his one mode of hostility. He would continue his array of mobs, but *can* he? We believe not. Already the hours of his sorceries are numbered: and now he stands in the situation of an officer on some forlorn outpost, before a superior enemy, and finding himself reduced to half a dozen rounds of ammunition. In such a situation, whatever countenance he may put on of alacrity and confidence, however rapidly he may affect to sustain his fire in the hope of duping his antagonist into a retreat, he cannot surmount or much delay the catastrophe which faces him. More and more reluctantly Mr. O'Connell will tell off the few lingering counters on his beadroll: but at length comes the last; after which he is left absolutely without resources for keeping the agitation alive, or producing any effect whatever.

Many fancy *not*. They suppose it possible that these parades or field-days may be repeated. But let us consider. Already it impresses a character of childishness on these gatherings of peasants; and it is a feeling which begins to resound throughout Ireland, that there is absolutely no business to be transacted—not even any forms to be gone through—and, therefore, no rational object by which such parades

* We use the words of the Chancellor; words, therefore, technically legal, in the debates of July, on Lord Clanricarde's motion for a vote of censure upon Sir E. Sugden.

can be redeemed from mockery. Were there a petition to be subscribed, a vote to be taken, or any ostensible business to furnish an excuse for the meeting—once, but once only, in each district, it might avail. As it is, we have the old nursery case before us—

“The king of France march’d up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,”

followed by his most Christian majesty’s successful countermarch. The very children in the streets would follow them with hootings, if these fooleries were reiterated. But, if that attempt were made, and in some instances should even succeed, so much the worse for the interests of Repeal. The effect would be fatal. No device could be found more excellent for killing the enthusiasm which has called out such assemblies, than the evidence thus forced upon the general mind—that they were inoperative, and without object, either confessed or concealed. Hitherto the toil and exhaustion of the day had been supported, doubtless, under a belief that a muster of insurrectionary forces was desired, with a view to some decisive course of action, when all should be found prepared. The cautionary order issued for total abstinence from violence had been looked upon, of course, as a momentary or *interim* restraint. But if once it were understood that this order was absolute, or of indefinite application, the chill to the national confidence would be that of death. For we are not to suppose that the faith and love of the peasantry *can* have been given, either personally to Mr. O’Connell, or to Repeal, as a cause for itself. Both these names represent, indirectly, weightier and dearer objects, which are supposed to stand behind: even Repeal is not valued as an end—but simply as a means to something beyond. But let that idea once give way, let the present hope languish, let it be thrown back to a period distant or unassigned—and the ruin of the cause is sealed. The rural population of Ireland has, it is true, been manœuvred and exhibited merely as a threatening show to England; but, assuredly, on that same day when the Irish peasants, either from their own sagacity, or from newspapers, discover that they have been used as a property by Mr. O’Connell, for purposes in which their own interest is hard to be deciphered, indifference and torpor will succeed. For this once, the nationality of Ireland has been too frantically stimulated for the toleration of new delays. Mr. O’Connell is at last the martyr of his

own success. Should the priestly order refuse to advance further on a road nominally national, but from which, at any moment, the leader may turn off, by secret compromise, into a by-road, leading only to family objects, universal mutiny must *now* follow. The general will of the priesthood has thus far quelled and overruled the individual will; but that indignant recusants amongst that order *are* muttering and brooding we know, as well from the necessities of human nature, as from actual letters already beginning to appear in the journals. Under all these circumstances, a crisis is to be dreaded by the central body of Repealers, which body is doubtless exceedingly small. And what will hasten this crisis is the inevitable result from a fact noticed as yet only for ostentation. It is this. The weekly contributions in money, and their sudden overflow, have occasioned some comments in the House of Lords; on the one side with a view to the dishonesty apparent in the management of this money, and to the dark purposes which it may be supposed to mask—on the other, with a view to the increasing heartiness in the service, which it seems to express. It is, however, a much more reasonable comment upon this momentary increase, so *occasional* and timed to meet the sudden resurrection of energy in the general movement, that the money has flowed so freely altogether under that same persuasion which also has drawn the peasantry to the meetings—viz., the fixed anticipation of an immediate explosion. Multitudes in the belief, suddenly awakened and propagated through Ireland—that now at length, all further excuses laid aside, the one great national enterprise, so long nursed in darkness, had ripened for execution, and would at last begin to move—have exerted themselves to do what, under other circumstances, they would not have done. Even simple delay would now irritate these men beyond control. They will call for an account. This will be refused, and cannot *but* be refused. The particular feeling of these men, that they have been hoaxed and swindled, concurring with the popular rage on finding that this storm also, like all before it, is to blow over—if there be faith in human nature, will do more to shake the Repeal speculation than any possible course of direct English resistance. All frauds would be forgiven in an hour of plausible success, or even in a moment of undeniable preparation. But disappointment coming in the rear of extravagant hopes will be fatal, and strike a frost to the heart of the conspiracy.

For it cannot be doubted that none of these extra services, whether in money or personal attendance, would have been rendered without express assurances from high quarters, and not *merely* from fond imaginations founded on appearances, that the pretended regeneration for Ireland was at hand.

Now let us see how these natural sequences, from the very nature of the showy demonstrations recently organized, and from the very promises by which they must have been echoed, will operate in relation to the measures of the Government; either those which have been adopted, or those which have been declined. Had the resolution (a fatal resolution, as we *now* think) been adopted in the cabinet to disperse the meetings by force, blood would have flowed; and a plea, though fraudulent in virtue, would have been established for O'Connell—such as we may suppose to be built upon a fact so liable to perversion. His hands would have been prodigiously strengthened. The bloodshed would have been kept before the eyes of the people for ever, and would have taken innumerable forms. But the worst, ultimately the ruinous, operation of this official intervention would have lain in the plenary excuse from his engagements furnished to Mr. O'Connell, and in the natural solution of all those embarrassments which for himself he *cannot* solve. At present he is at his wits' end to devise any probable scheme for tranquillizing the universal disappointment, for facing the relapse from infinite excitement, and for propitiating the particular fury of those who will now hold themselves to have been defrauded of their money. Leave this tempest to itself, and it will go near to overwhelm the man: or if the local separation of the parties most injured should be so managed as to intercept that result, assuredly it will overwhelm the cause. In the estimate, therefore, of O'Connell, we may rely upon it—that a battalion of foot, or a squadron of horse, appearing in aid of the police to clear the ground at Mallow or at Donnybrook, would have seemed the least questionable godsend that has ever illuminated his experience. "*O jubilate for a providential deliverance!*" that would have been his cry. "Henceforward be all my difficulties on the heads of my opponents!" But at least, it is argued, the *fact* would have been against him; the dispersion would have disarmed him, whatever coloring he might have caused it to bear. Not at all. We doubt if one meeting the less would have been held. Ready at all

times for such emergencies, the leader would not suffer himself to be found without every conceivable legal quillet, sharpened and retouched, against the official orders. He would have had an interview with the authorities: he would have shown a flaw in the wording of the instructions: he would have rebaptized his assembly, and, where no business goes on, any name will answer: he would have called his mob "a tea-party," or "an agricultural association:" the sole real object concerned, which is the exhibition of vast numbers trained and amenable to instant restraint, would have proceeded under new names. This would no longer have languished when Government had supplied the failing impulse: and in the mean time to have urged that, merely by its numbers, combined with its perilous tendencies, the gathering was unlawful—would have availed nothing: for the law authorities in parliament, right or wrong, have affected doubts upon that doctrine; and, when parliament will not eventually support him, it matters little that a minister of these days would, for the moment, assume the responsibility of a strong measure. Or, if parliament were to legislate anew for this special case, the Repealer would then split his large mobs into many small ones: he would lecture, he would preach, he would sing, in default of other excuses for meeting. No law, he would observe coolly to the magistrate, against innumerable prayer-meetings or infinite concerts. The items would still be reported to one central office: the *fact* would be the same; and it would tell for the same cause.

Thus it appears that no fact would have resulted against the Repealers, had the Government taken a severe course. Still, may it not be said that a *fact*, and a strong one, survives on the other side, viz., against the Government, under this forbearing course which they really have taken? What fact? Is it the organization of all Ireland? Doubtless that bears an ominous sound: but it must be considered—that if the leader cannot wield this vast organization for any purposes of his own, and plainly he cannot so long as he acquires no fresh impulses or openings to action from the indiscretion of his opponents, but on the contrary must be ruined—cause and leader, party and partisan chief, by the very 'lock' (or as in America is said, the 'fix') into which he has brought himself, by the pledge which he cannot redeem—far less can that organization be used by others or for any other purpose. It is an organization not

secret; not bound by oaths; loose and careless in its cohesion; not being good for its proper object, it is good for no other, and we hear of no one attribute by which it threatens the public peace beyond its numerical extent.

But is *that* true? Is it numerically so potent as it is represented? We hardly need to say, that the exaggerations upon this point have been too monstrous to call for any pointed exposures. With respect to one of the southern meetings—that at Cork, we believe—by way of applying some scale or measurement to the exaggerations, we may mention that a military man, actually measured the ground after the retirement of the crowd. He ascertained that the ground could barely accommodate twenty-five thousand men standing in regimental order. What was the report of the newspapers? Four to five hundred thousand, as usual. Indeed, we may complain of our English Conservative journals as, in this point, faithfully reflecting the wildest statements of the Repeal organs. So much strength was apparently given, for the moment, to the Repeal interest by these outrageous fictions, that we, for our own parts, (whilst hesitating as to other points of the Government policy,) did not scruple to tax the Home Minister and the Queen's Lieutenant with some neglect of duty* in not sending experienced officers of the army to reconnoitre the meetings in every instance, and authentically to make returns of the numbers present. Since reading the minister's speech, however, we are disposed to think that this neglect was not altogether without design. It appears that Sir Robert relies in part upon these frightful falsehoods for effecting a national service by rousing the fears of the Roman Catholic landholders. In this there is no false refinement; for, having very early done all the mischief they could as incendiary proclamations of power to the working classes, the exaggerations are now, probably, operating with even more effect in an opposite direction upon the great body of the Catholic gentry. Cordially to unite this body with the government of Ireland would, by much, overbalance the fickle support of the

peasantry, given for the moment to the cause of disaffection. That disaffection, under its present form, is already, perhaps, on the point of unlocking its union. It *cannot* be permanent as an organization; for, without hope, no combination can sustain itself, and a disaffection, founded purely upon *social* causes, can be healed by no Government whatever. But if the Catholic gentry, treated as they now are with fraternal equality, should heartily coalesce with the party promoting a closer *British* connection, that would be a permanent gain.

The Irish policy, therefore, the immediate facts of the policy, pursued by the Government, if we distinguish it from the general theory and principles of their policy as laid down in the speech of the Premier, has not been what it is said to have been. Summing up the heads, let us say that we are *not* resigned negligently to the perils of civil war; those perils, though as great as Mr. O'Connell could make them, are not by any means as great as Mr. O'Connell describes them; the popular arrays are ridiculously below the amounts reported to us: in some instances they have been multiplied by 20, probably in all by 15; the rumor and the terror of these arrays have operated both ways; *for* us more permanently than against us. Lastly, it is not true that the Government has proceeded only by negative steps; the army has been increased in Ireland, the garrisons have been better arranged, military stations have been strengthened, and seditious magistrates have been dismissed.

Upon this last point, one word: we have seen nothing more grossly factious in the conduct of the Whigs, than the assertion, that these magistrates ought *not* to have been dismissed. Well might the Chancellor say, that the discussion had been conducted by petty lawyerlike quibbles. The case stands thus: there are two principles concerned in the tenure of the magistrate's office—theoretic amenability to the letter of the law, and practical serviceableness for his duties. Either furnishes a ground of dismissal. To be scandalously indecorous, to be a patron of gambling in public places, would offer no *legal* objection to a magistrate; but he would be dismissed as a person unsuitable by his habits to the gravity of the commission. If you hire a watchman to protect your premises, and you discharge him upon the ground that he has been found drinking with reputed burglars, no man will hold the watchman to have been hardly used, because the

* A more striking neglect is chargeable upon some administration in suffering the Repealers quietly to receive military training. We no more understand how this seditious act could have been overlooked at the time, than we understand the process by which modest assemblies of Orangemen have come to be viewed as illegal, pending a state of law, which, upon the whole, justifies the much larger assemblies of "foul conspirators."

burglars had not been convicted judicially. That allegation amounts to this: that he has not committed any offence known to the laws. What will you reply? "I know it," you say: "I grant it; and therefore I charge you with no offence. But I dismiss you on a principle of expedience. You have violated no law; but you have shown yourself to be a man disqualified for the very urgent duties of the post—much more disqualified than you would have been by sickness, blindness, or any other physical infirmity."

Mr. O'Connell now threatens to pursue his career, by repeating that same absurd misdemeanor of summoning a mock parliament, which, some twenty and odd years ago, a Staffordshire baronet expiated by the penalties of fine and imprisonment. At that crisis we shall see the tranquil minister unmask his artillery. But could it be reasonable to look for a faithful discharge of painful duties, arising in these latter stages of the Repeal cause, (and duties applying probably to the cases of gentlemen, neighbors, fellow-partisans,) from one who had already promoted that cause, in its previous stages, to the extent of sedition and conspiracy? He who has already signaled to the nation his readiness to co-operate in so open a mischief as dismemberment of the empire, wherefore should he shrink from violating an obscure rule of the common law, or a black letter statute?

But enough of the policy which *has* been pursued. *That*, by its nature is limited, and of necessity, in many points of recent application, is a policy of watching and negation. Now, let us turn to the general policy, as it is reviewed in the very comprehensive speech of the Prime Minister. This applies equally to the past and the future. The French journals, and in particular the *Débats*, complain that it is crowded with details. How should this be otherwise? Can there be an answer given to charges whose vice is their vagueness, otherwise than by *circumstantial* exposures of their falsehood? Ireland, for instance, has been unfairly treated as to taxes, partition of indulgences, pecuniary advances. That is the charge. Can it be met with another answer than by absolute arithmetic, tax-office proofs, or returns from the Exchequer? "But in these a foreigner takes no interest." Doubtless! and *that* should be an argument with the foreigner for his declining to judge upon the question. Want of understanding is not at all a worse disqualification for acting as a judge than want of interest in the subject. We men-

tion this pointedly; because it is not to foreigners chiefly that this maxim applies: a profound injustice continually operates in this way amongst the parliamentary foes of Government. Often in private life we witness the unprincipled case—that, upon suspecting a man's vindication to be established by any investigation, men will decline to look into it, as really possessing too little interest for themselves; though these same people had not found any want of interest in the allegations—nay, had mastered all the details—so long as the charges pointed to some disgraceful issue, and the verdict threatened to be unfavorable. An instance of this baseness, truly shocking to the moral sense, is found in the ridiculous charge against the ministers, founded upon the mail-coach contract. This was not at all too petty to be pressed with rancor. However, it was answered. The answer, on the principle of the case, and coupled with the illustrations from parallel cases, is decisive. And then the taunt is—"But why fasten upon charges so minute and frivolous?" Minute and frivolous, we grant; but not so in that degree which prevented you gentlemen in opposition from dwelling on them with genial spite, as being odious in proportion to their pettiness. "You, you, it was," says Sir Robert, "that pressed the case!" Certainly: and they it was who would never have withdrawn the case had they not found it untenable. It is thus easy for two men to concert a collusive attack which shall succeed either way, and be dishonest both ways. "Do you," says the one, "*try on* this particular case for harassing the minister. If it tells, if it sticks, then we both pitch into him. If it fails, then rise I and say:—'How shameful in an official person to throw dust in the eyes of the House by detaining it upon a miserable trifle, whilst the criminal gravities of his conduct are skulking in the rear under this artifice for misleading the public attention!'"

With this prefatory explanation, called for, perhaps, by the unequal importance of the points reviewed, we shall now rehearse the heads of this speech. It is a speech that, by anticipation, we may call memorable, looking before and after; good, as a history for half a century gone by since our union with Ireland; good, we venture to hope, as a rule and as a prophecy for the spirit of our whole future connection with that important island. We shall move rapidly; for our rehearsal will best attain the object we have in view by its brevity and condensation.

I. Mr. Roebuck had insisted that Ireland was made the victim of our English parsimony; not once and away, but systematically. This happens to be a charge peculiarly irritating to all parties—to the authors of the parsimony, and to its objects. And, says Sir Robert, I am told to avoid it as secondary; but observe, it is quite substantial enough, as others, say to justify “an impeachment.” This is the honorable barrister’s word; and a “soft” impeachment it will turn out.

a. By the Act of Union, it was provided that, in voting the civil estimates for Ireland, whatever sum it should appear that Ireland had averaged for six years before the Union, in her own votes for a particular purpose, annually that same sum should be voted for a period prescribed by the United Parliament. The purpose was, internal improvement in Ireland, and any national uses, whether pious or charitable. What, then, had been the extent of the Irish vote? We neglect small fractions, and state that it had averaged seventy-three thousand a-year. For the first twenty years, therefore, the obligation upon the Imperial Parliament had been, to vote twenty times that sum, or £1,460,000. This was the contract. What was the performance? Five millions, three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds, or three and a half times the amount of the promise.

b. Another extraordinary vote in the Irish Parliament, previous to the Union, had been upon the miscellaneous estimates. This vote, when averaged on the same principle, had produced annually one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. To the same sum the United Parliament stood pledged for the first period of twenty-eight years succeeding the Union. The reader will see at once that the result ought to have been little more than three and a half millions. That was the debt. What was the payment? Something beyond five millions.

c. Upon another comparison, viz., between Scotland and Ireland, as to another class of *extras* and contingencies, it turns out—that, during the last period of seven years, to Scotland had been voted six hundred and sixty thousand pounds, to Ireland two millions two hundred and sixty thousand; to Scotland, that is, less than one hundred thousand *per annum*; to Ireland, more than three hundred thousand.

In the same category stands the relative taxation. Ireland was to pay two-sevenths of the whole imperial burden. That

was the bargain, which we are not called on to reopen. But, as *extras*, as a liberal *bonus* upon this bargain, Ireland has been excused from paying for windows—for assessed taxes—for soap. At this moment, in addition to these liberal discounts, she has no *national* share, as Ireland,* in the Income Tax: and she may be said, in one sense, to receive her letters gratuitously, for the postage yields nothing to Government, all being absorbed by the Irish post-office. It is little, after this, to start possibilities of unequal contribution as regards the indirect taxation: this could not be separately apportioned to the three great limbs of the empire without disturbing the great currents of commerce. It is enough that by exemptions upon the direct taxes, so far as concerns three of them—window, assessed, and income—Ireland receives a large indemnity.

II. Connected with the last head is the reproach made to Great Britain upon the subject of railway encouragement. What encouragement? By money? Yes, says Lord John Russell, whose experience in office (as one of a cabinet plagued in the way that all cabinets are by projectors and scheming capitalists) ought to have taught him better. Have we given any money to our own railways? No: but England is rich. True: and Ireland is not suffered to be so rich as she might be by her Irish “friends.” But rich or not rich, is no question here. If schemes of profit are not profitable in this country, we do not encourage them. If they are profitable, they want no encouragement. Still, it is said, might it not be prudent to feed the railroads in Ireland, not with any view to the scheme for itself, but considered as a means of development for the circumjacent country? No, replies Sir Robert, that is an error: railways may benefit *by* the country: but the country through which they race, is rarely affected by *them* more than the atmosphere aloft by the balloons. The great towns on the route, or at the extremities, doubtless benefit; but in too small a degree, unless they are manufacturing towns, to warrant the least thoughtful of ministers in assisting them. However, to make a beginning, and as a topic to be borne in mind, how much would be wanted? A matter of *ten millions*, says Lord John. *Olli subridens*, replies the minister, “What! only that?” But, returning to business, he re-

* People in Ireland, under various heads, as officers of the different services, &c., pay, but not in quality of Irishmen, when by accident they are such.

minds the house—that even for so small a sum as ten millions sterling, the nation would perhaps expect security. Who is to give it? Are the counties traversed to be assessed? But they will disown the benefit arising. And, says Sir Robert, take a miniature case—a sum little more than one-tenth of ten millions was advanced by this country on account of the Irish work-houses, and for a time there was some advantage gained to the industry of the land. But that soon passed away, and then two evils arose at once. The money was to be repaid, and the employment was at an end. But this latter evil was worse than it seemed, for it did not act as a simple privation of so much good; the *extra* stimulation of the national industry, as invariably happens, and as at this moment we see in England upon the cessation of a ten years' demand for iron, on account of our own railways, brought about a corresponding exhaustion for the new Poor-Law, tending violently to civil tumults. The repayment of that advance will yet cost Ireland many a groan.

III. If Ireland, then, is not ill-treated as to her taxation, or her public improvements, is it true that she is ill-treated in the persons of her children? That also has been said; but Sir Robert disperses that fancy by facts which are as conclusive as they are really little needed at this day. Sculptors had been appointed by members of the cabinet, police commissioners, &c.; and, as will easily be believed, with no question ever mooted as to their birth, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. Subsequently, however, it had turned out as a blind fact, which is useful in showing the entire indifference to such a point in the minds of public men, that the larger proportion of successful candidates were Irish. This was an accident certainly, but an accident irreconcilable with the least shadow of prejudice pointing in that direction.

IV. Of social grievances, grievances connected with the state of society, there are but too many in Ireland: relations between landlord and tenant for instance; but these are so little caused or aggravated by Parliament, that they cannot even be lightened by Parliament. What little is possible, however, says Sir Robert, we will attempt. The elective franchise is another case; yet, if that is now too much narrowed, why is it so? Let Ireland thank herself, and the growing indisposition amongst Irish landlords to grant leases. Might we not, then, transfer to Ireland our English franchise? But *that*, applied to Irish institutions and arrangements, would narrow the elec-

toral basis still further than it is narrowed. Not, therefore, *against* the Irish, but in their behalf, we withhold our own unsuitable privileges. It is a separate question, besides, whether the *moral* civilization of Ireland is equal to the exercise of our English franchise. Education of the people again, if there is an obstacle at this time to its movement in Ireland, where does it originate? We all know the great schism upon that subject existing amongst the Irish Protestants, and how embarrassing the Government has found that feud—how intractable and embittered, for the very reason that it rested upon no personal jealousies which might have relaxed or been overruled, but (for one side at least) upon deep conscientious scruples. Reverence those scruples we must; but still the Irish are not entitled to charge upon ministers a public evil of their own creation. In all these calamities, or others of the same nature, oppressing the state of society in Ireland, and derived as an inheritance from ancient times, the blame too notoriously, in no part of it, rests with the English ministers; and the proof is evident in this fact—that, except by one monstrous anti-social proposal from a very few of the opposition members, as a remedy for the land-occupancy complaints—a proposal strongly disavowed by the leaders of the party, no *practical* flaw was detected, either of omission or commission, as affecting the ministerial policy. The objections were pure generalities; and even Lord John Russell, who adopted the usual complaint against the minister, that he brought forward no definite plan, and whose own field of choice was therefore left all the wider, offered nothing more specific than the following mysterious suggestion, which is probably a Theban hieroglyphic,—that, like as the “celebrated” Cromwell, in times past, did appoint Sir Matthew Hale to the presiding seat on the bench of justice, even so ought Sir Robert Peel to —. But there the revelation ceased. What are we to suppose the suppressed *apodosis* of the proposition? Was it to disarm Mr. O’Connell, by making him an archbishop? Little propensity have we to treat a great national crisis with levity; but surely every man is entitled to feel indignant, that when the burden of attack upon Government, is for their silence with regard to specific measures, (which, to be effectual, must often be secret,) those who have the good fortune to be under no such restraints of secrecy, find themselves able to suggest absolutely nothing. National resources were not locked up in the trea-

surey—the particular choice may be secret, but the resources themselves lie open to the whole world—to us, to Lord John Russell, who have no power, quite as much as to Sir Robert Peel, who wields the thunder. And we cannot but remind the reader, that one reason, beyond the policy of concealment, which made it hard for Government to offer suggestions absolutely new, was the simple fact, that such as were fit to be published they had already *acted* on. The remodeling of arrangements for the army, the bill for intercepting the means of arming a rebel force, and the suppression of insurrectionary magistrates; these three measures were clearly the first steps to be taken. One only of the three is still lingering; whom have we to thank for *that*? A ministry to which the Duke of Wellington belongs, is not likely to talk first and act afterwards. By the time it became necessary to talk, their work, *for the present*, had been done. But some few significant words there were from leaders in both Houses, which convince us, that, upon any important *change* of movements on the part of the Repealers, the silent menaces of Government will begin to speak in a tone such as no man can misunderstand.

V. *Patronage*.—Has that great instrument of government been abused by Sir Robert Peel in the management of Ireland? This question might have arranged itself under either of the two first heads; but we choose to bring it forward in an insulated form. For we believe that no administration of any day has ever made the avowal, or had it in their power to make the avowal, which Sir Robert Peel made to the House of Commons in the speech we are now reviewing. He read two separate extracts from his own official instructions to Lord De Grey, which actually announced his resolution (unfettered by the slightest reserve) to renounce the entire church patronage of Ireland as an instrument of administration. The Lord Lieutenant was authorized to dispense this patronage with one solitary view to merit, professional merit, and the highest interests of Ireland. So noble an act as this, and one so unprecedented in its nobility, needs no praise of ours. It speaks for itself. And it would be injurious to spend words in emblazonry of *that* which, by a spontaneous movement, *both* sides of the House received with volleying cheers. That kind of applause is as rare and as significant as the act itself.

VI. and VII. Finally, however, all other questions connected with this great crisis, sink in importance by the side of the one

great interest at stake upon the Union—is *that* to be maintained? And, as the Union could not possibly survive the destruction of the Protestant Establishment, is *that* to be protected? Are we to receive, at the hands of traitors, a new model for our glorious empire? and, without condescending to pause for one instant in discussing consequences, are we to drink of this cup of indignity—that the constitution and settlement of our state, which one hundred and fifty-five years ago required the deliberations of two ancient nations, England and Scotland, collected in their representatives, to effect, now at this day are to be put into the furnace anew by obscure conspirators, and traitors long since due to the gallows? Say not, with Sir James Graham, “that this all-conquering England would perish by the consequences.” If that were endured, already she *has* perished: and the glory of Israel has departed. The mere possibility that, by a knot of conspirators, our arch of empire could be dismembered, that by a bare shout of treason it could be thrown down for ever like the battlements of Jericho at the blast of trumpets, would proclaim, as in that Judean tragedy, that we stood under a curse of wrath divine. The dismemberment itself would be less fatal than the ignominy of its mode. Better to court the hostility of foreign nations; better to lay open our realms to a free movement of that wrath against us which is so deeply founded in their envy, than to perish by the hands of poltroons, of thieves, of conspirators. But, this fate is not ours. Many times our Government have repeated that assurance. But, as in the expressions of our affection to the Sovereign, this assurance is rightly renewed from time to time, and occasions are sought for renewing it, let the ministers be assured—that, on this point, we are all sound at heart. All of us are with them from shore to shore. In this island there will be no faltering. It is shocking, undoubtedly: it is awful, and *at such a moment*, to hear three lords of old official standing—Lords Palmerston, Howick, and John Russell, taking occasion to propound ridiculous and senseless modifications of a plan essentially rebellious, the plan of partial confiscation, or of partial degradation, for the Protestant Church. Patience can hardly keep pace with the deliberate consideration of the contradictions which would follow—whether from tampering with the Church, or with the political settlement of our nations. Sir R. Peel has traced both. From the one case *must*

follow an independent army, for Ireland an independent government, an independent war as often as the popular will should speak loudly. From a participation of Protestant property, or Protestant dignities with the Roman Catholics, would follow instantly the transfer of Protestant churches, already few enough, the translation of Popish priests (that is, of selected traitors) to our senate. The very hint is a monument to the disgrace of these noble lords; fatal to all pretences of *earnest* patriotism; but still in *them* accounted for, and perhaps a little palliated, by the known necessities of party. As respects the *general* mind, there is no such imbecility abroad; no such disposition to traffic or go halves, temporize or capitulate with treason. One only error is prevalent: it has been noticed by Sir R. Peel, who indeed overlooked nothing; but it may be well to put the refutation into another form. The caballing for dissolution of the Union, why should that be treasonable? Is the Act of Union more than an Act of Parliament? Is not every act of Parliament open to objection, petition, annulment? No. It is dismemberment, says Sir Robert Peel, of the state. We add this—How, and in virtue of what law, does the house of Brunswick reign? By the Act of Settlement—an act of Parliament—an act about a hundred and fifty years old. That is but an act of Parliament. Is it open, then, to any of us, or all of us, to call a meeting for rescinding the Act of Settlement? But all will now advance to a rapid consummation; Mr. O'Connell pursues only his old movement—then he is lost by the decay of the enthusiasm. He adopts a new one—that which he has obscurely announced. Then we are as sure as we are of day and night, of *his* treason, as of British power to crush it, that the suspended thunderbolt, now raised aloft by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, will put an end to him for ever.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—An antique silver vase of great beauty, and covered with bas-reliefs, has been discovered at Tourdan, in the arrondissement of Vienna. It is semi-oval, and sixteen centimètres high, with allegorical representations of the seasons, &c. Several consular coins, and a bronze statue of Venus had been previously discovered in the same village. At the village of Werden, in the neighborhood of Cologne, on the high road to Aix-la-Chapelle, the grave of a Roman general has been discovered in good preservation. In it have been found several coins, and one of the reign of Vespasian, A. D. 70. There are also three marble statues, and two elaborately carved seats, likewise of marble.—*Athenæum*.

IRISH SONG.

THE CHIEFTAIN OF ERIN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

HE stood on the deck, the lone Chieftain of Erin,
And gazed on the beautiful land of his birth;
More dear at that moment of sorrow appearing,
Than all the bright gems of the ocean and earth:
He watch'd till the last blush of day had departed,
And thought of the friends he had left broken-hearted;
Then dashed off a tear that in sadness had started,
And sang the wild measure of "Erin go Bragh!"

"Dear land of my fathers, renowned in story!
No more shall thy proud harp awaken for me;
A dark cloud has swept o'er the sun of my glory,
Yet I share but the fate of the faithful and free.
An exile I go, where thy tongue is unspoken,
But my heart o'er the wave sends thee many a token;
Thou shalt live in that heart till the last chord has broken,
Erin mavoureen, 'Erin go Bragh!'

"My brothers, my brave ones! what fond recollections
Bring round me, all freshly, the days that are past,—
The home, and the hearth, and the holy affections,
We shared in our boyhood, and loved to the last!
Oh! dear are the scenes where together we sported,
The wild mossy cromlech where pilgrims resorted,
And Dargle's deep glen,* where my Aileen I courted,
That gem of thy beauty, sweet 'Erin go Bragh!'

"But the cry of the sea-mew around me is breaking,
Dark shadows have shrouded the sun's fading fires;
One look—('tis my last!)—of the land I'm forsaking,
The land of my first love, the home of my sires.
Yet, yet, o'er thy valleys, now wasted and gory,
May the star of thy freedom shine out in its glory,
And thy battle-flag wave with the proudest in story,
Erin mavourneen, 'Erin go Bragh!'

* The environs of Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow, are highly picturesque. The Glen of Dargles is beautiful beyond expression, and may vie with the choicest spots of Italy. Dargles is a deep valley, about a mile long, bounded by steep, sylvan, craggy hills; and at the bottom runs a small serpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls. Many pleasant walks intersect the brows of the hills, by which are erected benches and summer-houses, for pleasure and repose.

Near the Glen of Dargles is another valley, called "the Glen of the Mountains," the scenery of which is uncommonly grand and romantic; indeed, this part of the country may justly be termed the very garden and Eden of Ireland. By way of contrast, however, on the other hand, is an extensive tract, wholly composed of barren mountains and bogs—a perfect desert. In the midst of these savage wilds are the ruins of seven churches, and a round tower; which proves that this uninviting spot was once habitable, the abode of holiness and industry, and that desolation and sterility have overspread it from neglect, rather than from its own nature.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PART I.

WHEN first I saw the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French, he was advancing with light step, and the air of a *bourgeois gentilhomme*, towards the little ferry-boat of Twickenham. It was a fine summer day in the month of July. Father Thames looked his brightest and his best. The old green Ait was covered with happy citizens who had visited the then rustic habitation of the fisherman, now transformed into a spacious hotel, to partake of the viands peculiar at that time to that sylvan retreat; and here and there were to be seen gliding, like fairy cars, those beautiful wherries, so renowned all the world over, crowded with fair nymphs and youthful rowers. The lovely meadows of Twickenham; the heights of Richmond; the classic bridge; the proud and noble swans; the fish gambolling in the crystal waters, or springing on the face of the stream, just to show that they participated in the general festivity of nature, and then to disappear in the bosom of their ancient sire; the bright sun pouring his warmest beams, yet the zephyrs mitigating the heat by playing amongst the leaves, and filling some small snow-white sails; the deep shade of many fine trees, and the varied colored flowers of rich parterres, formed the landscape on which my eyes feasted with rapture: and it mattered at that time very little to me who were my companions in the ferry-boat.

"Here comes the Duke of Orleans," said the owner of the old ferry-boat; who to show his perfect indifference to the French language and French names, called him *Arlines* instead of by his real cognomen. "When he's got in, we'll push off: so don't be in no hurry, young gentlemen." The truth was, that three young rogues, each one as roguish as myself, had been waiting full a quarter of an hour for the ferryman's departure; and an apparently wealthy merchant, looking all good-nature and smiles, had kept down our ill-humor by some quiet jokes and mild rebukes. As the duke approached the boat, the ferryman took off his cap, the merchant raised his beaver, and we three holiday youths sprung on our feet and smiled a good welcome. The duke was not behind us in his civility; "hoped that he had not detained us;" pointed to the surrounding scenery with evident senti-

ments of delight; raised his eyes, and his shoulders, and smiled, and looked quite graciously at the old man who forked along the "punt," as well as at a younger one who helped his father. The duke was dressed in a summer and country attire. There was nothing of display or affectation in his manner; and I remember quite well that, when we landed, he gladdened the heart of the ferryman by a silver sixpence. At least the old man looked gratitude and satisfaction; for his *right* fare was one penny, and you may be sure that "we three young rogues" paid no more.

I have thus commenced these reminiscences of Louis Philippe, the king of the French, because I have a striking anecdote to record connected with this accidental rencontre. As we were all about leaving the ferry-boat to tread the verdant meads on the other side of the river, the Duke of Orleans took the precedence of the landing; but whether from a jerk of the boat, or from a slip of his foot, I cannot tell, his hat, which was in his hand, fell to the ground. The worthy citizen who had been our companion prior to the arrival of his royal highness, and who had likewise crossed the ferry, took up the hat, and, presenting it to Louis Philippe, said, in a mild and respectful voice, "THOU SHALT BE KING HEREAFTER!" The duke evidently understood both the quotation and the application, and shaking the worthy stranger most cordially by the hand laughed heartily, walked a few steps with him, and then departed. The next time I thought of that scene was prior to the revolution of 1830, when Charles X., on proceeding to open the Chambers, having let fall his hat and feathers, the same Duke of Orleans raised it from the ground, and, presenting it on one knee to the king, his cousin, "hoped his majesty would long live to wear it!" But the crown and the feathers were destined for himself, as we shall see hereafter. Though the bright scenery and festive joys of the period when I first met the future king of the French in the Twickenham ferry-boat soon obliterated for years from my mind the fact that I had ever seen him, yet in imagination I still behold the fine, commanding, gentlemanly prince, polite, affable, gay, courteous, "*biding his time*," and having an eagle eye to all that was above and to all that was around him.

How varied had been the fortunes of the seven human beings who had crossed the Twickenham ferry on the occasion in question! The old ferryman was dead. His son had seen strange changes in the old-

fashioned Ait. One of my companions had made a fortune in India; the other had distinguished himself as a combatant for church, but Protestant, principles at Oxford. Louis Philippe had been more or less involved in the opposition of fourteen years to the government of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. And now I had become an anxious and almost interested spectator in a political struggle between faction on the one hand, and right on the other, in a foreign land far removed from those sylvan retreats and from that beautiful scenery to which my "*heart untraveled*" always turns with delight and love. But this is the world's history. We meet—we love—we sigh—we dream—we part; but we shall all meet again.

The sketch I am about to supply of the extraordinary man who for a period of thirteen years has preserved France from anarchy, devastation, and ruin, and Europe and the world from an almost interminable war, will not, I hope, be a dull and dry detail of dates and figures. Volumes, instead of pages, would be required to supply such a history. But the moment has not arrived for the completion of the task. We must wait for his apotheosis. This sketch will be rather a series of *tableaux*, presenting the Duke of Valois, the Duke of Chartres, the Duke of Orleans, and the King of the French as he was, has been, is; and this I hope to accomplish in *three* parts. They will all, I am sure, be true to nature; and those which relate to his career as king will be personal reminiscences. The King of the French is a great man; but circumstances have undoubtedly favored the development of his qualities. His life has been extraordinary; and he has had wisdom and tact to avail himself of events which ordinary minds would not have appreciated or seized. I have much of his history at my fingers' ends, and I long to tell it; so I will begin with him as

THE DUKE OF CHARTRES.

On the death of that Duke of Orleans whose intrigues with Madame de Montesson have formed the subject of many a calumny, as well as of many a curious and instructive narrative, but to whom he was afterwards privately married, the Duke of Chartres, his son, took the name of Orleans; and the present King of the French, his grandson, became the Duke of Chartres.

Although I do not profess to present any formal biographical sketch of the family of Orleans, the character and pursuits of the

father of the present king must not only be referred to, but must be specifically delineated. They had not much to do, indeed, with the tastes or occupations of his son in his earliest days; but they must necessarily have had this effect, that the instructors, friends, and acquaintances of the young duke, could not fail of being in some manner influenced and affected by those of his father. Just as the children of a studious and thoughtful man will often have their minds naturally directed to serious and suitable studies, at once calculated to raise and to enlighten, so those of a dissolute and licentious prince must be placed in a far from beneficial and wholesome atmosphere. The father of Louis Philippe, as a young man, was sprightly, witty, and elegant; but his governor, the Count de Pont St. Maurice, paid attention to but three points in his education—to secure that he was polite, to take care that he had attractions and pleasing manners, and to teach him *bon ton*. Neither his mind nor his heart were cared after; and in vain, under such a governor as the count, did the Abbé Alary urge his pupil to study and to think. Louis Philippe, however, delights to relate anecdotes of his father favorable to his moral character, although he condemns most strongly his conduct as a politician; and amongst various other incidents is the following. When the Duke of Orleans (his father) was only in his fifteenth year, he gave levees in the morning to the gentlemen who came from those of his father, and amongst them were officers of every rank belonging to the regiments of the two princes. One of those officers attracted in an especial manner his attention by his remarkably fine person and melancholy aspect. He learned that the object of his interest was very poor, giving, as he did, nearly the whole of his pay for the purpose of supporting his mother and two sisters, who had nothing else to depend on. On hearing this statement, the father of Louis Philippe saved the whole of the contents of his private purse for two months, and laid by for the officer a purse of forty louis d'or. The question, however, then arose as to how he should present them to the individual for whom they were destined. But a present of "*bon-bons*" was resorted to as the expedient, and the officer found the sum in question concealed in those confectionery preparations for which the French are so distinguished.

But he who evinced by such actions as these a benevolence of disposition and tenderness of heart was ruined by his own

father, whose first *paternal care* was to give him a mistress, as soon as his nominal education was completed, that mistress being the celebrated Mademoiselle Duthé. Alas! what right had a father, a court, his family, or society at large, to expect moral habits from a youth whose father not only first tempted him to evil, but who encouraged him to associate with such dissipated and unprincipled young men as the then Chevalier de Coigny and Messieurs Fitz-James and De Conflans? Thus, at seventeen, the father of Louis Philippe found even the society of the ladies of his father's court in the Palais Royal too "prudish" for him, and he set about the too easy and successful task of ridiculing all female virtue, self-respect, and dignity. The results of this warfare were most disastrous to the character and influence of the duke. For, whilst it was conceded that he was possessed of talent, grace, politeness, and pleasing and dignified manners, he was always accused of having a hard and unfeeling heart. That such was the public impression, he soon learned; but, instead of seeking to disabuse the general mind of this error, he set public reproach and reproof at defiance, and at last refused to defend himself from the most odious charges, when a single word from him would have sufficed to convict his traducers of falsehood.

There is another little anecdote of the father of Louis Philippe, when Duke of Chartres, which has often been related by the present king of the French. The Count Benyowski, so celebrated on account of his exile to Siberia, and for the manner of his escape, by means of confiding his intentions to forty of his companions in misfortune, persuading each one privately that to him alone had he confided his secret, had, as an intimate friend the Chevalier de Darfort, a knight of Malta, and who was allowed to hold benefices. In behalf of this unfortunate chevalier the Count Benyowski had succeeded in interesting a friend of the Duke of Chartres; who, hearing that a benefice of the value of 15,000 francs per annum was vacant, and in the gift of the Count d'Artois, sent off a courier to the duke, and entreated him to interest himself in behalf of that individual. The duke, without losing a moment, made the demand, obtained the favor, and rendered more joyous than can be well described the worthy object of his bountiful exertions.

Excuses are not wanting, independent of the libertine conduct of the then Duke of Orleans, for the subsequent degeneracy of life and morals of the father of Louis Phi-

lippe. The court had become most corrupt and abandoned. Madame du Barri had indecently triumphed over the old and noble families of the country; and, whilst it must be admitted that in former times it was bad enough to witness the Marquise de Pompadour at court, while her husband, M. le Normant d'Etoiles, was only a farmer-general, it was yet more abominable to behold a woman of the lowest and most vicious reputation pompously presented to the whole of the royal family. Such scenes and facts as these all contributed to form the character of him who was the father of the prince now ruling with wisdom and decision over the French nation. Louis XV. thus prepared by his conduct that resistance to royalty, which, when it commenced, was so feebly opposed by those who had the power to do so, but who felt that some catastrophe was really next to unavoidable.

The death of the grandfather of the present King of the French led to the latter taking the title of Duke of Chartres, and to his father becoming Duke of Orleans. The latter had confided to Madame de Genlis the education of his four children; and the anecdotes which are to this hour repeated at the Tuileries and at Neuilly of the younger portion of the life of the Duke of Chartres are alike honorable to his instructress and to himself. One of these will here suffice. The health of the Duchess of Orleans, his mother, having been much improved by the waters of the Sauveinière, the Duke of Chartres, and his brothers and sister, prompted by their instructress, resolved on giving a gay and commemorative *fête*. Round the spring they formed a beautiful walk; removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and caused it to be ornamented with seats, with small bridges placed over the torrents, and covered the surrounding woods with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk conducting to the spring whose waters had been so efficacious was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock and trees. Beyond it was a landscape of great extent and beauty. In the wood was raised, by the present King of the French and his brothers and sister, an altar to "*Gratitude*," of white marble; and the inscription was the following:—"The waters of the Sauveinière having restored the health of the Duchess of Orleans, her children have embellished the neighborhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks, and cleared the woods

with more assiduity than the workmen who labored under their orders." On the *fête* day in question the young Duke of Chartres expressed with grace and effect his filial sentiments of devotedness and love, but suddenly left the side of his mother, and appeared with his brothers and sister, a few seconds afterwards, at the foot of the altar, himself holding a chisel in his hand, and appearing to be writing on it the word "*Gratitude*." The effect was magical; all present were at once charmed and touched; and many a cheek was bedewed with even pleasurable tears.

Connected with this incident, there is related a story of the Duke of Chartres, that, on perceiving in the neighborhood, on the top of a high hill, the ancient castle of Franchemont, in which were prisoners confined for debt, he exclaimed, "While there are prisoners in that castle for debt, the landscape seems sad, and mournful. I cannot be gay." And he then proposed to make a subscription towards their release. The plan succeeded; the few prisoners were liberated; and the young Duke visited afterwards the empty castle; and said, "Now, I confess I *can* be gay, and the landscape looks as cheerful as it is beautiful."

Much has been said, and even more perhaps has been written, with regard to the education of the Duke of Chartres and his sister and brothers. The editor of the *Duc de Montpensier's Memoirs* asserts, that the plan of education adopted by Madame de Genlis was borrowed from the *Emile* of Rousseau. This was an unfair and a most incorrect statement. Whatever may be the opinions held as to the lady in question,—whether her intimacy with *Egalité* was of a pure and honorable, or of an impure and dishonorable, character,—whether she was an "*intrigante*," as some allege, or a virtuous and high-minded woman, as many maintain, I own it to be indisputable that her plan of education was literary, suitable, moral, and religious, and that it was found to be, in the case of all of her illustrious pupils, most satisfactory and successful. The health of their bodies, the subjugation of their passions, the triumph of their reason and their principles over the various temptations which presented themselves to their minds, the formation of their characters, the cultivation of a taste for all that was great, noble, wise, and good, and their possession of moral and religious principles, were the objects of her unremitting care. Her success cannot be denied. The present King of the

French never hesitates to admit how much he owes to her talents, her perseverance, and her varied and wise plans and schemes of education and improvement; and whilst living he visited and esteemed her, and now that she is dead he speaks of her memory in terms of no doubtful praise.

Amongst the various anecdotes which the family of Louis Philippe relate in favor of their paternal grandfather there is one worth recording, as it tends to confirm the accuracy of the observation, so often made, that there is no character in which there exists unmixed evil. When the old Duke of Orleans died, his son, formerly the Duke of Chartres, resolved on continuing the annual pensions of 600 francs each to several learned men. And not only did he continue those pensions, but he added to the list of the recipients of his bounty, and gave similar sums to De la Harpe, Marmontel, Pallisot, Gaillard, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, who had just completed his *Studies of Nature*. At that time M. de St. Pierre was in the deepest poverty; and the pension, small though it was, was peculiarly gratifying, especially as it was accompanied with a visit from the Duke of Chartres, the present King of the French and his brothers. The author of the *Studies of Nature* was delighted to find that at least the Duke of Chartres was well acquainted with his publication, and that his tastes were evidently of a right character. The author of *Paul and Virginia* had no slight insight into character; and who that has read that work, as well as the *Indian Cottage* and the *Studies of Nature*, does not envy the Duke of Chartres at this interview? Though Bernardin St. Pierre has long since slept with his fathers, I had the pleasure of passing a long summer day a few years since at *L'Etang* near St. Germain with his most excellent and truly accomplished and amiable widow. As she perceived that I appreciated, at least in some degree, the writings of her deceased husband, she was kind enough to relate many anecdotes of St. Pierre, full of interest and beauty. She seemed to feel that Madame de Genlis had spoken unjustly of her husband in her *Memoirs*, especially when she accused him of accepting under the reign of Robespierre the post of Professor of Public Instruction. "But why did he do so?" asked Madame de St. Pierre. "Was it not that he might be able, as a religious man at least, to maintain a system of moral, if he could not of religious, education? Madame de Genlis," she added, "has made it a ground of

serious complaint against my husband that, seeing that religion was absolutely banished from the system of education and instruction then in use, that he should accept a post under government. But this was precisely the reason why, when offered a post, a good man *would* accept it. I knew he felt that by this means he might, as a religious man, in some degree check the spread of irreligious principles, and might now and then at any rate speak a good word for virtue and religion."

This excellent resolution was not allowed by St. Pierre to lie dormant, and, as he had many opportunities afforded him in his intercourse with the youth of France of opposing the false philosophy of Rousseau and Voltaire, then raging in all its recklessness and impiety, so he availed himself of them to plead the cause of Christianity and truth. But to return to the young Duke of Chartres.

His affection for his brothers and sister was of the liveliest and most unceasing character; and when one of his sisters died, his grief was marked and durable. To the survivor, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, he then attached himself with all the affection of a devoted brother; and to this hour, through all the manifold changes of his most unsettled life,—in sorrow, exile, poverty, joy, wealth, happiness, prosperity, fame, and renown, no brother could be more devoted than the present King of the French to his sister, Madame Adelaide. Through years of despondency, labor, and misfortune, when the horizon was the least promising and when sorrows were the darkest and the saddest, they comforted each other by their mutual hopes, counseled each other with their best advice, cheered on each other by their brightest anticipations, defended each other from the calumnies of their detractors, and have fought each other's battles, shared each other's dangers, and vindicated each other's fame, with a steadfastness of purpose and a devotedness of heart which all honest men must admire, and all good men must praise. "My brother is too good a man to be king of the French;" "My brother is the most honest man in his dominions;" "My brother is a model for a husband, father, son, brother, prince, king," are some specimens of those eulogiums which she still continues to pronounce upon Louis Philippe. And his majesty is not less enthusiastic in her praise. He never undertakes any great enterprise, decides on any vast question, or enters into any new engagement, without consulting Madame

Adelaide. Yet the influence she exercises over him by reason of her quick insight into character, her remarkable memory of past events, and the facility of bringing them to bear on the facts and circumstances upon which she is at the time being consulted, as well as by her correct judgment, her masculine mind, her heroic character, and her indifference to danger when she perceives clearly the path of duty, she never abuses for private ends, or even to serve those in whom she takes a lively interest. Those who apply to her with confidence for patronage and support often receive for reply, "That his majesty is too much importuned already," and, rather than endanger a refusal, she frequently declines to interfere. But when her support is promised it can be relied on with confidence, for the king feels that to refuse *her* a request, when that request is deliberately made, would be to reject a wise and a prudent opportunity of doing good. This mutual affection of the King of the French and Madame Adelaide commenced when they were very young, and indubitably "it has grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength."

For the Duke of Montpensier, one of the brothers of the Duke of Chartres, (now Louis Philippe,) the latter also cherished a sincere affection; but Madame Adelaide (then Mademoiselle d'Orleans) was always his favorite and most intimate friend. The Comte de Beaujolais, his other brother, was, as a youth, of some promise, and Madame de Genlis always spoke of him with hope and affection. Louis Philippe mentions him less than he does Montpensier.

It will not, of course, be forgotten by the readers of this sketch of the Duke of Chartres, that when his father bore that title he was the Duke of Valois; that on his father becoming Duke of Orleans he became the Duke of Chartres; that on the death of his father the title of Duke of Orleans descended to him, and, finally, at the Revolution of 1830, he was elected King of the French. Strictly and chronologically speaking, then, the subject of this sketch was not Duke of Chartres but Duke of Valois when some of the incidents passed which I have already referred to; but I was unwilling to embarrass the reader by a division of the king's life into four epochs, and have incorporated the youthful days of Valois and Chartres together.

There is a story told of the Duke of Chartres which may confidently be relied on. When informed in the early period of

the first French Revolution that a decree had just annulled all the rights of elder brothers, he embraced the Duke de Montpensier and exclaimed, "Ah! how delighted I am! We are now in all respects equal!" Of the Duke de Montpensier it was said, by one who knew him well, that "he was less exempt from vanities and frivolities than the Duke of Valois, but not so mild or docile; that he had a natural disposition for all that was honorable, and was distinguished for a sense of, and love for, equity."

The Duke of Valois (afterwards Duke of Chartres) had for his first tutor the Chevalier de Bernard, who was instructed to remember that if a prince had graceful manners, politeness towards women, and was *un homme d'honneur*, he was perfect. Then came the Abbé Guyot and Madame de Genlis; and some time after M. de Bonnard, who gave way for M. Lebrun. The Abbé Guyot was superficial, but he attended to the religious duties of his illustrious pupils, and Lebrun was indefatigable in his attention to their minor studies. Journals were faithfully kept of all that transpired between the children and Madame de Genlis, and were continued to the termination of their education. The King of the French now possesses them, and regards them as great treasures.

As his earliest years had been exposed to the false and absurd flatteries and tricks of those who surrounded him, when he first received a lesson in history, instead of listening, he yawned and stretched himself, then laid on the sofa, and placed his feet on the table; but he was ordered into confinement, and, as his natural good sense was sound and strong, he soon listened with attention. A German *valet-de-chambre*, an Italian servant, and an English teacher, surrounded him at an early age, and neither of them were allowed to converse with their youthful master except in the language of their respective countries. On one occasion the English teacher forgot himself, and, to assist him in conveying his meaning more rapidly to the duke, made use of the French tongue. "I *will not* understand you now," said the duke, "because you speak to me in French. This, you know, is against our rules. I did not understand you before when you spoke in English, I admit, but I will have patience to learn, if you will to speak, and we will begin it all over again." This charming reproof was so properly uttered, that the English teacher was not offended, and a repetition of the mistake very seldom occurred. It is for

this reason that the King of the French is now so well acquainted with several languages, converses with fluency, writes not only grammatically but in good taste, and conducts with ambassadors and other diplomatic agents long conversations and correspondences without being obliged to resort to interpreters or secretaries for their aid. This facility has undoubtedly, with other causes, led to the fact, that his majesty has sometimes offended his ministers since 1830, by conducting negotiations which they felt he could not constitutionally superintend under a limited monarchy, where "the king reigns, but does not govern;" and changes of cabinets have consequently ensued. On the other hand, by the facilities which this knowledge of modern languages has given to Louis Philippe, he has on many occasions ascertained privately the views and dispositions of his allies, and has prevented collision and war.

The *political* education of the Duke of Chartres has been frequently referred to. It has been said that Madame de Genlis encouraged too much the love of liberty, which was then almost inseparable from the characters of nearly all Frenchmen. But those accusers of that lady appear to have forgotten, in their party enmity towards her, that the father of the young princes was, after all, the example to which they would naturally look, and that he had taken the lead in the movements of the ultra party. Now without resting the defence of Madame de Genlis on her own statement that she did not belong to a political, but to the religious party in France, it may fairly be urged that, if she had been ever so disposed (which I freely believe to have been precisely otherwise) to encourage revolutionary views and opinions, the conduct and proceedings of the then Duke of Orleans would have rendered any measures of excitement on her part wholly unnecessary and uncalled for. On the contrary, her great object seems to have been as much as possible to divert the minds of her pupils from attending to political debates and questions by keeping them constantly occupied with studies and pursuits much more suitable to their ages and position. To have wholly prevented them from conversing on such events as those which nearly daily occurred would have been impossible, and even unwise if possible. The true course to be taken was precisely the one which was really adopted. The royal pupils were taught to love liberty, but the liberty of the law, and not the liberty of faction.

The mind and heart of the Duke of Chartres were exposed by the conduct, rather than by the principles, of his father, to very severe and most difficult trials. Young, ardent, and attached to the principles of the Revolution, he was struck by the vast designs and the extraordinary intentions of the successive governments. But yet the National Assembly, either constituent or legislative, had no charms for him, and the National Convention was the object of his horror. He saw with sentiments of grief and shame, which he could not conceal, his father attach himself to the ultra republicanism of Marat and Robespierre; and again and again did he caution that father in letters full of strong sense and manly argument, against the results to which such an alliance must infallibly lead. He saw his father, also, giving the sanction of his name, rank, fortune, position in society, to revolutionary horrors the most atrocious; and the murder of the Princess de Lamballe was never absent from his mind. The renunciation of his title of Duke of Orleans for himself and his children, and the adoption of the vulgar and plebeian name of "*Egalité*," much annoyed the young Duke of Chartres, who could not forget the history of his family, and who loved to remember the fame and the greatness of his ancestors. There, however, was his father, descending from rank to vulgarity, from honor to disrespect, from power to servility, the mere football of the regicides, the traitors, the murderers by whom he was surrounded, and all this to save his own life, and exist in shame, reproach, and misery!

One of the first events which produced a profound impression on the mind of the Duke of Chartres was the *destruction of the Bastille*. Madame de Genlis has been reproached for having conducted the prince and his brothers to witness the scene, and for this act she has been denominated a revolutionist and a terrorist. But these epithets she did not deserve. Those who are but very partially acquainted with the history of the first revolution seem to have forgotten, that it was divided into various and very opposing phases. They forgot that the *Bastille* was not a legal and a necessary prison, and was not a part and portion of those institutions of the country, which are essential to its preservation from the vices and crimes of those who seek to injure the reputations, properties, and lives, of their fellow-subjects; but that it was a political prison for the arbitrary incarceration of men of rank, fortune, learn-

ing, and virtue, who were obnoxious to the court or to the minister of the day, and that thither they were sent and confined, by virtue of *lettres de cachet*. The history of the Bastille was associated with the worst times and with the worst men in France, and wise and good men were therefore entitled to rejoice at its destruction. Thus the most exemplary men and the most high-principled statesmen were delighted at this act of national indignation. Those who love a *monarchical* form of government are equally removed from an attachment to the violence of democracy, and to the stifling and crushing spirit of despotism. It is not, then, just to accuse Madame de Genlis of acting with want either of prudence or propriety, when she conveyed her pupils from St. Leu to Paris, to witness the destruction of the Bastille.

It has often been said of the subject of this sketch that "Louis Philippe should have been a good, honest, private citizen, fond of domestic life, of farming, of masonry, and of spending a handsome income in improvements, building, and repairs." Now, although there was intended to include a calumny and a reproach in this statement, yet it is true that the citizen king was, from his earliest years, attached to mechanical pursuits and to family occupations. Thus he had a turning machine when young, and acquired a knowledge of many trades. He excelled as a basket-maker and as a cabinet-maker, and far surpassed all the rest of the family. Aided in some measure by the Duke of Montpensier, he manufactured for the house of a poor woman of St. Leu a large press and a table with drawers, which were as well made as if put together by an experienced carpenter. Even his own playthings and those of his brothers he was instructed to make, and he was an apt scholar.

When the death of his grandfather led to the assumption of the title of Duke of Chartres, the young prince exclaimed, "There are two evils in this death—the loss of my grandfather and my own elevation. I fear I shall be less happy, as I become more elevated." There is an anecdote related of him at this period which is striking and agreeable. On visiting the old family *château* of Eu in Normandy where his majesty is now spending, at the time I am penning this sketch, a portion of his summer, he was walking on the sea-coast, when a vessel was towed up to St. Valery which had not received any name. After having dined at an inn near the coast, and close to the vessel, he was asked to stand godfather,

and to give his own name to the boat. "With all my heart," said the Duke of Chartres, "If you think my name an auspicious one, but what have I done that any thing should be named after *me*?" The ceremony, however, took place, the *cure* prayed for prosperity to the vessel and to its owners, the former of which he also blessed, strewing salt and corn around it as symbols of plenty, and the duke heartily joined in the petitions which were offered up by the priests and spectators.

There are some coincidences in the lives of us all which are well worthy of attention; but this observation is particularly the case as it regards princes. One of these relating to the Duke of Chartres is the following. Soon after he took the title of Chartres on the death of his grandfather, he visited the famous prison of Mount St. Michel. He was forcibly struck with a dull sound of bells which were pealing in honor of himself and his brothers; and, as he listened to them, he avowed that they excited most melancholy sentiments. He interrogated the monks, who then had the care of the prison, relative to the famous "*iron cage*," but they told him it was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three or four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoners had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for twenty-four hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied, that it was his intention at some time or other, to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited Mount St. Michel a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with ten louis, and with much of wit and good

humor observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all more pleasure than to have seen it."

On quitting this prison, the Duke of Chartres obtained for several of its sad inmates a privilege they ardently desired, of being allowed to follow them to the foot of the castle. One of them, who had been confined for fifteen months, and who till that time had been deprived of the liberty of moving from the upper part of the fort, when he found himself out of the convent and on the little landing-place, but especially when he saw the grass which covered the steps of the staircase, displayed emotions of joy and tenderness, and exclaimed, "Oh, what joy is it to walk once more on the grass!" The Duke of Chartres was overcome; inveighed against the policy which needed such a prison to be filled with political offenders; expressed his horror at the treatment of the Abbé Sabatier, who had been confined there for having spoken in the parliament with great force against abuses of the grossest description which then existed; and when he went to Paris obtained the enlargement of two prisoners. Little did his royal highness then imagine that at a future period of his life he would be King of the French! And now comes the contrast. The prison of Mount St. Michel, so abhorred by the Duke of Chartres, has been precisely the very prison to which political offenders have been sent since his majesty ascended the throne. True the "*cage*" exists no longer, and true, also, that many improvements have been effected in the interior of the gaol, but it is not the less true that many have died therein during the last ten years from disorders contracted there by reason of its dampness; some have gone raving mad owing to the desolation and isolation of the spot, and many still linger on their wretched and deplorable existences in that spot for offences of a political character! This contrast is striking! Madame Adelaide has often been reminded of her visit to Mount St. Michel, and has been requested by prisoners to intercede with her brother for their removal; but so great is the difference between the aspect with which we regard offences committed against ourselves, and those whom we love, and those so committed against others, that she has invariably refused to interfere, giving as her reason that political offenders, under the benignant sway of her

brother, and enjoying the blessings of a constitutional government, are not subjects for pity, but for reproach. It is thus that we are often unintentionally unjust, when we set ourselves up as judges in our own cases. Mademoiselle d'Orleans and the Duke of Chartres contemplated with horror that very prison to which they afterwards directed hundreds of political offenders to be conveyed.

The father of the present King of the French was one of the leading Jacobins of that period of excitement, anarchy, and crime. Not satisfied with being a member of the Jacobin Club himself, he insisted on the Duke of Chartres being likewise received, and thus placed him in opposition, broad, distinct, and violent, to all monarchical principles. His reception created some stir, and gave much offence to the court; but what cared his father for that? He was blind, violent, and almost mad with political excitement, and acted on the impulse of the moment, heedless of all consequences, and reckless as to the future. His son, without his knowledge, had been received as a member of the Philanthropic Society. This annoyed him. To be a political personage was his desire for his son; philanthropy was, in his opinion, quite out of the question in the times in which they lived.

At the age of seventeen the Duke of Chartres terminated his education, and was provided with an establishment for himself. That education had been at different periods more or less confided to M. Peyre, to whom the duke was greatly attached; to M. Mérys, one of the secretaries; to M. de Aroval; to M. d'Avary, and the Chevalier de Grave.

The introduction of the Duke of Chartres to the Jacobin Club is an irrefutable argument to oppose to those who still dare, in the face of history and indubitable facts, to maintain that Madame de Genlis, and not his own father, inspired Louis Philippe with a love of what was called liberty, and of the first acts of the French Revolution. For is it not a fact that at the very moment the Duke of Chartres was so introduced the Jacobin Club was at the very zenith of its infamy and its power? Were not the arrival of the confederates from Brest and Marseilles, the attack on the palace of Louis XVI., the massacre of the royal family, (for it was nothing else), the destruction of multitudes of beings without even the semblance of a trial, and all the other atrocious acts of rebellion, treason, murder, rapine, and crime perpetrated by Jacobin-

ism, to be really ascribed to this Jacobin Club? And yet the father of Louis Philippe caused his eldest son to become a member. To the honor of the young duke it must be recorded that, whilst for some of the celebrated men who belonged to the National Assembly he felt sympathy and respect, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, he had no similar feeling for the Jacobins, and but seldom took part in their wild, fantastic, but lamentable proceedings. At the "*Society of the Friends of Revolution*," indeed, where Mirabeau was often heard and listened to with rapture, the young Duke of Chartres was a frequent attendant; and there his talents excited admiration and surprise. He was there, however, rather the philanthropic pleader for suffering humanity, than the supporter of any measures of a purely revolutionary tendency.

The ambitious projects of the father of Louis Philippe have sometimes been denied, because, when the question of a regency came to be discussed, he wrote to the public journals a disclaimer of his intention to accept the office of regent. But this is a very poor and most unsatisfactory reason. He had attempted to withdraw himself and his family from Paris, and to place himself under the protection of the army at Montmedy, but he had failed. Lattour, Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion, had reconducted him to the capital, and, whilst the populace were partly in his favor, the government knew full well that he was not to be trusted. At such a moment of terror, suspicion, and division, to have seconded the cry of "*Let us have the Duke of Orleans for Regent*," would have exposed him to arrest, to trial, and to death. It was not that he was averse to power; it was not that he had not conspired against the king and the reigning family; it was not that his party had abandoned the hope of seeing him at the head of a sort of republican monarchy; it was not, above all, that he was not ambitious; but the Duke of Orleans perceived that the time had not arrived when, in his opinion, the great effort had to be made, the great blow to be struck; and therefore he addressed the letter of renunciation to the journals. But, though these journals inserted his letter, they laughed at his protestations, and several held up the document to scorn, and its author to reproach.

Attempts have been made to deny that the father of Louis Philippe was a conspirator. Such attempts are absurd and useless. Undoubtedly, in the first place, he had a party. Undoubtedly, in the second

place, that party was opposed to the king, always threw discredit on his truthfulness, always represented Marie Antoinette as a conspiratress against the country and its liberties, always kept aloof from moderate men who attempted reconciliation, always seconded the most violent and decisive measures, always spoke of past events as preparatory for coming changes, always sought to unhinge and unsettle the public mind whenever there was a leaning towards peace or repose, always took the most ultra views of what is called public liberty, the sovereignty of the people, and national rights, and always aided in giving a revolutionary direction to the public mind. The Duke of Orleans was, in fact, in heart a conspirator; and Marie Antoinette, by her private and public reproaches addressed to him and to his followers, increased the animosity which already existed. The vote which he gave on occasion of the mock trial of Louis XVI. was the crowning act of his vengeance. The duke hated the royal family, and the moment at last arrived when all his past animosities could be concentrated and indulged in. Louis XVI. expressed his conviction that the vote of his relation would be precisely what it was, and he was not mistaken; but that vote was only the precursor of his own death, as it is to this hour the greatest of all blots on his character.

As I am not writing the history either of the French Revolution or of the intrigues, policy, and life of the father of the present king, I shall not refer further to political events than as they influence the life and destinies of the then young Duke of Chartres. From the time the States-General were assembled the best friends of the children of the Duke of Orleans, perceiving the evils which must arise, and the convulsions which could not but follow, advised their removal to Nice, but the frail and dangerous popularity of the house of Orleans was opposed to the proceeding; and they remained in France. Their father sowed to wind, and, alas! in time he reaped the whirlwind with a vengeance! The duke, ever sanguine in his expectations, believed that "the constitution" would soon be settled, and promised that when that should be the case, his children should visit England. But popular favor was too short-lived for his plans, and the duke himself set out suddenly for Great Britain, and at London he remained for nearly a year. To all but his political friends this journey and foreign residence appeared unaccountable, but it had the effect of detaining his chil-

dren in France, as they became, in fact, objects of watchfulness and suspicion. M. de Laclos was his adviser in this circumstance, and M. Shée forwarded his views and acquiesced in his plans.

During the period that the sister of the Duke of Chartres visited England his correspondence with her was most affectionate and frequent. She had travelled with Madame de Genlis under the protection of the famous Pétion, about to be elected mayor of Paris, and who had hoped by his journey to escape the charge of intrigue. It was whilst sojourning at Bury St. Edmund's that the intelligence was first received by her from the Duke of Chartres that a powerful party in Paris had resolved on subjecting Louis XVI. to a mock trial, and on setting at defiance all the laws of justice and humanity. The Duke of Orleans, who had returned to France, and had witnessed without dismay the massacres in the prisons in September, 1792, desired that his daughter should leave England for Paris. So little did he apprehend the disasters which awaited him, that he even dreamed of peace, prosperity, and favor. He hoped he should retain his fortune; he hoped his daughter would be excepted from the operation of the retrospective law against all emigrants; he hoped that, although he had so powerfully contributed towards the overthrow of the monarchy, still that he would escape the general thirst for outrage and vengeance; and, though he had madly and criminally declared in favor of the Jacobins, yet he thought, by submission and acquiescence, to be *the one exception* of the royal family. He perceived not that the very Jacobins he supported sought to degrade him in the eyes of France, that he might the more easily become a sacrifice in their hands—another royal victim for the scaffold.

The mission of the father of Louis Philippe to England was one of policy on the one hand, and of security on the other. By the French court and royal family he was abhorred. His vanity had led him to make declarations, amounting almost to threats, "that he should be regent," "that he should be king," "that those who then hated him (meaning the royal family) would one day crouch at his feet;" and these imprudent as well as disloyal observations were repeated to Louis XVI. and his queen, both of whom viewed him in the same despicable and unfavorable light. His absence in London was also a measure of precaution. During the period of his residence in the British metropolis the

most despotic rule had prevailed in Paris, and, as he was suspected by all parties of entertaining ambitious projects, and had a real, active, conspiring party of his own, he was, in fact, honorably banished for upwards of a year, and returned as a deputy of the National Assembly almost without permission. But who was not at that period the object of suspicion? Mirabeau, the eloquent, the patriotic, and the magnificent, was also accused immediately afterwards, with the Duke of Orleans, of having been guilty of "*Treason against the country*," and, although both were for the moment acquitted, yet the latter remained the object of suspicion and hate. He was, in fact, a state-prisoner in Paris, and could not pass the barriers of the city.

The young Duke of Chartres was, during this period, much agitated by contending emotions. He knew that the first men and the first measures of the Revolution of 1788 were moderate and wise, but he felt within him all the horror of which a young and pure heart is susceptible at the contemplation of the crimes which had succeeded. His father sought to make him believe that the only chance of escaping the scaffold and ruin, ignominy and death, was to march *with* the Revolution, and not to oppose any measures, however unprincipled and deplorable. That the Duke of Orleans was imperceptibly led on to this sad eventual decision, step by step, and day by day, must, I think, be admitted, and the duchess did not oppose his views, or seek to restrain the licentiousness of his political career.

The Duke of Chartres felt in a pre-eminent degree the practical evils which the Revolution was bringing upon himself when his sister was compelled to proceed to Tournay, there to await for the Decree of Exceptions. The prince accompanied his sister to the frontiers, shed many bitter tears on leaving her, and sighed for times more in harmony with his views of "a happy life."

Events marched with such rapidity, and the fate of the Duke of Orleans, his father, became so evident, that the Duke of Chartres joined his sister in Belgium. Louis XVI., the virtuous and the unfortunate, had been murdered, and the Duke of Orleans had consented to his death. After that memorable vote had been given, he wrote to the Duke of Chartres, "My heart is oppressed with sorrow, but for the interests of France and of liberty I have thought it my duty to vote the death of Louis Capet." The son looked on the letter with horror,

and bathed it with his tears. Attached to the cause of liberty, and ardent in its pursuits, he saw in the conduct of his father an act of treason to the cause he affected to espouse, and an event which must terminate fatally to himself. The Duke of Orleans himself apprehended from that very moment his own arrest and assassination, and he said upon one occasion, "I am perfectly sure I have signed my own death-warrant." Oh, with what feelings of horror and disgust did the Duke of Chartres place the letter of their father in the hands of his sister—that sister whose life was aimed at by the act against the emigrants.

Disgusted with the march of the Revolution, and satisfied that for him there was neither peace nor happiness in France, the Duke of Chartres formed the resolution of writing to the Convention for permission to leave for ever the land of his birth. The resolution so taken, was his own act, and was the result of the impressions produced upon his mind by the murder of Louis XVI. The letter was drawn up; but, notwithstanding the political conduct of his father had been atrocious, his filial duty towards him induced him to submit the letter for his consideration prior to forwarding it to the assembly. As the Duke of Orleans was a member of the Convention, he could have aided the desire of his son; but he simply wrote to state, "that the idea was destitute of common sense." The Duke of Chartres obeyed, although his brother, Montpensier, was allowed to serve with the troops at Nice, and thus proceeded to Italy.

Of the military life of the Duke of Chartres it is now essential that I should speak at some length, and with great distinctness, and to connect it with the previous part of this sketch. It is a charge brought against the present King of the French that he served all governments as a soldier, and that he thus, indirectly, at any rate, supported the cause and projects of the National Assembly. When but fourteen years of age the young prince was appointed colonel of the Chartres Infantry. This was, of course, a mere compliment, but it was the beginning of his future, though brief, military existence. Though young, however, he was courageous and ardent, and, being attacked on one occasion by a mob of armed peasants, himself and his brothers were in danger of their lives. But boldly they confronted their assailants, and the king often now laughs at the remembrance of the altered features of the peo-

ple when himself and his brothers caused their horses to halt, turned upon those who had been their pursuers, and caused it to be made known that it was the young Duke of Chartres who now required their dispersion. It was in November, 1785, that the duke was appointed proprietary colonel of the 14th regiment of Dragoons. Accompanied by his brothers Montpensier and Beaujolais, he wore the uniform of the National Guards in the district of St. Roch on the 9th of February, 1791; and, as a lamentable proof that at that period revolutionary principles had, in spite of all the lessons of Madame de Genlis, taken possession of his youthful mind, when he entered his name in the register he struck out all the titles of rank and nobility which had been inserted, and absurdly wrote, "*Citizen of Paris!*" I am afraid this mode of attracting popularity had something to do, in prospective, with his subsequent candidature for the post of commandant of the battalion of St. Roch. If such were the case, his object failed, for he was *not* elected. The desire of securing popularity for the moment, to effect the object for the moment desired, has been through life the policy of Louis Philippe. This is one of the *weak* points of his character. "*I think the Republican government is the most perfect in the world!*" said Louis Philippe to Lafayette, at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, in July, 1830, and by that phrase he obtained the silent acquiescence of the Republican party in his favor. But what was the consequence? They afterwards reproached him as a traitor, and for ten years sought to take away his life, because the programme of Republican institutions was necessarily abandoned as incompatible with a monarchy. "You are my brethren," exclaimed Louis Philippe to the National Guards; "I am only one of your comrades." What was the consequence? His "comrades" took the liberty of dictating to him what line of conduct he should take in his political government; and his "comrades" in other places, when he did not follow their advice, took up arms against him, and fought day by day against his throne, himself, and his family.

At length came the order for proprietary colonels to join the army, and the Duke of Chartres proceeded to Vendôme, and there, accompanied by his tried and faithful friend M. Peyre, took his post as head of the regiment. In the army he sought to forget all politics, and to be nothing more nor less than a soldier. He used to say, "that he was a soldier of France, and that she re-

quired their lives and their services, and not their opinions." He preserved discipline, set an example of order, secured for himself the respect and confidence of his men, but once more, however, resorted to his policy of gaining temporary popularity by adhering to the movement of the moment. That movement, at the period of which I am writing, was for the suppression of all emblems of nobility; and he declared, at a meeting of the Constitutionalists of Vendôme, "that he was too much the friend of equality not to have received the decree for the suppression of such emblems with transport." The rest of his declaration was in the same spirit; but nearly forty years afterwards he was reminded of it by those who cried, "Down with the Lilies of Orleans! Down with the Lilies of the Bourbons!" And masons were employed with their chisels and their hammers to erase the "Lilies" from the Palais Royal. By acts of justice, benevolence, and charity, the young duke however distinguished himself; at one time in saving the life of a Romish priest from the fury of a sanguinary mob; at another time, rescuing an individual from a watery grave; and at all times taking care of the health and comfort of those who were placed under him. Thus his political failings were compensated for by his personal virtues and graces.

In August 1791, the Duke of Chartres proceeded with his regiment to Valenciennes, and there spent the winter. He was commandant of the place, and discharged the duties which devolved on him with zeal and ability. His brother, Montpensier, as well as himself, were thus serving in the Army of the North, when they were joined by their father, and by their other brother, the Count of Beaujolais, the latter of whom was only twelve years of age. It was under the orders of the Duke of Byron, a friend of his father, that the Duke of Chartres made his *début* on the battle-field. The Duke of Byron at that time commanded a division of the northern army of Valenciennes and Maubeuge. The campaign was opened at the end of April 1792, at Boussu and Quaragnon, and the Duke of Chartres gained his first laurels at Quirevain, by rallying a division of the army which, under false apprehensions, had fled towards Valenciennes. Under Marshal Lucknor, also, he distinguished himself by taking Courtray, though the subsequent retreat of his commanding officer prevented him from availing himself of all the advantages of the victory. And who can avoid noticing the extraordinary coincidences of the chequered life of Louis

Philippe? After having served under Lucknor, that marshal was replaced by Kellermann, subsequently Duke of Valmy. "Ah! sir," said Kellermann, when he first gazed at the Duke of Chartres, "this is the first time I have had the honor of seeing so young a general officer. How have you contrived to be made a general so soon?" To most young men of his age the inquiry would have been sufficiently embarrassing, but to the Duke of Chartres it was not so; and with great promptitude and ready wit he replied, "By being the son of him who made a colonel of you," alluding to his father. The Duke of Valmy was so delighted with the answer, that he seized his hand, and expressed his satisfaction at such a rencontre. That Duke of Chartres is now King of the French; but the son of the Duke of Valmy is now one of his most enlightened but vigorous opponents in the French Chamber of Peers.

When the Legislative Chamber screamed at the very top of its voice that "the country was in danger," and, in July 1792, called on all who could carry arms to rush to the frontiers, France assembled various armies, and, amongst the rest, 33,000 men at Sedan under Dumouriez. The Duke of Chartres was appointed to the command of Strasbourg, but he replied, "I am too young to be shut up in a citadel; I entreat to be allowed to remain in active service." The request was complied with, and the young prince served under Dumouriez. It was in the month of September 1792 that the battle of Valmy was fought, in which the duke so distinguished himself as to have for ever after caused his name to be especially remembered as connected with that memorable event. He commanded twelve battalions of infantry; and such was his bravery, talent, and indefatigable zeal, that Kellermann said of him, "Embarrassed by an attempt at selection, I shall only particularize amongst those who have shown distinguished courage M. Chartres and his aide-de-camp, M. Montpensier, whose extreme youth renders his presence of mind during one of the most tremendous cannonades ever heard, the more remarkable."

The Duke of Chartres not only was no coward, but he had even a taste for war, or, at least, for active duty; for, when offered a superior command of newly levied troops to be stationed at Douay, he declined the promotion, and preferred the camp and the trenches to a comparatively easy life in a comfortable garrison.

Permitted by the government of the day to remain in the line, the Duke of Chartres

joined the army of Dumouriez, then advancing to the frontier to commence an active campaign. That general divided his army into two wings of twenty-four battalions each, and the right wing was intrusted to the young duke. It was at this period of his life that the battle of Jemmapes was fought, and to which Louis Philippe ever and anon delights to return, and of which he is justly proud. Many sarcasms, diatribes, quolibets, caricatures, and burlesque songs, have been published, since Louis Philippe ascended the throne in 1830, to endeavor to ridicule the battles of Valmy and Jemmapes, and to detract from his merits and efforts; but all who know the history of the Republican wars, and, above all, those who can remember the effects they produced at the time on the public mind, will not allow themselves by such artifices to be cheated out of the certainty, that they were great, important, and very memorable events. His chain of mounted chasseurs and his *Bataillon de Mons* saved the French army from a most signal defeat, and that at a moment when a victory by the Austrians seemed wholly certain. Driven from all their positions, the Austrians fled, and left the battle-field at Jemmapes covered with their dead and their artillery. At Anderlacht, at Tirlemont, and at Varroux, new successes added to his already established fame; and the Duke of Chartres, covered with laurels, left the winter quarters of the army of Belgium to visit his beloved sister, who had been included as an emigrant in the laws of proscription.

How sad was that moment! Young, healthy, patriotic, enthusiastic, full of talent, enterprise, and knowledge, he found himself no longer the Duke of Chartres, but the son of "Egalité;" his father tracked, hunted down, suspected; all his family scattered and in danger; his country torn to pieces by a despotic, sanguinary, and most criminal government; and Buzot, a popular demagogue, demanding that his father and his three sons should be exiled from their native land.

That was the moment that the duke pressed upon his father the duty of availing himself of a decree of proscription, and of retiring to the United States. But his advice arrived too late: the decree had been withdrawn. "Egalité" still deceived himself with the false hope of better days, and retreat from that moment became impossible.

Again did the Duke of Chartres return to the army, and acquired new eulogiums and deserved praise for his conduct at the siege of Maestricht. At Nerwende, also, under

Dumouriez, he showed the most extraordinary courage, and had a horse killed under him, still remaining on the field of battle the whole night, and, by rallying the troops, prevented the reverse of fortune which Dumouriez and his army experienced from becoming still more disastrous to the French army.

This was the critical moment for both Dumouriez and the duke. Their hour had arrived; and they, who had fought so nobly and so well, were required by the Committee of Public Safety to proceed to Paris. They were supping at Saint Amand-des-Boucs when the order arrived; and, as it was obvious that their lives were to be demanded as an act of vengeance for the advance of the Austrian forces, Dumouriez and the duke resolved on leaving France, and on seeking at least safety from a scaffold already saturated with the blood of the good and the brave. In vain were they followed, fired on, pursued. They repaired to the Austrian head-quarters at Mons; and there the duke, who was invited to enter the service of that power, declined to do so, "as he could not consent to carry arms against his country," obtained passports, and in a few days joined his sister in Switzerland. His father and brothers had been arrested and confined in prison. His mother was a prisoner in the castle of Penthièvre, the château of her illustrious ancestors. He was a stranger in a strange land, without friends, fortune, prospects, or home, and compelled to suffer from the odium attached to his father's name, "Egalité of the Convention." This was the *military* life of Louis Philippe. He was afterwards a wanderer and a teacher; but here ended his life as a soldier.

Madame de Genlis and Dumouriez have been accused of having been really the cause of the condemnation and death of the father of Louis Philippe. The accusation against them may be thus condensed. *First*, as Madame de Genlis inspired the Duke of Chartres with a horror of the Convention, and as all her notions were opposed to the spirit of the age in which she lived, the young duke, by expressing himself strongly in society, and by writing to his father letters which were subsequently seized, rendered him obnoxious to the populace as well as to the Convention, and afforded a pretext to the demagogues for the execution of their murderous projects. *Second*, As Dumouriez came to the resolution of no longer defending France against hostile invasion, and induced Valence to join him in his defection, he influenced also the mind

of the young Duke of Chartres, leading him also to abandon his post as general, and thus exasperated all parties against his father. That these are facts, cannot be denied. But why should Dumouriez, and why should Madame de Genlis, have acted contrary to their convictions and their principles? The latter was a Monarchist, the former a Constitutionalist. Then why should they both act as Conventionalists? It was impossible. Dumouriez felt that he was no longer fighting for the nation, but for a faction, and for a faction opposed to the real welfare of his country. Why, then, should he be reproached for having refused to serve it? So with regard to Madame de Genlis. She had no one feeling in common with regicides; and her pupils she taught to love liberty, but to love justice more.

The defection of Dumouriez, the avowed abhorrence of the Convention by the young Duke of Chartres, the flight of General Valence, the determination of Madame de Genlis and Mademoiselle d'Orleans to seek an asylum in Switzerland, all concurred to render the arrest and condemnation of "Egalité" next to unavoidable. But is the present king to be blamed? Was it his duty to wait in France till *his* turn came to be denounced, arrested, and massacred, because his father still continued the slave of Marat and of Robespierre? He exerted all his influence with his father to prevail on him to leave France; but first he would not, and then he could not, do so. He besought his father to cease to have connection with the regicidal faction. But his father was too deeply pledged to listen to this salutary counsel. What was to be done? He had fought for his country when her government was apparently national, and when the independence and integrity of the nation were threatened. He had gained the applause, as he had merited the approbation, of the best generals of France for his military skill, and for his enthusiasm and zeal. But how could he aid a cause which had actually changed, which had forsaken all its original principles, and had degenerated into one of crime and bloodshed? It was unfortunate that his letters to his father were seized, and it was unfortunate that they were thus brought in evidence against the author of his being. But he would have been unworthy of the name of a son had he not at least sought to have prevailed on his father to forsake the cause of the sanguinary Convention.

But to renew the thread of the narrative. The Duke of Chartres soon followed his sister, and rejoined her at Schaffhouse.

They proposed to live at Zurich in peace and solitude; but they were discovered. The Royalists abhorred the very name of Orleans; the emigrants loathed them even more than they did the republicans, and often insulted them in the public streets. Thus new calamities were in store for them. The Duke of Orleans, their father, was arrested and sent to prison. Not one voice could be heard in his favor; no one pitied him; no tear was shed for himself or his children; and at Zug the latter sought an asylum and peace. Scarcely a month had elapsed when they were seen by some emigrants, and denounced, and the magistrates, fearful of offending the then savage government of France, requested that they would withdraw from that small Swiss canton. What was to be done? A thousand romantic projects suggested themselves. Separation seemed unavoidable. The features of the Duke of Chartres were too marked to be easily concealed. His sister was received into the Convent of St. Claire at Bremgarten, and the duke resolved on making a pedestrian journey through Switzerland. Beautifully was it said by his devoted friend and instructress, "How often, since my misfortunes, have I congratulated myself on the education I gave the Duke of Chartres; on having made him learn, from his childhood, all the principal modern languages; on having accustomed him to serve himself without assistance, to despise every thing that was effeminate; to sleep on a plank of wood merely covered with a straw mattress; to face the sun, cold, and rain; to fit himself for fatigue by daily practising violent exercises; and lastly, on having taught him many branches of knowledge, and on having inspired him with a taste for travelling. All that he was indebted for to the chance of birth and fortune, he had lost; and nothing now remained to him but what he held from nature and from me."

The young soldier and duke, after having traversed the Swiss cantons, assumed the name of Chabaud, and entered the College of Reichneau in the month of October, 1793, as professor of mathematics. He was then only twenty years of age! To hard fare, early hours, college rules, strict discipline, he conformed with cheerfulness and regularity, and calmly suffered the severity of his lot, and the injustice of men who, when they knew him, treated him with arrogance, not only without complaint, but without even seeming to be astonished. Under a most inclement sky, and amidst the snows of winter, he rose every morning at

four o'clock, to give lessons in the higher branches of geometry in the college in question; and, during fifteen months, he did not once fail in fulfilling his duties with scrupulous punctuality and care; nor once, during his long exile, cease to render his misfortunes honorable by the noblest resignation.

The death of the Duke of Orleans, his father, reached him soon after his entrance to this college, and deeply affected him.—He was by right and descent, law and justice, from that moment the Duke of Orleans. But where was his palace? where his mother? where his sister and brothers? where the Adelaide and the Montpensier he loved so well? Even his name he was compelled to conceal, and to write "Chabaud" instead of "Chartres" or "Orleans." At the expiration of that period, he remained with M. de Montesquieu under the assumed name of Corby, and with the title of aide-de-camp. But as his sister was residing with his aunt the Princess of Conti, as the Duke of Modena, their uncle, had provided them with a small sum of money, and as Madame de Genlis had at last given up her charge, and retired to Hamburg, he resolved on proceeding thither;—and there was he, the young, talented, amiable, interesting Duke of Orleans, the son of a regicide, and the son of a traitor, whose life had been forfeited to the decision of revolutionary savages,—there was he, without friends, profession, property, home, uncared-for, unloved, unthought-of, except by his sister, Montpensier his brother, and Madame de Genlis, as much a wanderer on the earth as if his own crimes had been the cause of his poverty and disgrace. But he had the happy consciousness of having done right, and of intending to do it; and, with such resolutions, he came to the determination of exploring on foot the Scandinavian peninsula.

As Duke of Orleans, if not by name, at least by right, I shall follow him in his wanderings in the *second* part of his eventful and extraordinary career. There we shall find him with a steadfast friend, Count Montjoie, and an honest, faithful servant, good Baudoin, who shared with his master all the sufferings and sorrows of a persecuted exile. I shall conduct him from Europe to America, to England, to France; install him at the palace of his ancestors, see him revelling in the enjoyment of rank, fortune, society, and every luxury which taste, wealth, and ease, can bestow, until the Revolution of 1830 once more rang the tocsin in his ears, and which proved to be

the death knell to a monarchy of ages, to the dynasty of the Capets, as well as to his own domestic joys and family bliss: for the Revolution of July 1830 has been any thing but a blessing to the then Duke of Orleans.

LINES,

BY ELIZA MARY HAMILTON.

[Written at the request of a relative, on the death of a dear friend in Honiton, February, 1843.]

From Tait's Magazine.

Oh! blessed are the dead in Christ!
Why will we mourn for them!
No more the stormy billows here
With weary heart they stem!
No more they struggle here below
To guide, through many a gulf of woe,
Their being's fragile bark,—
But, harbored in eternal rest,
By far off islands of the blest,
Calm on a sunlit ocean's breast,
Anchor their fearless ark.

Seem they to sleep? 'tis but as sleeps
The seed within the earth,
To burst forth to the brilliant morn
Of a more glorious birth;—
Seem they to feel no breath of love
That o'er their icy brow will move
With tearful whispers warm?
'Tis that upon their spirit's ear
All Heaven's triumphant music clear
Is bursting, where there comes not near
One tone of sorrow's storm!

Oh! give them up to Him whose own
Those dear redeemed ones are!
Lo! on their wakening souls He breaks,
"The bright and morning star!"
His are they now for evermore,—
The mystery and the conflict o'er,
The Eternal city won!
As conquerors let them pass and go
Up from the fight of faith below,
The peace of God at last to know
In kingdoms of the sun!

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"
And let the Lord of Glory's train
Throng the bright courts of day!
We follow, too, ye lov'd ones gone!
We follow, faint but fearless, on
To meet you where the Lamb, once slain,
Amidst His ransom'd church on high
Shall dwell—and wipe from every eye
The tears that, through eternity,
Shall never flow again!

UNIFORM RATE OF POSTAGE.—We learn from St. Petersburg, Aug. 31, that, on the proposition of the senate, the emperor has issued a ukase establishing a uniform postage throughout Russia and the Grand Duchy of Finland, no matter what the distance may be; so that henceforth the tax on letters will vary in charge only according to their weight.—*Galignani*.

At the thirteenth meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, MAJOR L. BEAMISH, F. R. S., read a paper 'On the apparent fall or diminution of water in the Baltic, and elevation of the Scandinavian Coast.'—During a journey to Stockholm in the early part of the present summer, the author had occasion to see and hear much respecting the diminution of water in the Baltic, a practical and personal evidence of which he experienced in the harbor of Travemunde, on the 4th of May, by the sudden fall of water at the port, which took place very rapidly, and to great extent. The steamer, which ought to have left Travemunde on the 18th, was detained by this cause until the 21st. It is well known, that, although without tide, the Baltic is subject to periodical variations of depth, but the water has fallen during the present summer, to a degree far below these ordinary variations: and the fact was considered so remarkable as to be thought worthy of being brought before the notice of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, by Baron Berzelius, in July last. This fall or diminution of water was already perceptible in the summer of 1842, since which, the Baltic has never returned to its mean height: but, on the contrary, has diminished, and there seems now no probability that the former level, or the height of 1841, will be again attained. Meantime, no perceptible change has taken place in the waters of the North Sea, and the unscientific observer asks, what has become of the waters of the Baltic? The answer is probably to be found in a simultaneous phenomenon apparent on the Swedish coast, the gradual elevation of which has been satisfactorily proved by the personal observation of Mr. Lyell. Recent observation, however, would seem to show, that this elevation does not proceed at any regular or fixed rate, but, if he might use the expression, *fitfully*, at uncertain periods, and at a rate far greater than was at first supposed. At the same meeting, when Baron Berzelius drew the attention of the Swedish Academy to the diminution of water in the Baltic, a communication was made from an officer who had been employed on the southwest coast of Sweden, in the Skärgård of Bohuslän, north of Gottenburg, giving evidence of the recent elevation of that part of the coast, and stating, that during the present summer, fishermen had pointed out to him, near the Maloström, at Oroust, shoals which had never before been visible. The elevation of the Swedish coast forms a striking contrast with the unchanged position of the contiguous coast of Norway, which, as far as observation has been hitherto extended, has suffered no change within the period of history, although marine deposits, found upon the Norwegian hills, at very considerable elevations above the level of the sea, prove that those parts were formerly submerged. More accurate information, however, will, before long, be obtained on this interesting point, as a commission has been appointed by the Norwegian government, to investigate the subject, and marks have been set up on the coast, which will, in a few years, afford the desired information; meantime the Scandinavian peninsula presents an extraordinary phenomenon; the western, or Norwegian side, remaining stationary, while the south and east, or Swedish sides, are rising, and that, as the author had endeavored to show, at no inconsiderable rate.—*Athenæum*.

ALEXIS OLENIN, President of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, died at the end of April, aged upwards of 70.—*Ibid*.

FACTS ON SUICIDE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE 29th number of the British and Foreign Medical Review extracts some facts respecting suicide from the Third Annual Report of the Registrar-General. Suicide is most prevalent in London, the proportion, there, for a year, being 10·9 to 100,000 inhabitants. "Next to this discreditable pre-eminence stands the south-eastern counties, bordering on the metropolis, where it is 8·4 to 100,000; the range in other parts of England is from 6·8 to 7·4, which is the proportion in the western counties; whilst in Wales it is but 2·2. The proportion throughout England and Wales is 6·3; and the total number in the year was 2001. The greatest number of suicides occurred in the spring and summer, when crimes attended by violence, and also attacks of insanity, are also most common. Thus, in April, May, and June, there were 563; in July, August, and September, 539; in January, February, and March, 484; and in October, November, and December, 465." [November thus appears by no means the peculiarly suicidal month which proverbial observation would make it.] "The suicides in males were considerably more than double those in females; for of the 2001 examples of this crime, 1387 occurred in the former, and 614 in the latter sex, the proportions being as 23 to 10. "The tendency to suicide," adds the reviewer, "is least among persons carrying on occupations out of doors, and greatest among artisans who are weakly from birth, are confined in-doors, have their rest disturbed, or have little muscular exertion. The statistical illustration of this point shows that 1 in 9382 masons, carpenters, and butchers, committed suicide in the year; and 1 in 1669 tailors, shoemakers, and bakers; the tendency to suicide in the first class being as 1 to 5·6 in the second. A similar result is obtained by comparing the suicides in the class of laborers with those among artisans and tradespeople; for the tendency to suicide is more than twice as great among artisans as it is among laborers; in the former class, the proportion being 6·0 to 10,000; in the latter, but 2·9 to the same number. In the miscellaneous class, designated by Mr. Rickman, 'capitalists, bankers, professional, and other educated persons,' the proportion is 4·9 to 10,000."

Mr. Farr does not grant much force to the opinion of certain theoretical writers, that suicide is most common where education is most diffused. He admits that in England suicide is most frequent in the metropolis, the south-eastern counties, and the northern counties, where the greatest number can write; and is the least frequent in Wales, where the proportion of persons signing the marriage register with a mark (the Registrar-General's test of deficient education) is the greatest. But he remarks very particularly regarding these facts:—

"There is a general, but no constant relation, between the state of education thus tested and the commission of suicide. It may be admitted that there is some relation between the development of the intellect and self-destruction; but the connexion must be in a great measure

indirect and accidental. In opposition to the arguments derived from agricultural districts and laborers in towns, there is the fact, that suicide is more frequent among several classes of artisans than it is among better educated people. If the progress of civilization is to be charged with the increase of suicide, we must therefore understand by it the increase of tailors, shoemakers, the small trades, the mechanical occupations, and the incidental evils to which they are exposed, rather than the advancement of truth, science, literature, and the fine arts."*

Apparently to show the distinction between the influence of education, abstractly considered, and circumstances with which a certain amount of education is occasionally associated, Mr. Farr mentions the facts, that about 2·0 to 10,000 persons assured in the Equitable Society, and 7·8 in 10,000 dragoons and dragoon-guards, have been ascertained to commit suicide every year.

We can see no reason for supposing that education gives a tendency to suicide; but those districts in which education, indicated by the proportion of the population who can write, is most diffused, contain the most numerous class of artisans occupied within doors. Now, there is in such persons, as compared with a sailor or agricultural laborer, a low state of health, and a morbid sensibility, which may give a proneness to self-destruction. As a general rule, these trades are least exposed to accidents; and Mr. Farr remarks, that the mind, left unexcited by natural dangers, imagines and creates causes of death. We would say rather, that the individual rendered morbid, moody, and sensitive by seclusion from free air, variations of temperature, muscular exertion, and light, sees in the circumstances around him, viewed through the diseased condition of mind which these very circumstances have engendered, a reason why life is no longer desirable, and, consequently, an incentive to the act of suicide.

Regarding this crime, Mr. Farr suggests—"That some plan for discontinuing, by common consent, the detailed dramatic tales of murder, suicide, and bloodshed in the newspapers, is well worthy the attention of their editors. No fact is better established in science than that suicide, and murder may perhaps be added, is often committed from imitation. A single paragraph may suggest suicide to twenty persons; some particular chance, but apt expression, seizes the imagination, and the disposition to repeat the act in a moment of morbid excitement proves irresistible. Do the advantages of publicity counterbalance the evils attendant on one such death? Why should cases of suicide be recorded in the public papers any more than cases of fever?" The reviewer does not agree in this view, thinking that the certainty of publicity may act more powerfully as a preventive; but we do not concur in his opinion. He quotes, with approbation, the following passage from Mr. Farr's letter:—"It may be remarked, that the artisans most prone to suicide are subject to peculiar visceral congestions; that suicide is most common in unhealthy towns; and that the influence of medicine on the mind, and on the

* Letter to the Registrar-General, pp. 80-1.

unstable or ungovernable impulses which are often the harbingers of suicide, is incontestable. To place the shoemaker, tailor, baker, or printer, in the same favorable circumstances with respect to air and exercise as carpenters and masons, would be impossible. But the workshops of all artisans admit of immense improvements in ventilation. Cleanliness is greatly neglected. Neither the men nor all the masters appear to be aware that the respiration of pure air is indispensable; that the body requires as much care as the tools, instruments, and machines, and that without it, neither the body nor the mind can be kept in health and vigor. The new parks and public walks will afford the artisan an opportunity of refreshing his exhausted limbs and respiring the fresh air; and the health and temper of the sedentary workman may be much ameliorated by affording facilities in towns for athletic exercises and simple games out of doors, which, while they bring the muscles into play, unbend, excite, and exhilarate the mind. Moral causes, and the regulation of the mind, have perhaps more influence on the educated classes; but all must derive benefit from out-door exercise."

A PILGRIM OF NATURE.

From Tait's Magazine.

You boast of the grandeur of cities in vain
To one who loves valleys, wild mountain, and plain:

Have you beauties to vie with the river and rill?
Have you fragrance, like morning's, on heath and on hill?

O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Will you match me the lamps of some festival fine,
With the gems on night's mantle, so pure and divine?

Will you minister music devotion to form
Like the voice of the forest that sings to the storm?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Have you curtains like evening? Can you find hair
or eye

Like the cloud of the thunder, or smile of the sky?
Have you clothes like the lilies? Like the night-wind's a kiss?

Or language like summer's pure anthem of bliss?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Keep your gold-moulded mansions, let Pomp have
his seat,
To give him all place I will gladly retreat;
From Vanity's banquet one guest you may spare,
Brake, meadow, and wilderness, beckon me there:
And a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling—too narrow for me.

London.

J. A. O.

WAVES.—The Report of the Committee on Waves, of the British Association for the advancement of Science, was presented by Mr. S. Russell, along with a short account of the researches with which he had been engaged since the period of the former report. He had reduced the whole subject of inquiry into a more systematic and complete form than it had at an earlier period in these inquiries, and had found that the arrangement adopted had the effect of removing many of the seeming contradictions of wave phenomena, by showing that phenomena formerly identified were actually the result of conditions essentially distinct from each other, and that there exist orders of waves heretofore confounded, but now ascertained to differ in their origin, nature, and successive phases of existence. These different orders he had separately examined; he had determined their characteristic properties, and registered their phenomena, and proposed to arrange them in the following system:—

Orders: waves of translation—of oscillation—capillary waves—corpuscular waves. Characters: solitary—gregarious. Species: positive or negative—stationary or progressive. Varieties: free—forced; of which distinctions the instances are: wave of resistance, tide wave, aerial sound wave, steam ripple, wind waves, ocean swell, dentate waves, zephyral waves, water sound wave.

The phenomena of these different orders had been examined, and in their mode of genesis, their laws of motion, their form, the nature of the forces by which they are transmitted, their duration, and the manner of their final extinction, they were found to differ essentially from each other. These various properties were then illustrated by a few examples. In the first order, the velocity is dependent on depth and height alone; in the second, on length alone, being perfectly independent of depth and height; in the third case it is constant; and constant also in the fourth case. In the first, also, the nature of the motion of each individual particle of water during wave transmission is, that the particle describes a semi-circle or semi-ellipse, and then relapses into repose, all the water particles to the bottom having an equal range of horizontal translation. In the second case there is no permanent translation, but a continuous series of revolutions in a series of complete circles, or rather in a spiral, and these revolutions do not extend to great depths below the surface. In the third case the disturbances of the particles do not extend deeper than the range of the capillary forces, excited by the disturbance of the superficial film on the surface of the liquid. And in the fourth class, the motions of the particles are only made sensible through the organ of hearing.—*Athenæum*.

THE BERLIN MONUMENT—to commemorate the duration of peace for a quarter of a century in Prussia, of which the first stone was laid three years ago, was uncovered on the 3d of August last. The shaft is a monolith of granite, twenty-two feet high, standing on a pedestal, with a colossal bronze statue of Victory, by Rauch, on its summit. The capital is Corinthian, with eagles on the side, and the whole monument is fifty-eight feet high.—The new museum, in the same city, is rapidly advancing towards completion. One large room will be especially devoted to Etrurian art, of which Mr. Waagen has formed a large collection.—An art-romance, called 'Semida, the Original Thinker,' recently published in Berlin, is spoken of very highly, and appears to be exciting much attention.—*Ibid*.

CARDWELL AND AKERMAN ON COINS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans*; delivered in the University of Oxford, by Edward Cardwell, D. D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and Camden Professor of Ancient History. pp. 232. 1832.
2. *A Numismatic Manual*. By John Yonge Akerman, F. S. A. &c. pp. 420. 1840.
3. *A Descriptive Catalogue of Rare and Unedited Roman Coins, from the Earliest Period of the Roman Coinage to the Extinction of the Empire under Constantine Paleologus*; with numerous Plates from the Originals. By John Yonge Akerman, F. S. A., &c. 2 vols. pp. 1018. 1834.

WHEN some uninitiated modern, not yet infected with the virus of *virtu*, sees the collector doting on his coins, and hears him discoursing of their preciousness, he is quite at a loss to account for an interest so deep shown about rusty copper, and an eloquence so profuse displayed upon antiquated money lost by thriftless housewives in the times of old. It seems to him in the nature of a new sense, or likelier, of a new nonsense. He cannot comprehend an enthusiasm, apparently both hot and strong, for hoarding coins no longer current, nor can he estimate a mode of valuation so glaringly inadequate as that which the antiquary sets upon his mouldered pence; nay, when he spends an instructive hour in Leigh Sotheby's prince of auction-rooms, and is then and there made cognizant, by the testimony of his own eyes and ears, of the startling price given for some drachma or denarius of more than common interest, he complacently thanks his own good sense, that it has hitherto preserved him from the folly of walking forth a numismatic maniac.

Still, in sober cheerfulness, there are many excuses to be urged on behalf of the coin-enthusiast. He is neither a miser who worships money for its own dull sake, nor a madman who endows it with imaginary attributes. He is nothing of the mere dealer, who seeks his mercenary gain in purchasing rare specimens at common prices,—the matter-of-fact trader in antiquity, whose first object it is to lay out his capital shrewdly, so that from the field of prostituted knowledge he may reap the harvest of vulgar cash: nor yet will he confess to the spirit of 'restless Curio,' which rejoices in the selfish possession of a Pertinax, and will outbid national museums to secure

some choice unique, with the sole view of reflecting on himself an ignis-fatuus of learned notoriety. He is not to be taunted as a 'keen critic in rust,' nor to be dubbed a jealous snatcher from time's own teeth of morsels fit only for oblivion: and he will scorn to be accounted one of those greedy shareholders in the numismatic lottery, who have in their eyes the goodness of a bargain rather than the educational ideas floating round antiquity itself—who regard the accident of rarity rather than the quality of interest,—and who are scarcely gifted with intelligence capable of higher flights than pricing a catalogue or watching for a fortunate investment. These sutlers and lucre-led camp-followers, encumbering the march of antiquarianism among the ruins of old time,—all these and similar characters the true numismatist will disavow; and (with a humble saving-clause for his own human infirmity) will protest against any sympathy with their feelings, or participation in their motives. Far higher would he claim to be regarded,—and let us hear him in his foolishness,—as the meditative poet, as the clear-sighted historian, as the entertained connoisseur in art, and the well-taught student of humanity. The true collector, says Addison, 'does not look upon his cabinet of metals as a treasure of money, but a store of knowledge; seeing he may find as much thought on the reverse of a coin as in a canto of Spenser.' The true collector is not the demented 'antiquist' of a wrathful Pinkerton, the pseudo-doctor who would value mystery above knowledge, who prefers the obscurity of rust to a legible inscription, and justifies his ignorance of the present by doubting of the past; but rather the good, the honest-hearted 'antiquary,' credulous, if you will, as old Herodotus, but as brimfull of his simple charity and uncompromising truthfulness, who seeks by any means to add the history of men and ages past away, to a close and sociable acquaintance with modern times and manners. He looks upon his coins as silent monitors, teaching many things. Delicately traced upon those small green fields, he can discern and read a thousand poetical impersonations; within their magic circles he discovers the historic record, and inspects the contemporary portraiture of deeds and those who dared them centuries ago. He can show to the artist and the sculptor the time-hallowed perfection of design and grouping, and microscopic modelling: he can take the architect aside, and exhibit to him 'triumphal arches, temples, fountains,

aqueducts, amphitheatres, circi, hippodromes, palaces, basilicas, columns, obelisks, baths, sea-ports, pharoses, and other glorious edifices, which have long since in substance crumbled into dust, and the shadows whereof, thus only fixed for ever on a coin, may help him in his structure of to-day, and teach him to venerate the mighty builders of antiquity. He can, for his own high intellectual pleasure, make acquaintance with a world of miniature figures, many and minute as the fairy forms in a midsummer night's dream, shaped each and all in elegance and beauty; figures, or profiles of ideal deifications, all the more interesting from having probably been copies of then existing works by Phidias, Apelles, Parrhasius, or Praxiteles, or some other Promethean quickener of the stucco, or the canvas, or the Parian stone; and he can at sight borrow from these little people of the mint, faultless conceptions of the excellent in form, and graceful ease in composition. He can amuse and instruct, nay, elevate, his mind, with ingenious allegories, deep myths of eternal truth, and the manifold embodying of abstract attributes. For example, let him look for a minute on these few reverses of the Roman large brass,—he sees Valor standing fully armed,—Honor robed and chapleted,—Happiness crowned with obliviscent poppies,—Concord with extended hand, and the horn of plenty in her bosom,—Hope tripping lightly, and smiling on a flower-bud,—Peace offering the olive-branch,—Fortune resting on a rudder,—Military Faith stretching forth his consecrated standard,—Abundance emptying her cornucopia,—Security leaning on a column,—Modesty veiled and sitting,—Piety taking her gift to the altar,—Fruitfulness in the midst of her nurslings,—Equity adjusting her scales,—Victory with wings and coronal and trumpet,—Eternity holding the globe and risen Phœnix, or, better, seated on a starry sphere,—Liberty with cap and staff,—National Prosperity sailing as a good ship before the favoring gale,—and Public Faith (look to this, Columbia!) with joined hands clasping between them the palms of success and the caduceus of health.

These, and such as these, unillumined eyes might only deem fit for some old Prætorian to have therewith paid his tavern reckoning, or at best for some curious modern to use as markers at his whist: to the enlightened they are replete with classical interest, heraldic device, geographical knowledge, evidences of early civilization, and curious objects both of nature and of

art; he finds them charged, on obverse or on reverse, with legends of heroic valor,—with names and types of cities to their modern sites unknown,—with head-dresses, jewelry, highly-wrought arms, embroidered robes, and, above all, with exquisite delineations of human beauty; he perceives upon them also the likeness of strange creatures, as the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the crocodile, the Tyrian murex, and the cuttle-fish; as well as those more fabulous abortions, a sphinx or a minotaur, a pegasus, a phœnix, a chimæra. He may, guided by a Gnosian didrachmon, roam now-a-days the labyrinth of Crete, and find it a maze differing only from that in the Harrow Road by being square instead of circular: taught by a Cydonian obolus, he may perceive that Rome, ever plagiarizing upon Greece, stole the idea of wolf and twins from the young Miletus and his foster-mother Lupa: and, warned by certain well-known tetradrachms, bearing a crafty snake that emerges from a hamper, he may note therein a fitting prototype for the hanaper office and chancery litigation. Yet more to the purpose, for it tends to his deeper knowledge of mankind, man's noblest study, he sees the medal pictured in all faithfulness with 'many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, consecrations, homages, and other antiquated names and ceremonies, that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on coins.' So, from learning ancient manners, he learns man, even down to this our day: and not less,—in the flattering titles showered upon tyrants, who, being such as Nero, Domitian, or Caracalla, are sure to go forth severally dubbed 'pius, felix, augustus,' and 'the father of his country,' or, in the lying epithets of warlike triumph applied to effeminate cowards, who, being such as Commodus and Caligula, unblushingly take the names of Dacian, or German, or Britannic conqueror,—he may trace the sycophancy of men in all ages to their worst and unworthiest oppressors; nay, he may find Greece, the Roman's slave, fawning in the depths of her degradation on an emperor as her 'god' supreme, on a senate as 'the conclave of divinities.' Moreover, he can study the physiognomy, or, if he be so minded, even the more dubious phrenology, of magnates and leaders and liberators, and others the giants of old time—may speculate on their seeming dispositions, and compare the characters which history has given them with the lineaments of their acknowledged likeness; lineaments

so true to life and nature,—(saving only in the few and well-seen instances of complimenting a new emperor by investing him in his predecessor's features)*—that the stamped metal bears testimony alike to its own genuineness, and to the voice of history.

It should be considered that, however stale and commonplace many of these concreted virtues or local genii now may seem to our long-accustomed eyes, burdened as those mystic figures are with the frequent cornucopia and other triter emblems, there was a time when these so obvious thoughts were new, just-born, unfledged—and that time might have been the coin's own birthday. Keeping this in mind, how many of the countries in the wise old world are typified in a fine spirit both of poetry and truth on the beautiful money of ancient Greece and Rome! It would seem not improbable that the personification of nations upon coins was the same as that adopted in triumphal processions. There, in appropriate masquerade, mingled with the military pageantry, were borne on stages or platforms the figured representatives of conqueror and conquered; there, the Dacian lay bound, while the Roman built a trophy of his arms; there, 'sad Judæa wept beneath her palm,' and 'being desolate, sat upon the ground,' while the Gentile sentinel stood guarding her and mocking; there, some dusky Ethiopian, drawn in a car by elephants, leaning on tusks of ivory, and holding out the scorpion, personated Africa; the crocodile, the sistrum, and the ibis testified to formal Egypt; Spain had her strange barbaric weapons, and the timid coney that creeps in her Sierras; Arabia, laden with spices, followed with the camel at her feet; Parthia, 'fidens fugâ versisque sagittis,' came in the procession with bow and quiver at her back; Sicily was chapleted with Cerealic wheat; Achaia wore her coronet of parsley; Britain leant upon a rock, enthroned amid the seas; and Italy, the world's stern step-mother, was crowned like Cybele with towers of strength, sat on the celestial sphere, and stretched forth the sceptre of her monarchy.

Yet further; for more than may allure his fancy, for higher things than serve to tickle ingenuity, the sensible numismatist looks with satisfaction on his coins. In them he perceives the very seed-corn of history, pocket epitomes of interesting facts, stepping-stones across the shallows

of Lethe. Within the series of a few continuous coins he can read the records of otherwise unstoried empire, and at once aid memory and prove historic truth as he notes them nested in his cabinet.

Dr. Cardwell has well stated that famous instance of the testimony given by ancient coins to history, in the matter of Thurium; and various others in which the corroboration of laconic statements, nay, the filling up of vague sketches, have been due to the preservation of these tiny memorials. But examples might be multiplied at will: perhaps we may, in soberness, be said to know as much of the world's history—the Roman world in particular—from ancient money as from authors: indeed, many of the mighty among men, and more of their mighty deeds, would have remained unknown to their posterity but for some numismatic witness to their lives and actions. How little, but for coins, could the student know of the goodly reigns of Nerva and Trajan; nay, even of the better chronicled days of Hadrian and Probus? How inadequately, were it not for them, would he have estimated the high civilization of ancient Sicily—of Syracuse, Heraclia, and chiefly Agrigentum? How lightly would he have deemed of Rome's early struggles with the states of Magna Græcia, if he had not the testimony of coins to the refinement of Tarentum, and the unequalled elegance of Thurium? But for coins, how little had he known, or knowing kept in memory, the civilizing occupation of our own Albion under Claudius, and Hadrian, and Geta, and Severus? Where else could he have read at all, or in any case half so well, of the beautiful unstoried Philistia, of the Ptolemaic and Antiochian kings, of the Sassanidæ, Arsacidæ, and other monarchs of the East, and the consular families of Western Rome? Not a little let us Britons at the ends of the earth confess to owe of historic facts to the care and skill of the numismatist; we speak but of our earliest age, our otherwise unstoried childhood: Tascio and Segonax, equally with heroical Bonduca and the noble-hearted Cymbeline, are found, almost exclusively from coins, to have been far other than fabulous personages; and Ifars, Anlaf, and Sithric, primal kings of Ireland, claim from coins alone to be considered as realities. Imagine what stability it would add to our belief in the existence of a quondam King Lear, or the sturdy Brutus of our London-Troy, to discover pieces of metal stamped with their images and superscriptions; with what corroborated faith would we think of the

* The early Trajans, for example, exhibit the head of Nerva—as we have a coin of Henry VIII. masked with his father's face.

chivalric Arthur, if we found an obol charged obverse with his profile, and reverse with the Round Table! With what interest would the men of Bath gaze upon their Bladud, and on the fortunate thirsty swine that laid the foundations of his city!

To take a few only of those great names who have confessed an interest in what Addison does not scruple to style 'the science' of numismatics—Pericles and Augustus are to be counted among its patrons, no less than Elizabeth and Leo, and yesterday the Napoleon of war, as to-day the Napoleon of peace; Lorenzo and Petrarch take their rank among the band; Alfred, Bede, Alcuin, and the elder Bacon are reported, on sufficient grounds, to have been of the fraternity; Cromwell too, following the example of his martyred master; Selden, Camden, Laud, Clarendon, Evelyn, Wren—not to mention Walpole, and a thousand of less note—knew the joys of the collector. But in truth, from Rubens and Raffaele, from Chantrey, and Canova, and Thorwaldsen, from Newton, and Mead, and Hunter, down to the veriest smatterer in art and science of our own all-educating day, it is probable that few men of intellect have escaped the influenza of a hankering for coins, if at times they were incautiously exposed to the attractions of a cabinet: for it is verily both a pleasant thing and profitable to collect, possess, study, and enjoy these small but imperishable records of the past, pocket triumphs, miniature temples, deciduous morsels shed from Fame's true laurel, whose stem is iron, and its leaves bronze, and its buds silver, and expanded flowrets gold, and the bloom or patina as the morning dew upon them all; to keep, we say, and have a property in, these little monuments of brass as lasting as the pyramids—these scorix struck out on all sides when the fetters of an empire were forged—these relics of primitive antiquity more genuine than Helen's cross or Peter's chain—these elixir-drops of concentrate durability congealed to adamant and graven with the short-hand memorials of truth—these ineffaceable transcripts of character, fact, and feature—in number multiplied, and in authenticity undoubted, that now at these last days may well defy the ravages of chance, change, suppression, or forgetfulness.

The word coin is derived from *κοινός*, common or current; and occurs on some Greek money nominally of Alexander, but really of the Roman Emperor Philip, a difficulty well explained in one of the valuable lectures of the Camden Professor:—

'We have coins bearing on the obverse the head of Alexander the Great, encircled with a diadem, together with the inscription *ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ*, and on the reverse a warrior on horseback, with the inscription *ΚΟΙΝΟΝ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ*. Now, were this the whole account that the coins in question afford us of themselves, we should probably have assigned them to some period in the history of Macedon connected with that illustrious conqueror. We might indeed conceive that the coins of Alexander would extend themselves as far as his conquests, and that, in acknowledgment of his talents and of their admiration, his successors would still retain his name and impress long after he was dead. We find too, even on a slight acquaintance with numismatic antiquities, that many cities of Greece and Asia did in fact adopt the badges chosen by him for the coins of Macedon, and that they continued to be in use to an advanced period of the Roman empire. Still if the coins, that I am considering, had given us no further tokens of their date, we should probably have assigned them to Macedon, without fixing upon any precise time in Grecian history as the exact period they belonged to. Fortunately we find, after the word *ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ*, other letters, which convey a reference to Roman history of the time of the empire, and beneath the figure of the horse the three Greek numerals *ΕΟΚ*, expressing the date 275. Now, referring this date back to the battle of Actium, the epoch commonly adopted during the time of the empire, we are brought down to the year of Rome 998, corresponding with the year 245 of the Christian era, the precise period at which Philip the elder, who then occupied the throne of the Cæsars, was celebrating his recent victories in the East, and connecting them, as we may suppose, with the ancient fame of Alexander the Great. To complete the proof, if confirmation be wanting, we meet with a medal having the same reverse in all its particulars of inscription, device, and date, but bearing on the obverse the titles of this very Philip, with the head of a Roman emperor. So then these coins, which, from most of their tokens, might at first sight have been assigned to a much earlier period, were minted for the use of Macedon, about the middle of the third century after Christ, in obedience to the mandate of the emperor Philip, and displaying some alleged connexion between that emperor and the ancient conqueror of the East.'—pp. 35, 36.

The word *κοινόν* not unfrequently occurs elsewhere; as, for example, on a silver piece from Cyrene in Africa, bearing obversely the head of Jupiter Ammon, and with its characteristic silphium on the reverse. This silphium, we may note in passing, was a plant yielding a drug as much esteemed by ancient Greeks as opium is now by the Chinese: it was called *Opopanax*, or heal-all—and as a matter of course effected miraculous cures. So great was its price that, according to Pliny, Julius Cæsar defrayed the expenses of the first

civil war by selling 110 ounces of silphium, which he found stored in the public treasury. After thus much we may be startled to be told, that a drug so choice was neither more nor less than *assafætida*. But to return.

Some have preferred to *κοινόν* the etymology of 'cuneus,' a wedge or ingot, asserting that the earliest form of money was the lump or mass. Whether 'cuneus' be the root or not, the fact is indisputable that mere crude metal was weighed as money long anterior to its formation into coin. 'Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, four hundred shekels, current with the merchants;' now, the shekel was a weight centuries before it was a coin; 3000, according to Arbuthnot, being equal to a talent; and the word 'current' may be understood more fitly by sterling, as being unalloyed, of right assay; the word 'sterling,' as we need hardly observe, being a corruption of Easterling, so termed from the money of Eastern Germany, which was remarkably pure, and therefore in request, at a period when our own coinage was excessively corrupt. We all remember too how Brennus the Gaul flung his heavy sword into the scales that were too penuriously weighing the ransom of Rome: and similar instances need not be multiplied. Unminted bullion, as a legalized medium of exchange, is not less a modern than it has been an ancient expedient; for it has been revived in our own times by Mr. Ricardo, although the project was abortive and dropped immediately, only one brick of gold weighing sixty ounces, and impressed with a sovereign stamp, having been made and issued for foreign commerce: a leaden model of this, gilt to resemble the original, is now in the British Museum; and furnishes a remarkable illustration of the manner in which the arts circulate, 'the whirligig of time bringing round its revenges.' The progress from lumps of metal to the minted 'flan' of coinage, was gradual and natural: for, after the mere mass or weight, it would seem likely that the gold bracelet, the mancus, the torques, or the fibula, or other decoration, of legitimate size and purity, succeeded; as, to take a familiar instance, we find Le Balafre in Quentin Durward paying his reckoning with links untwisted from his gold neck-chain: in like manner the bracelets of Judah, and his staff, (upon which the signet was commonly carried,) were Tamar's hire; the bushels of gold rings by which Carthage bought a truce with Rome, were possibly this sort of substitute for coin: the same

kind of ornamental money (and the idea of combining money with ornament is still extant in head-dresses of Venetian sequins, and in circlets of old coins worn commonly in the East) has been dug up by the Duke of Argyll from beneath the upright stones at Inverary.

Others have been found in Ireland—of which Mr. Akerman gives faithful representations, and thus writes:—

'With regard to the iron rings mentioned by Cæsar, it is somewhat remarkable that nothing of the kind is known to have been discovered with British coins in England; while in Ireland rings of gold and brass have been dug up in great numbers. Enough to load a cart were found in a tumulus, in Monaghan, a few years since; and this fact proves, that though these rings might occasionally have been applied to the purposes of money, they were originally intended for fibulæ, or some such personal ornaments.'

We must confess that, at first sight, the fact of finding a cart-load of these rings seems to us to prove the direct opposite—namely, that it was rather a hoard of cash than an accumulation of ornaments. Mr. Akerman might, we think, have stated a better reason for his opinion; it is not impossible that over the dead body of a chieftain his followers may have flung their bracelets in his honor. Nevertheless, when we recollect that the Egyptian hieroglyphic for money is a ring, we think it less likely that a tribe should impoverish itself, than that their chief should hoard his treasures.

But precious *metal* (and this word is more likely to be the root of 'medal' than the Arabic 'methalia,' head) was soon found to require some guarantee for its purity, as well as the more easily discoverable fact of its just weight; and in a day when seals were sacred things, no test was so obvious as the signet. Heraldic emblems, or rather allegorical devices, to save anachronism in terms, would appear to be the first idea—as the Babylonish lion, Ægina's tortoise, Bœotia's shield, the lyre of Mytilene, and the wheat of Metapontum; but it would soon seem advisable to add the sanction of religion to that of mere honor, and this will at once account for the common impress of the head of some divinity. Thus Juno, Diana, Ceres, Jove, Hercules, Apollo, Bacchus, Pluto, Neptune, and many of the rest of the Pantheon, have sanctioned by their effigies impressed the most perfect mean of barter in the world. Superstition dared not cheat, in the very face of Rhodes's brilliant Phœbus, of the stern Athenian Miner-

va, and the mighty Jupiter of Macedon. Almost without doubt the coin's prototype, the original model of these beautiful heads, was in each respective case some statuary idol, venerable for alleged miracles as any Lady of Loretto, or for indefinite antiquity as the black Jupiter now doing duty as St. Peter. It seems to us clear that it was owing to this exhibition of idolatry on coins that the Jewish shekel never bore a head, but was charged only with the almond rod and pot of manna; for Israel, as we know by her banners, might innocently bear an heraldic emblem, but was forbidden to fashion any device which the heathen nations worshipped. Mohammedan money in like manner, and for a similar reason, is prohibited by the Koran from exhibiting any portraiture. Another interesting fact may be explained in an analogous manner—namely, that until Alexander of Macedon had overrun the Persian monarchy in the East, and until Julius Cæsar had consummated the Roman empire in the West, no image of a living man was permitted to be stamped upon a coin; deities or heroes alone could resume to give a sanction to the national credit.

Besides and beyond the usual metals (gold, silver, and copper,) many and strange substitutes have often been adopted as means of commercial circulation. Dr. Cardwell says:

"We are informed, on such authority as that of Suidas, that money of leather and of shells was once used by the Romans; and by Cedrenus, that wood was also employed by them for the same purpose. Aristides says that leather money was once current at Carthage, and Seneca makes the same remark on Sparta. But with respect to all these cases alike we may answer, that no such money is now known to exist; that the authorities quoted are in no instance competent evidence respecting times so far remote from them; and that if such money ever had existed, and could have been preserved to the present day, it would be as utterly destitute of historical usefulness to us as of intrinsic value in itself. We are told, on authority somewhat more considerable, that iron was used in the same manner at Sparta, at Clazomenæ, at Byzantium, and at Rome, and tin also, by Dionysius of Syracuse. No ancient specimen in either of these metals has ever been discovered; but we may admit that such coins have actually existed, and may account for their total disappearance by the extreme remoteness of the time when they were made, and the great probability that they would long since have been decomposed. Lead has also been mentioned by ancient authors as formerly used in coinage."—p. 94.

We do not altogether agree with Dr. Cardwell in much of the above, especially in

the apparent incredulity as to Suidas, &c.; for we can add with certainty to this list a multitude of well known similar substitutes, many even much stranger, and worse adapted for exchange. For example, a species of coal-money, and circular bits of hide, are not unfrequent in our British barrows; the Dutch have minted pasteboard; our old exchequer tallies might be called in some sort wooden money; James II. coined gun-metal; in 1690 we had a tin coinage to the extent of £70,000; lead and pewter have circulated largely as tradesmen's tokens; the Malays have a currency of betel-nuts, the Madagascar people of almonds, the African tribes cowrie-shells, the inhabitants of Yucatan certain seeds of plants, and the original settlers in Massachusetts accounted 'musket-balls, full-bore,' a legal tender; so lately as in 1803, *teste* Captain Marryat, deer-skins at the stated value of 40 cents per pound were a legalized mean of barter at Cincinnati, and if proffered instead of money could not be refused. But no need to look either far back or far abroad; *silver paper*, flimsy as a stoutish cobweb, liable more than any sibylline leaves to be scattered and destroyed by water, wind, and fire, exposed to demolition by mere contact with its sturdy brother cash, and to illegibility from mere grease and dirt—this very type of insecurity, if not of immateriality, is our own chief circulating medium, and represents our highest sums.

Coins were first stamped on one side only, the reverse of the earliest Greek money being the impress of points on which the stricken flan was fixed, and that of our own most ancient British, as well as some of indefinite antiquity from Hindostan, being the indentation of a smooth concavity. The metal was a bead hot from the furnace—perhaps our own *skeattas* (shot-money) were so called from their form before striking—and the money, when stamped, was often naturally serrated, from radiation caused by the blow; this effect giving the first idea for our modern safeguard against clipping—the milled edge. The simple mechanism used for minting were hammer, anvil, and pincers, as we find them portrayed on an interesting consular coin inscribed 'MONETA.' Now, concerning the dies, nothing is more wonderful in ancient coins than their infinite variety. Dr. Cardwell says, and the statement is known to be correct by all numismatists—

"It may also be a matter of surprise, that, with their imperfect command over metals, the ancients should still have recourse to the hammer for common purposes, as they would be com-

pelled, from want of a well-tempered material, to be constantly making new dies, after a small number of impressions had been taken; but this difficulty only furnishes us with a new evidence in favor of what has been stated as to the general practice. It is a singular fact, that in very few instances have any two ancient coins been found which evidently proceeded from the same die. The Prince Torre-Muzza, for instance, who was for many years a collector of Sicilian medals,* could not find in his extensive cabinet any two that corresponded in all particulars with each other."—pp. 101, 102.

It is possible that these perishable dies, so exquisite in workmanship, may have been carved, for the greater ease, in a sort of clay, or other plastic composition, which hardened by heat, would thus be made capable of striking one impression on the drop of precious metal still softened from the furnace. The ancients had no steel, their coins were numberless, and the dies as diverse as the coins. Striking, not casting, was, from many marks, their method; and we can only imagine that the heavy hammer had attached to its face the quasi mould, the highly-wrought but fragile dies, which, like Virgil's bees, must perish as they strike—

'Animasque in vulnere ponunt.'

Even with all our modern skill, and its many mechanical appliances, the longevity of dies, steel of treble temper though they be, is always problematical; one may be capable of striking half a million coins without material deterioration, while another will give way beneath a score; to so many casualties are steel dies liable from the variations of temperature, from degrees of force in striking, from chemical deficiencies in the original process of face-hardening, and from other causes little understood.

But leaving thus too slightly touched the mysterious topic of an ancient die, upon which no light has been thrown even by the discovery of moulds for casting, which were certainly the tools of Gaulish forgers, let us proceed with the history of coins. It is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding high civilization, there appears to have existed no money in Egypt anterior to the Persian occupancy. Cash does not seem to have entered into the calculations of a Pharaoh, and nothing like a coin is found upon sculptures or papyri: Joseph's 'money for the corn' need not have been other than personal ornaments; and although there are extant an abundance of circular seals or 'cartouches' stamped on burnt clay, we nowhere see the idea carried on to the precious metals.

* 'This collection was purchased by Lord Northwick.'

The earliest known coins, or at least those now in being, bore the indented square, as the monies of Ægina: to this soon succeeded simple incusion, as the wheat-ear of Metapontum, and the bull's head of Phocis. And this incused kind of coin followed probably very close upon the indented; for, instead of being fixed on points, the idea would soon occur of fixing the metal on some slightly yielding surface—lead, for example, or wood—so as to produce a reversed intaglio of the obverse cameo. Incused coins next came to have two different impressions; thus we find the Neptune of Posidonia with his drapery arranged both back and front, evidencing distinctly the obverse and the reverse. To this succeeded the double stamp—or proper tail-piece added to the profile—often within squares, as we find on the Darics, and early Athenian money; from which step it is easy to imagine further gradations, until the perfect medal is attained. And a word here concerning the term medal—Dr. Cardwell observes—

"You will have observed that the words 'coins' and 'medals' have hitherto been used indiscriminately, as if it were not intended to acknowledge that any important distinction exists between them. The distinction, in point of fact, has not been generally observed; and the neglect of it is probably owing to the impossibility of separating those specimens which were intended to be used as money, from specimens designed for other purposes. There are, indeed, some among them of so large a size, and so peculiar in other respects, that they cannot be confounded with common currency; but for these I reserve the term *medallion*, intending to use the term *medals* as denoting all minted pieces whatsoever, and *coins* to distinguish those among them which were designed as money.

"It was an opinion, however, maintained by Hardouin, and before him by Erizzo, that none of the various specimens we possess were issued as money, but were all of them originally bestowed as tokens or memorials. But the opinions of Hardouin, as Barthelemy well observes, have no longer any claim to be refuted; and the circumstances of the case are so directly opposed to this opinion of his, that we now endeavor to ascertain what medals are tokens or memorials by examining whether they possess the known characteristics of coins.

"Those characteristics may be thus briefly stated. Wherever any class of specimens preserves the same specific character, though minted in different years, or even reigns, or even, as in some cases, in different centuries; wherever they present a uniformity of weight, or device, or general style of workmanship, allowing only for the changes required by the varying condition of the arts; wherever they have been found in immense numbers; wherever they bear in their inscription either the name or the denoted value of a coin: in those cases we may infer that they

were issued as common money. We have, for instance, a series of gold and silver coins of Philip and Alexander, preserving a strict correspondence, with each other, and being specimens doubtless of the money so often mentioned by ancient authors under the names of those illustrious sovereigns. We have also a long series of Athenian tetradrachms, varying somewhat, as we might naturally expect, in their actual weight, but maintaining a constant resemblance to each other, and extending apparently from the earliest times down to the Christian era.

"On the contrary, when medals are of much greater bulk than the common coins of the same country; when they are few in number, and yet varying among themselves; when, in addition to these circumstances, they are highly finished in their workmanship, we cannot reasonably consider them as money, and must include them in the class of medallions. We have examples in each of the three metals."—pp. 88-90.

The fact seems to be that the distinction between a coin and a medal is very much one of modern invention. Addison, speaking of ancient mintage, recognizes no difference whatever between them: Mr. Payne Knight is of opinion that, even in the case of a medallion, from a Cæsar's gift-of-grace to his favorite, even to the beautiful Sicilian prize for the Athlete, it had its legal value, and is to be accounted as a coin. There would seem in all cases to be a specialty of die; and if the fact of a legalized currency is nowhere recorded as to medallions, either on their face or concerning them in authors, at least we know nothing to the contrary.

However clumsy the mechanical contrivances of the ancients, their progress towards perfection in design, and in artistic execution of the die, was astonishingly rapid. Mr. Ackerman says:

"In the types of some of the earliest Greek coins we find a spirit and a boldness, both in design and execution, with which many of the more elaborate productions of modern times will not bear comparison. The rude, and often misshapen, lump of silver upon which these types are impressed, contrasts most singularly with the wonderful freedom and spirit of the design. Armor, weapons, animals, plants, utensils, and the most graceful representations of the human figure, appear in infinite and astonishing variety within a space so circumscribed, that the artists of antiquity would seem to have sometimes vied with each other in the production of the most striking representations within the smallest possible limits."—*Mum. Man.* p. 12.

Of the earliest annals of *forgery* we know nothing; but, so long ago as 600 A.C., we find Solon issuing sanguinary laws against the crime. Hereafter we shall have a word to say about many modes of fraudulently imitating coins, as far as collectors are con-

cerned; but perhaps the uninitiated will not be prepared to hear that ancient forgeries are as common as modern ones, and would be even more evidently so if the astuter moderns had not often forged ancient forgeries! Under Claudius, Rome found herself inundated with legalized false coins—a regular issue of denarii formed of silver plating over an iron foundation; and when the people, to evade such a currency, cut the edges with a file, there were issued serrated coins of a similar dishonest mintage.

To detail at length the progress of coinage might be rather of the dullest. Silver seems to have taken precedence, and to have been in its utmost purity at Athens, which had no gold coins of her own, but contented herself with the Cyzicenes and Darics of her neighbors, and governed the money market of the ancient world by the standard of her own just currency. Copper followed at an early period—perhaps almost simultaneously—to answer the demand for subdivision, though Athens issued silver coins no heavier than two grains; and gold, in a race almost equal, was probably the last: all being of very pure standard, far exceeding modern notions of a just assay. Dr. Cardwell tells us that, 'the most important property of the Athenian coinage was its purity, carried to so great an extent that no baser metal appears to have been united with it as an alloy;' and 'the specimens of Athenian silver now remaining are of the highest degree of purity.' And again, for other times and countries, among the ancients, 'the Darics of Persia appear to have contained only one-twenty-fourth part of alloy; the gold coins of Philip and Alexander reach a much higher degree of fineness; and, from some experiments made at Paris on a gold coin of Vespasian, it appears that in that instance the alloy was only in the ratio of 1 to 788. In our own gold coin the alloy consists of 1 part in 12.'—p. 96.

The earliest money—no doubt from some patriarchal idea connecting all property with flocks and herds—though some say from the idolatry of the bull, so prevalent in the East, from Sol having entered Taurus at the era of the creation—was impressed with the figure of a bull, at least with some kind of *pecus*. Maurice, in his 'Antiquities of India,' vol. vii., gives an interesting testimony to this fact 'that the earliest coins were stamped with the figure of an ox or sheep.' For proof that they actually did thus impress them, we can appeal to the high authority of Scripture; for there we are informed that Jacob bought a parcel

'of a field for an hundred pieces of money,' (Gen. xxxiii. 19.) The original Hebrew term, translated pieces of money, is 'kesi-toth,' which signifies 'lambs;' with the figure of which the metal was doubtless stamped.

There seems to be an odd incredulity in Dr. Cardwell's mind respecting this primitive sort of money, whereof Pliny (N. H., xxxiii. 3.) says, 'Signatum est notis pecudum, unde et pecunia appellata.' Dr. Cardwell says distinctly, (p. 144,) 'As to the early coinage of Rome, we may observe that, if a "pecus" were the first device impressed upon it, there is no known specimen of it in existence.' Now in the British Museum, not to mention other less accessible collections, there is in existence a specimen of the original Roman As, with a bull impressed upon it, (we had almost said,) as large as life; for the specimen in question is in surface nearly the dimensions of a brick. Again, as to Greece, Dr. Cardwell states,—

'I may observe, that in none of these specimens, nor yet in any known coin of Athens hitherto discovered, is there that impress of a bull, which is said by Plutarch to have been the device adopted by the Athenians as early as the days of Theseus, and is commonly supposed to have given occasion to the proverb βούς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ.'—p. 120.

Since Dr. Cardwell could get over the Latin household word 'pecunia,' one could not expect him to be staggered even with a genuine proverb in the case of Greece. We are far from unaware that the interchange of arms between Diomed and Glaucus, and the valuation ἑκατομβοῖ' ἑννεαβοίων, is not likely to be at once admitted as proof sufficient against the Doctor: but there are various points to be considered before we adopt his conclusion. Theseus, according to Plutarch, is said to have stamped bulls; the Trojan war was undertaken when Menestheus, successor of Theseus, reigned in Athens, and when accordingly these bull-coins would be seemingly in circulation; while, as to the explanation that the armors had really cost separately one hundred bulls and nine bulls, creatures with horns and hoofs, it would be as reasonable to say hereafter of one hundred sovereigns, or of nine rose-nobles, that they intended a century of kings, or a tailor's sum of vermilion-visaged peers. It was a similar confusion of ideas which gave force to the pleasantry of Agesilaus, who, when compelled to retire from the invasion of Asia by the force of Persian gold, (the well-known Darics which had bribed over Spar-

ta,) declared that it was no wonder he had been defeated, for he had to fight against thirty thousand *archers*. It certainly appears to us that the bulls which purchased those Homeric arms were silver bulls; and we think the true explanation of their having become non-extant to stand as thus;—first, there is no great wonder if money of such extreme antiquity should not have survived to our day; for the probabilities are that it was so large and so coarse that it could not well have escaped the crucible: and, secondly, (though this supposition is less likely,) if it were less bulky than we think, and has at all survived, an extract from Dr. Cardwell himself, immediately preceding the assertion upon which we comment, may possibly settle the question:—

'M. Cousinery has assigned a considerable number of silver coins to Athens, which, if properly so assigned, must belong to a very early period of its coinage. The workmanship is rude; the reverse possesses, in several instances, the squares or crosses of the most simple style of minting; there is no inscription whatever; and the device is not the customary owl or head of Pallas, but commonly a *horse* or a *mask*.'—p. 119.

Now, it is quite possible—and those who know what rude workmanship amounts to, will easily understand us—that in this horse may be found the identical βούς we seek. These coins of M. Cousinery were 'all found at Athens, in company with others, certainly of Athenian origin,' and are not assignable to any other state. However, our first ground is that within which we would entrench ourselves.

Roman coins may be divided generally into the consular series, or those struck by Roman magistrates and commemorative of their own family legends, and the imperial series, or those struck by the Emperors in gold and silver, and by the Senate in copper and brass, to the honor of Roman prosperity and her favoring Augustus of the hour. To this rough classification we may add, the dozen subdivisions of the As, the little company of medallions, and sundry pocket-pieces or tokens, which seem to have served as tickets of admission to the public baths, or the Amphitheatre. Dr. Cardwell observes:—

'It is the opinion of some persons that these tesserae, though not originally so intended, were afterwards used as money; and the countermarks, which are in many instances found upon ancient coins, both silver and brass, are supposed to be the public stamps, by which they were acknowledged as a legal tender.'

In the consular series are many points of interest: one of the most noticeable, as being common to the majority, though not universal, is the adoption of the head of the Athenian Minerva, with, as Dr. Cardwell very fitly supposes, the wings of her owl upon the helmet, and taken as the emblem or genius of Rome: serving to show either that Athenian money had gained such mundane credit for its purity, that Rome took it for her model, or that Greek artists worked the Roman mint, and with a religious patriotism preserved the sanction of their national divinity: both of which indeed were antecedently to be expected. The consular series abound with corroborations of Livy's tales, and other legendary stories of old time, as well as present to us numerous traditional portraits of the earliest worthies of primæval Rome: no likeness of a living man being allowed to appear upon them. The coins of the empire commence with Julius Cæsar, who first struck a living portrait, and they run in a continued succession of so-called Cæsars, their queens, and crown-princes, from about 48 A. C. down to Romulus Augustulus, emperor of the west, who was dethroned by Odoacer about 475 A. D. Their chief excellence, but during the early period only, is portraiture; and the next, as we have said, are poetical impersonation and historic incident: in the later times of the empire, for the last 200 years, the execution is generally as barbarous as the design is unclassical. The tickets called *contorniati*, named from the hollow circle or frame round their edge, are of very low relief, (as if belonging to the lower empire,) bear on one side some personage of ancient fame, on the other a mythological device, and were probably used as *tesseræ*; while the *spinthriati*, or bath tickets, are impressed with scenes and subjects of debauchery, fit only for the gardens of Nero, or the Caprææ of Tiberius.

There are several coins and medals highly interesting, and therefore worthy of mention in this sketch, seeing they allude to Christianity, or its corruption, in a very early age. Such is a certain Hebrew medal, bearing the similitude of our Lord, found near Cork in 1812; such, also, sundry coins of Diocletian and Maximian, illustrative of their triumphs over the serpent-monster, (shaped like Milton's Sin, a human form with snaky legs,) whereby the absurdity of Gnosticism had dared to symbolize the Christian mystery of two natures in one person, human and divine: such, too, many coins of Constantine, Con-

stantius, Decentius, Jovian, Gratian, and Theodosius, on all of which we see that interesting emblem, (the X and P monogram of Christ, with His α and ω in the field,) which succeeded to heathen symbols on the Labarum and monies of the lower empire: not to mention money of Justinian, Phocas, and others who placed the cross upon their coins, from which it was undoubtedly copied by our own Saxon kings, and by breakage in the crucial indentations afterwards produced the half-penny and *four-thing*.

We have not room at present for enlarging on the clever devices of forgery; how the unwary tyro must be cautioned not merely against casts, and electrotypes, and alterations made by the graver's tools in legends and in portraiture, but also against novel dies sunk in exquisite imitation of the ancient, against medals sawn in half in order to interchange reverses, against genuine coins struck with modern additions, and a thousand other tricks of trade, wherewith coin-dealers have damaged numismatics. It is comfortable to be assured, on the other hand, that with all the ingenuity of a Cavino at Padua, a Galli at Rome, a Becker on the Rhine, and 'several others who seem,' says Dr. Cardwell, 'to have acquired more reputation by their skill, than they have lost by their dishonesty, and to have obtained for a work of imposture the name of an ingenious and elegant invention'—the real numismatist is rarely taken in. There are indeed cases, as the unique gold coin of Athens, the triplicate of Orsini's Cicero, and so forth, *vexatæ quæstiones* of old time, which have long formed pleasant pivots for sages to dispute upon: but, as our Camden professor well observes, we must remember—

'that whatever skill and knowledge may have been employed in forging, the same degree of skill, and a greater degree of knowledge, have been exerted in detecting. . . . The very knowledge of these difficulties presupposes the power of disentangling them; the skill and ingenuity of fraud have been followed step by step through all their windings, and wherever they have given birth to new devices, have as readily suggested some fresh caution or contrivance for exposing them. Even when all the arts of fraud have been exhausted, and mechanism has been assisted by learning in the business of delusion, there still remains on the other side that *eye*, at once keen and cautious, which seems to have converted a long experience into a quick perception. As in works of music a fine and practised ear can discern, by tokens imperceptible to common organs, the difference between a genuine master and the most able imitator—so too an antiquary of native talent, grown prudent

from long use, and enlightened by various knowledge, has acquired for his pursuits a power of intuition, which fraud cannot easily elude, and ignorance cannot possibly comprehend.'—p. 65.

Anecdotes of coin-mania might also have proved a fruitful topic of amusement; but we can in this place mention only two, the climax to one of which happened under our own observation at Leigh Sotheby's. There is a gold coin of Mithridates, intrinsically weighing the worth of about ten shillings, which in 1777 fetched £26 5s. In the course of forty years it had reached the value of £80, and as such came into the possession of a certain spirited collector. As ill-luck would have it, the acquirer of this unique Mithridates had hardly made his purchase before a duplicate came into the market: it was his interest to purchase this, and competition ran the auction-value up to £90, at which he purchased again: not long after, a third was produced, and bought up by him also at £100: and we ourselves, a year or two ago, saw a quadruplicate of the same coin sold in the same auction-room for £113; the original possessor of the now depreciated triplicates having bid up to £110, and then given over in despair. Human nature did its utmost, but could stand the contest no longer. A brass medallion of Commodus fetched at Christie's this spring the sum of £23, being intrinsically worth twopence; and the famous Athlete-medallion of Syracuse, about five shillings' worth of silver, has repeatedly produced forty pounds.

However, let not the young collector who hears these things despair; as in all other good things of nature and of art, we find the union of medium excellence with high rarity to be the exception, and not the rule—even so it is with coins. Fair, and even very pretty specimens of genuine ancient Greek money may be readily procured for little more than their actual value as silver; and, generally speaking, the differences which constitute scarcity, and consequent high price, will be found to amount to somewhat as trivial as a mint-mark, or other such unimportant variation from the recognized standard—coins, namely, that have been published and described. To this remark there are of course brilliant exceptions; an ancient piece—be it proud gold stater or humble copper chalcus—perfect in condition, with the bloom of its birth still fresh upon its face, as if 'dew from the womb of the morning'—must ever

command a high appreciation, even though the type be common; and large fine specimens—as from Syracuse, Thurium, or Panormus—always bear a value which will only seem absurd in the eyes of the illiterate. But the fact remains that one may at small expense obtain undoubted specimens of Greek coinage, in fair condition as coins, and otherwise desirable for art or interest—as, Alexander, the Rhodian pomegranate flower, the Bæotic shield, the Attic owl, the Pegasus of Corinth; nay, if the collector will but eschew those minuter differential marks, for which few but enthusiasts contend, he can cheaply buy in the numismatic market-place a very 'feast of reason, and a flow of soul:' thus he will have turtle from Ægina, crab from Agrigentum, and dolphin from Tarentum: he can be supplied with wild boar from Ætolia, drinking cups from Cyrene, and corn from Metapontum; the rose will add its fragrance from Zacynthus, and Chalcis with her sounding lyre harmonize the feast. Neither with less ease can Rome just as reasonably furnish abundance of interest, both historic and poetical: very good coins, as well consular as imperial, can in general be had for two shillings a-piece; even Othos are cheap, so they be silver ones; and, safely possessed of this prim-wigged portrait on danarii, it were little wisdom to 'sigh for an Otho' in improbable brass.*

The collector, who wishes to frame his cabinet on the economical basis of common sense, (and with this true taste can never be at variance,) will supply himself with the portrait or the incident, on brass, if silver be extravagant—on silver, if brass be all but unattainable: whatever be the metal, the historical idea must be the same; and a Claudius Gothicus will have no deeper interest for his eye, minted in the rarest billon, than in the frequent copper. A contrary feeling, and one too rife among the numismatic world, tends to exalt scarcity (though it be but of mere metal) to the first rank in costliness; and there often is a conflict for rare brass, where the gold and silver are too common to be prized. But this kind of valuation by rarity alone, exclusive of interest or workmanship, sometimes leads the connoisseur astray—convinced too late that coins,

* Dr. Cardwell (p. 207) expects to find these yet in plenty:—'It is possible that the senate may never have issued any brass coin with the insignia of Otho, and may have supplied the wants of Rome by continuing to use the dies of his predecessor; but it is a more reasonable solution, that such coins were actually minted, and may hereafter be brought to light by some fortunate discovery.'

however scarce, may be bought too dearly, if they have nothing else to recommend them to his cabinet. For example, the Pax-penny of William the Conqueror, one of the most barbarous bits of money in existence, some time ago was of the first rarity, and bore a value pretty nearly equivalent to its weight in diamond-carats: but, lo, a hoard, thousands in number, of some old Norman miser is luckily unearthed at Beaworth; and, to the intense chagrin of competitors for scarcity, Pax-pennies were latterly sold upon Cornhill for sixpence a-piece. Again, sundry early Saxon coins, within a little year past, were esteemed invaluable, from bearing the names of Alfred, Ethelbert, Edward of East Anglia, and so forth; their interest to an English mind is not attempted to be gainsaid; neither also will be disputed the uncivilized character of their execution, nor the fact that the patriotic interest aforesaid was estimated at much too high a price. But alas for those who had possessed themselves of Saxon pence at £14 a-piece! The bank of Cuerdale overwhelmed those units by its hundreds.

And now one word about patina:—

‘With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th’ inscription value, but the rust adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.’

We shall not be so bold as to dwell upon the beauty—though, in truth, the coins of Naples have a charming tint, and pleasant is the gloss of Malta: but hear our learned professor on its usefulness:

‘The brasses of the ancients contain for the most part a quantity of tin united with the native copper. As the mines which are known to have been worked by them do not appear to have given them these two metals in combination, we also infer that tin was made use of designedly, and from their knowing the unfitness of mere copper for the purposes of money. The advantage, however, of the combination is shown more clearly in its reference to numismatic studies. Disinter some Roman brasses, containing but little admixture of other metal with their native copper, and you have to mourn over a work of destruction, like the havoc made by some confluent disease upon a beautiful countenance; but if the alloy have been properly united with it, the specimen has become much more attractive during its concealment by that soft shadowing of green and brown, which has spread itself over it, *οἷον τοῖς ἀρχαίοις ἡ ὥρα*, and which, more than any other property, baffles the ingenuity of modern forgers.’—pp. 99, 100.

This must satisfy the utilitarian, and now let us hear no more malicious ridicule about rust and verdigris.

There is one other view of ancient coins, at which we must be allowed to take an almost parting glance—their localities. It is stranger to hear of Roman gold having been dug from the ruins of a Hindoo temple, than of hoards of imperial coin found in Transylvania; but the stories are alike true. Lieut. Cunningham discovered in Cashmir a hitherto unknown coinage, some fifteen centuries in duration, of Indo-Scythian kings, who, until the gallant soldier disinterred their monetary effigies, had been utterly unknown. So also in Bactria and Afghanistan many a forgotten potentate of old time has to thank Colonel Todd and Mr. Masson for having rescued their fame from non-entity through the medium of their coins. But not to dwell on these grand remote discoveries, we ourselves have been startled more than once by picking up Roman coins in the course of a country ramble—no further off than in Surrey. What a new charm it gives to this familiar scene; what interest it adds to the purple uniformity of this broad heath; how the air begins to sound with the clangors of lituus and tuba; how the hollows round about are thronged with bivouacking legionaries! There are shaggy horses, hung with trappings, drinking in a line at the trout stream; here, stand the banners circling the prætorium, Rome’s bloody hand, her wolf and twins, and her consecrated labarum: this fine white sand among the fern has rubbed bright many a breastplate; this fragrant sod been drenched with the blood of invaders hewing out the glory of Rome, and of patriots fighting for their homes and altars. From that hill, no doubt, rushed at seeming unawares the swarthy cloud of Britons; but the iron cohorts were ready at a word:—the rout is over, the legion has returned, and pile their bloody arms. How know we all these deeds of old? What brought the Roman and the Briton to this field, and made us witness to the battle?—A few copper coins, immortal in their patina, which we have just shaken from a lump of turf, and have exultingly discovered to be early British, mingled in a mass with those of Claudius, Gallienus, and the Constantines.

The remarkable discoveries in Lycia by Mr. Charles Fellowes, and those in Afghanistan by Burnes, may also be mentioned as notable illustrations of the interest which ancient coins may well excite, as connected with locality: for the former may by means of their old money ascertain the names and the religion of otherwise unstoried cities—as the latter has ex-

hibited to our wondering view whole dynasties of monarchs of whom history is silent. Mr. Fellowes very sensibly tickets his coins with the name of the place where they were severally found, on purpose to make them serve as historic records; he seems to consider them of the Homeric age, or thereabouts, and remarks that, 'like fossils in geology, they may be useful in indicating a date and a name to their different localities.'

Addison's Cynthio sarcastically observes that 'to have a relish for ancient coins it seems necessary to have a contempt for the modern.' And small, in truth, can be our self-congratulations on the score of coinage.

"O, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?"

The perfection of machinery is attained by us, but our dies are below mediocrity. It is true that money must stack or pile for commercial purposes, but even the flattest jetton might be wedded to an elegant device: it is true that rapidity of mintage is a desirable object, but it may be equally well exerted on a good die, as on a bad one. Mr. Akerman—who understands these matters thoroughly, and has done so much for his favorite study—says with scornful brevity:—

'Of the coins of our monarchs, succeeding Queen Anne, it will scarcely be necessary to speak, except to notice their utter insignificance both in design and execution.'

HANS EULER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

From the Literary Gazette.

"HARK! Martha, some one knocking: go, let him in, I pray;
It may be a poor pilgrim who wanders from his way."
"God save thee, gallant soldier, be welcome to our cheer—
The bread is white and spungy, the drink is fresh and clear."
"What here I seek is neither your drink nor yet your food;
But if you be Hans Euler, then will I have your blood!
Learn, that for months my vengeance has darkly menaced you—
Yonder I had a brother, and you that brother slew.
And as he lay there writhing, I swore to him his fate
Should be by me revenged on his slayer soon or late!"

"And if I kill'd your brother, in rightful war it fared,
And come you to avenge him? Well, then, I am prepared!"

Yet not in house I combat, not door and wall between,
But in the face of that for which all my strife has been:
My sabre, Martha, know'st thou, with which I laid him low:
Should I return not—Tyrol has ample greatness now."

They go with one another up to the steep rock nigh—
The morning has just open'd her golden gate on high:
Hans first, the eager stranger behind, with rapid tread,
And with both still ascending the sun's young radiance shed.

Now stand they on the summit—there lies the Alpine world!
The wonderful, the mighty, before them wide unfurl'd:
The fading mist develops the valleys, rich in charms,
With herds upon their bosoms, with hamlets in their arms.

Yonder are giant-torrents,—gulf upon gulf below,—
Above the crowning forests,—o'er all free Heav'n's pure brow;
And, to be felt, though viewless, with godlike peace entwined,
In homes and hearts the ancient soul of Truth and Faith enshrined.

On this the twain look down—slow sinks the stranger's hand,
But Hans has pointed proudly to his dear fatherland;
"For that I fought—your brother his sword against it drew;
For that have I done battle, for that your brother slew!"

The stranger glances downward, then in Hans' face does gaze—
He strives to lift his arm, but that arm he cannot raise—
"And didst thou slay him yonder, in rightful war it fared?
And wilt thou now forgive me? Come, Hans, I am prepared!"

JANET W. WILKINSON.

SONNET TO A LADY PRAYING.

From the Metropolitan.

WHEN on thine eyes of holy light I gaze,
And see them gently, with imploring grace,
Turn to that fount of still more holy light,
Thy lip full ripe with extasy of praise,
And all the expressive silence of thy face,
By tears of rapture made more purely bright,
My soul then longs from life to spread its wing,
And move, in beauty equal to thine own,
To realms of glory, the eternal throne
Of Him whose praise no lip less pure should sing.
O! since within thy hallowed bosom lie
All we should learn, the holy secret give;
Teach me to live, that I may never die;
Teach me to die, that I through death may 1!

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

From the Literary Gazette.

WE have taken some pains to extract interesting and valuable matter from the reports made to this Association, at its late session at Cork: and we can assure our readers of profit from the perusal.—ED.

The general Committee met at 3 o'clock, Aug. 16th—the Earl of Rosse in the chair—and a good attendance of members, including the Marquis of Northampton, Sir W. Hamilton, Professor Robinson of Armagh, Col. Sabine, &c. &c.

The minutes of the last two meetings were read and confirmed; also a complimentary letter from the Italian Society of Sciences at Modena.

The report of the council was read by Col. Sabine.

The principal point of the report of the council referred to the resolution passed at Manchester, that application be made to government to undertake the publication of the Catalogue of the Stars in the southern hemisphere, which have been reduced and prepared for publication at the expense of the British Association, and that the president and council of the Royal Society be requested to support the application. A report was accordingly drawn up and submitted to the above officers of the Royal Society, and co-operation asked: they declined to accede, and the application was transmitted to Sir R. Peel by the British Association alone. The reply of the lords of the treasury expressed regret that they were not originally apprised of the intention of embarking in the work in question, or of the probability of government being called upon for aid, and stated the inconvenience of being required to defray expenses of works already commenced without any previous consideration or concurrence of their lordships, and asked for information as to the circumstances which have rendered the funds of the British Association incompetent to complete the work. This was done by showing the large pecuniary grants already made for scientific inquiries by the Association, the sums for which they are now liable, and likely to be immediately called upon to disburse, &c. The result was a treasury authority for an issue of 1000*l.* towards printing the copies of the reduced Catalogue of Stars of Lalande and Lacaille. The council congratulated the general committee on the ready disposition which her Majesty's government has shown to receive favorably and to comply with the recommendation thus made by the British Association on the behalf of science. Another point was, the arrangements made at the observatory at Kew. Persons have been appointed to take charge—a regular meteorological register was commenced, under the superintendence of Prof. Wheatstone, in Nov. last—a self-registering meteorological apparatus, which we have already described, has been deposited there—and an electrical apparatus established in the cupola by private subscription. Records of these will be submitted in the course of the meeting.

This report was adopted; and Prof. Robinson moved the thanks of the committee to government for the 1000*l.* grant, taking occasion to illustrate the importance of the subject. Lacaille in the southern hemisphere was only second to Bradley in the north; and the services of both to astronomy were of interest to the whole world. But Lacaille's labors had remained a dead letter till this work was undertaken. He stated that the mere observation of a star might be made in two seconds, which it would require two hours to calculate; and thus, except for what the British Association had done in this respect, and now with the liberal aid of government, the whole was lost to the lovers of science. With regard to Lalande's *Histoire Céleste*, Bonaparte, who was no mean judge of what such services deserved, created him a peer of France, with a pension; and now we had gone far beyond what he had accomplished, by reducing his observations. Whenever science applied to government for assistance on real grounds, he had always found the answer such as to deserve acknowledgments similar to those he now moved.

Mathematical and Physical Science.—Dr. Robinson read a brief report accounting for the delay of printing the British Association catalogue of stars. The whole of the reductions, with a few trifling exceptions, have been made; and no farther expenditure on this account will be required. The cause of delay was, that the number to be printed had not been decided upon. This will be determined at the present meeting, and a farther sum applied for, to procure the requisite preface, for press-corrections, and other contingencies. The catalogue will include nearly 10,000 stars, and will be of high value to all astronomers.

Sir W. Hamilton expressed gratitude for the extreme service already practically rendered; and he looked forward to the completion of the work with great interest. He was certain that, even if there had been no other fruit of the existence of the British Association, this important contribution to astronomical science would entitle it to the memory of all ages.

Prof. Powell's communication contained a list of various substances which exhibit the phenomenon of elliptical polarization. As far as his observations had yet gone, it seems restricted to metallic substances and their compounds. It would be desirable to determine the metallic proportion of the latter, and the nature of the elliptical vibration for each.

Prof. Lloyd stated that this physical optical problem had hitherto baffled theory. He had been engaged in its investigation, but he could not as yet boast of success. He thought the solution depends on assuming that the ether varies in imperceptible degrees, instead of terminating abruptly on the metal, constituting an indefinite number of layers indefinitely near to each other. The ray of light varies with every varying portion of the medium; and, at each infinitesimal change, a portion of the wave is reflected, and again the next portion—an infinite sum of indefinitely small reflected waves resulting and producing the phenomenon. A difficulty, however, occurring, forced him into a second

hypothesis, still retaining the sum of infinitesimal reflections, but assuming that the ether does terminate abruptly on the metal, although not on the successive layers.*

Prof. Kane submitted to the section Prof. Draper's proofs of the newly discovered property of light. The subject treated was chlorine gas. That a change is produced therein by exposure to the solar rays is well known; but the novelty disclosed is, that the gas absorbs the rays, or that they become latent, altering the character of the gas. After exposure to the sunbeams, chlorine gas, its electro-negative properties being increased thereby, unites readily with hydrogen. This state Prof. Draper terms the tithonic, and has given the same title to the ray of light which he says is absorbed, and which corresponds in refrangibility with the indigo ray. Two glass tubes of chlorine were mixed with hydrogen, the chlorine of the one having been previously exposed and tithonised, that of the other made and kept in the dark. The mixed gases were carefully placed in a beam of light admitted at a window, the tithonised chlorine instantly united with the hydrogen, the untithonised not; but becoming slowly tithonised by the exposure, did at last combine with its hydrogen. This exaltation of the electro-negative properties of chlorine is not temporary; the change is permanent; and its nature is said to be the absorption of the tithonic ray, similar to the disappearance of heat in water to produce ebullition. If the disturbance were merely molecular, it would be transient, but this is not the case; for when once the gas is tithonised, it never loses it; the electro-negative property of the chlorine is permanently increased.†

Dr. Robinson mentioned a circumstance which appeared to him to bear out the views of the absorption of rays from the solar light. He had hoped to succeed in obtaining accurate delineations of the irregularities of the lunar surface by means of the daguerreotype process. He had prepared a plate after the process of Claudet, and placed it in the focus of a telescope directed to the moon. The light was so intense, that the eye could scarcely be employed to adjust the plate; and Dr. Robinson thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining a correct representation of Copernicus. There was also attached to the telescope a clock-movement, so accurate that no variation of position could occur. Notwithstanding this, and after an exposure of half an hour, there was on the plate no trace

of Copernicus. It is to be inferred, then, that the chemical or tithonic power of moonlight is far less, in proportion to brilliancy, than that of solar light, as if these rays were absorbed on the surface of the moon.

Meteorological Observations at Plymouth.—

Mr. Snow Harris gave a most satisfactory account of his stewardship. The first series of tabulated results were from Whewell's anemometer, which windgauge Mr. Harris has greatly improved, and from which he expected to get an integral of the wind, the direction and intensity in a given time. The observations had been continued for two years, and the first conclusion to be drawn was, that the resultant of the current at Plymouth resembled a trade-wind from south to north; second, that the rate of the current was five miles an hour. Mr. Ostler's anemometer will not register small forces, which is a desideratum; but the mean hourly pressure obtained from it was a result of interest. Both the instruments have greatly advanced in usefulness since taken up by the British Association; but they are far from perfect yet. The series of hourly observations for the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, have been extraordinary for the last year to Christmas 1842. They have been continued now for five years, and projected in curves; but the remarkable fact is, that the curve for 1842 is very nearly the mean of the whole. The connection between the intensity of the wind and the oscillation of the barometer is also striking,—intensity low, barometer high, and *vice versa*. Mr. Harris proposes to continue the observations to the end of 1843, especially in regard to Whewell's windgauge, which Mr. H. thought possible to make as perfect as a chronometer, and he asks for a farther small grant: the instruments at the end of 1843 to be deposited at Kew. The final report will be ready for York next year.

Prof. Lloyd read an extract from a letter which he had received from Mr. Ostler, communicating that he had effected improvements in his anemometer, whereby he could obtain very superior records. He had projected a new form of vane, which greatly reduced the oscillation; and he had doubled the size of the pressure-plate, which gave smaller observations, and yet it was not too large for hurricanes.

Prof. Lloyd described the present method of representing physical results, and the difficulty of connecting by a regular curve the series of points obtained. He proposed the bisecting the interval of these by a new series of points, the connecting line of which, avoiding the excessive points and steering a mean course, would be the true curve and the nearest approximation to exact graphical representation.

Mr. Hutchinson's new theory may briefly be described as the resultant of the velocities of the revolving motions of the earth on its axis and in its orbit. The accordance or opposition of which, and their several relations to each other, being considered sufficient to account for atmospheric variations, diurnal atmospheric tides, barometric alternations, the annual maxima of Humboldt, &c. &c.

Mr. S. Harris said, that Mr. Hutchinson's

* Our readers will remember the interesting discussions on the theories of light which rendered Sec. A. at Manchester A. 1. There were present then flint and steel advocates of opposite views; but this year unanimity of opinion seems to prevail to a considerable extent; and therefore sectional discussion is less interesting and profitable. This arises, doubtless, from the absence of many of the peers of science already noticed: and it pervades most of the Sections.—*Ed. L. G.*

† The absorption of heat by ice changes its character permanently, and alters, moreover, its specific gravity: may not a like absorption of the "tithonic" ray produce a new form of chlorine gas, which the testing its specific gravity may develop? —*Ed. L. G.*

theory was ingenious and worthy of attention. It would be curious to see what relation to physical forces the orbital and diurnal rotations may have.

The principal point submitted to the section was the subject of winds, and their relation to the barometer. There appear to be two kinds,—winds of translation and of oscillation. The trades, monsoons, &c., are examples of the former; the latter are winds of local origin,—prevalence of rains, &c. It is desirable to make out the law of these movements, and to this end the reduction of the observations is to be continued by Mr. Birt. Already there are marked manifestations of Brussels being a nodal point, and hence hopes of success.

Since the last meeting of the British Association, the committee have obtained and published, in the 11th and 12th numbers of *Taylor's Scientific Memoirs*, translations of the four following works: Gauss's Dioptric Researches; Dr. Lamont's Account of the Observatory and Instruments at Munich; Gauss's Magnetic Observations at Göttingen; and Lamont's Magnetic Observations (three years) at Munich. No portion of the grant placed at the disposal of the committee has been expended; and this is to be attributed, if we rightly interpret and apply what fell from Sir W. Hamilton, to the acquirements and industry possessed and devoted to the advancement of science by the accomplished lady of the gallant colonel.

Total reflection is a problem in physical optics which has long excited curiosity, and baffled research. Newton's explanation of it affords no account of the phenomena in cases of polarized light. He considered, however, total reflection to be an insurmountable proof against the undulatory theory of light; and this opinion, very generally adopted, retarded the progress of this science for a century. Poisson was the first to see the mode of solution, by imagining the motion in one direction of two fluids superposed, the one of greater density than the other: the motion would not pass into the rarer medium, and hence the common method of expression was not available, the expression being by sines and cosines multiplied by exponential functions. Fresnel, however, made the greatest advance; he formed certain formulas and expressions, reduced from values verified by experiment, for refracted light. But of refractions beyond the surface he could form no conception; he labored for six years, but he had not the dynamical equations for the motion of light in transparent media. Prof. M'Cullagh found them by conjecture in 1835. He only has recently applied them, and has been able to assign not merely the laws of insensible refraction, but also to explain the nature of total reflection, and to prove each by mutual confirmation. He described the laws of insensible refraction, dependent on the motion of the molecules in rarer medium, being elliptic, not rectilinear, the elliptic vibrations increasing in magnitude as they recede from the glass. In one case only will the vibrations be right lines, and that is when light is polarized vertically. When polarized in the plane of incidence, the vibrations are ellipses, the minor axes being parallel and the major perpendicular

to the surface of the glass. Although the result is exactly the same as Fresnel predicted, the laws of total reflection have never before been explained. The explanation, moreover, applies to doubly-refracting crystals, or to the refraction of a crystal in a fluid of a higher refractive power. The laws are extremely beautiful, and completely connect Fresnel's laws of double refraction with the laws of insensible refraction and total reflection.

Dr. Peacocke (chairman *pro tem.*) proposed the thanks of the section to Prof. M'Cullagh for this exposition of his important researches. He designated the realizing Fresnel's anticipation as the greatest march ever made in physical optics.

The labors of the committee are proceeding. German works which may influence their decision have been ordered. The final report may be expected to be ready for the meeting next year.

The observations conducted by Prof. Lloyd in the magnetic observatory of the University of Dublin extended over a period of four years and a half. The elements observed were, 1, magnetic declination; 2, magnetic inclination; 3, horizontal component; 4, vertical component of the total force. They were not, however, all accurately observed from the first in 1828. There had been a difficulty in obtaining the third element, which difficulty, however, he had overcome. The results of observation were given in a diagram, showing the diurnal changes of declination and inclination for the summer months, for the winter months, and for the whole year. First element; the change of declination is extremely small during the late hours of night and those of early morning—it decreases to 7 A. M. and then rapidly increases, motion westerly, to maximum at 1 P. M.; the succeeding maximum is at 10 P. M. In summer the evening maximum disappears, in winter the reverse takes place; also for the morning maximum, which is well marked in the summer months. The maximum easterly movement is 7 A. M., minimum 1 P. M. It does not reach a maximum in the afternoon, it increases to midnight but slowly, and then faster to morning maximum, and afterwards decreases rapidly. The daily range is greatest in August, being then 13'·7; least in January, 7'·2. The mean daily range for Dublin is 9·3 minutes. One remarkable fact, however, is, that the period of the minimum at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 1 P. M. is nearly constant during the year. Second element: magnetic inclination has two maxima and minima during the day—a minimum at 3 A. M., maximum 5 A. M.; principal minimum $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A. M., principal maximum 6 P. M. In the summer months the morning fluctuation is obliterated. In the winter months the double maxima and minima appear, and also a third maximum, the evening maximum breaking into two. The daily range is greatest in July, 0·0045; least in January, 0·0008; mean, 0·0024. Third element, obtained by balance-magnetometer and by induction, whence are deduced the changes of total intensity and inclination: inclination greatest $\frac{1}{4}$ past 10 A. M., minimum between 5 and 6 P. M., extending in winter to 2', and in summer to double that amount. It corresponds nearly in

period with the intensity, the curves being similar, but inverted. There appears to be a daily change in the total intensity decreasing to 9 A. M., increasing with double maxima and minima in the afternoon; and so remarkable as to lead to the belief that these phenomena depend on the sun. But on farther experiments and comparisons, Prof. Lloyd was led to conjecture that there were other causes than the direct action of the sun, acting indirectly. The change of total force appears to observe law, but it is extremely small in comparison with the changes of declination and inclination. The observations to determine the annual or secular change are not yet numerous enough; but he hoped to complete them before the next meeting of the Association.

Col. Sabine spoke to the great interest attaching to these observations, and to the prodigious labor given to them in Norway. The observations have been taken there every ten minutes, day and night, and the results are in course of reduction.

Dr. Scoresby communicated the results of his experiments on the circumstances which affect the energy of artificial magnets, their mutual relation, influences, and anomalies. He spoke also of the value of large magnets for locomotion, and of their being so much more useful to this end than electro-magnets. He has constructed a magnet that will support a ton weight.

After mentioning the views entertained by Möser and Draper, and remarking on the very unscientific nomenclature of the latter, the author proceeded to show that the hypothesis of latent light radiating in darkness, was quite uncalled for and unnecessary in explaining these very remarkable phenomena. That the effect is due in some way to the calorific element, the author thinks he has proved by the following experiments. A condensed prismatic spectrum was kept fixed by a good heliostat upon one spot on a plate of copper for three hours. The plate was then submitted to the action of mercurial vapor. The space covered by the visible chromatic spectrum was untouched by the vapor, which had deposited in a thin film over the other parts of the plate; but over the space occupied by the extra-spectral red ray the deposit of vapor was much greater than on any other part, forming a well-defined white space. The experiment was varied by allowing a very condensed prismatic spectrum to traverse slowly over a copper plate for two hours. It was found, on exposing the plate to the vapor of mercury, that the space covered by the luminous spectrum was, as before, left free of vapor; but a well-defined line marked the path of the extra-spectral red ray. An arrangement was made by which, by means of colored media, the calorific, luminous, and chemical rays were isolated with tolerable purity. Under each of these, a copper plate, having a design in paper on its surface, was placed, and left exposed to the light of the sun for an hour. On removing the plates in the dark, and exposing them to the vapor of mercury, there was no impression found upon either plate, except the one under the influence of the red rays. This experiment was many times repeated, the results being in each case the same.

The author then mentioned the theory of M. Fizeau, which theory has been followed by some others, who attribute the formation of these images to an organic film of a volatile nature, which he supposes diffuses itself over the surfaces of all bodies. It was contended, that if the impressions were thus formed, they would exist only on the surface of the plates, whereas it had been found that a molecular change was produced to some considerable depth in the plate, that many surfaces might be removed, and still the image rendered apparent. Several experiments were instituted, in which copper plates carefully polished with polishing stones and water, and then boiled, and so dried that any organic matter must have been removed. On these, medals and coins, all of them carefully washed in boiling water, were placed, and allowed to remain for different periods. While, at the same time, plates and medals, which by rubbing with the hand had been covered with these supposed films, were placed alongside of them. All were examined in the same way, and the effects were nearly the same upon the boiled plates as upon the others. We select two of these experiments in illustration. On a copper plate, which had been kept for some time in boiling water, bronze and silver medals prepared in the same way were placed, the whole being at the temperature of 61.5 Fahr. The temperature was elevated by the spirit-lamp to 89°, and the whole left in contact until the thermometer fell to 62°. Breathing on the plate gave a defined outline of the space occupied by the silver medal, the vapor being deposited on the space covered by the rim. But the vapor of mercury attacked the plate generally, leaving the space corresponding with the rim quite free of vapor. Of the bronze medal there was no impression. It has been repeatedly observed, that when two medals, having in relation to heat different conducting powers, are placed on the same plate, that one interferes with the impressions which the other would have made if placed by itself. On a piece of plate-glass, washed with boiling-water and caustic potash, with a bronze medal, a silver one, a sovereign, and a shilling, placed on its surface, was placed under the receiver of an air-pump, and a good exhaustion kept up for 18 hours; a very distinct image of each of these coins and medals was seen when the plate was vaporized. Thus it appears to be proved that the action is quite independent of any organic film or deposit of dust, which has also been brought forward in explanation of these magical phenomena.

The next paper in the list was No. 8. This supplementary report, the principal points of which only were submitted to the section, presents the results of experiments in a more complete shape than those which Mr. Scott Russell had formerly laid before the Association; the essential difference in the characteristics of the different classes of waves having been ascertained. In water there are four distinct classes of waves; of these the fourth is the common sound-wave, introduced merely to give completeness to the system. The third class had not previously been examined to any considerable extent, if at all. The following is the

classification of the whole:—1st class are called waves of translation; 2d, oscillatory waves; 3d, capillary waves; 4th, sound-wave in water. Of these the first is always solitary, the second and third always in groups; the first class has two varieties, positive and negative; the second has also two, stationary and progressive. There are no varieties in the third and fourth. Besides these species there are the following sub-varieties, the free and the forced wave, in each class. Such is the natural history or classification of waves. Their principal characteristics noticed were—velocity, motion of particles, reflection, and diffusion. 1. The velocity. The velocity of the first class is represented by $\sqrt{g(h+k)}$, where h is the height of the wave, and k is the depth of the channel. The velocity of the second is $3.57 \times \sqrt{\text{length of wave}}$; the velocity of the third is 8.5 inches per second; the fourth is the well-known velocity of sound, 13.437. 2. The different kinds of motion of the particles of water. In the first they undergo a permanent and final displacement; in the second an oscillatory or continued series of temporary displacement; the third is the same. In the first the horizontal displacement is equal at all depths; in the second it diminishes according to the depth; in the third it does not extend to a sensible depth below the surface of the water. In the first class the path of transmission of all the particles is a semi-ellipse; in the second the displacement is a simple spiral; in the third it is so minute as not to be ascertained. 3. Phenomena of diffusion and reflection. The second and third classes are reflected according to the usual law. The first does not appear to suffer complete reflection; but at considerable angles with the surface a curious phenomenon is presented. If the angle which the ridge of the wave makes with the surface of the water be less than 30° , total reflection takes place; from 30° to 60° it decreases, and ceases altogether from 60° to 90° ; then, instead of being reflected, the wave advances forward, increasing in magnitude, until in a short time the whole wave is converted into another parallel to the surface. This phenomenon of non-reflection is peculiar to the wave of the first order. There is another curious phenomenon in waves of the first order; they are not diffused in circles round the point of generation, as in the common wave when a stone is thrown into the water; but from a given point there is always a direction in which the motion is most rapid; thus the path approaches an ellipse. The magnitude at different angles from the direction of greatest velocity has been ascertained: at 30° from the axis the intensity has diminished to a half, and at 45° to one-third of the greatest; thus the degradation follows a certain law. We cannot generate a wave of the first order except it be confined in a narrow channel. A stone dropped in the water will generate a wave of the second order, spreading equally in every direction. Capillary waves are in all cases confined to the surface of the liquid.

Chemistry and Mineralogy.—R. Hunt on chromatype, a new photographic process; and on the influence of light on the growth of plants.

Mr. Hunt, after describing the process introduced by Mr. Pontor, by which negative photographs were produced on paper by the use of the bichromate of potash, and the improvements introduced by M. E. Becquerel, with a view to the production of positive pictures, but which process was tedious and very uncertain,—gave an account of his new process, the chromatype, and exhibited very interesting specimens of pictures produced by it. The process, which is exceedingly simple, is as follows:—paper is washed over with a solution of the sulphate of copper, dried, and then washed with a solution of the bichromate of potash. When dry these papers are fit for use, and will keep for any length of time unimpaired, if preserved in the dark. The strength of the solutions may be considerably varied, by which the shades of colour of the finished picture are pleasingly changed. This paper is not recommended for use in the camera obscura, but for all other purposes it is exceedingly useful. An engraving, botanical specimens, or the like, being laid on the paper in a proper manner, it is exposed to the sun's rays for a period varying, with the intensity of the light, from five to fifteen minutes. A very faint picture results from this exposure. It is then washed over with a tolerably strong solution of the nitrate of silver, which brings out a very intense orange-colored image, the lights and shades being correct as in nature. The only fixing required is simple washing in pure water, and drying. If one of these chromatype pictures is placed in a very weak solution of common salt, it rapidly fades out, and the paper is reduced to its original whiteness. The picture, however, is not obliterated; if the paper is held in the sunshine for few minutes, the images gradually come out, and the picture is restored; but instead of being of an orange color, it is now a fine lilac. This variety requires no fixing.

Mr. Hunt's second communication was simply a statement of the results he had obtained since the report which was made by him and published in the last volume of the Transactions of the Association. Most of the results were in confirmation of those already arrived at; and all went to prove the injurious effects of the luminous and calorific rays upon the young plant, and the energetic and healthful action of the chemical rays. The author had, however, discovered that the continued action of those chemical rays in a pure state, exerting a most powerful stimulating influence upon the plants, occasioned the production of an extraordinary amount of leaves, and these of a fine dark color; but that the energies of the plant being thus exhausted, it could not be brought to flower, and speedily decayed. This influence of the chemical rays on the vegetable world was similar to that exerted by pure oxygen gas upon animals. The author also noticed a remarkable property which he had observed in the luminous rays, namely, that under their influence agarics grew very rapidly, but not at all under the agencies of the other rays; which fact appears to correspond with the experience of gardeners, who attribute great power to the moon's rays in producing this variety of plants.

The last paper was read by Prof. Kane. Prof.

Draper's theory is, that the decomposition of carbonic acid by the leaves of plants is effected by the luminous rays of the spectrum, and not by the chemical rays. For the purpose of proving that, he took a series of tubes, half an inch in diameter and six inches in length, and arranged so that the colored spaces of the spectrum fell on them. In those tubes water, impregnated with carbonic acid, and containing a few green leaves, was placed. He supposed that if the decomposition were due to radiant heat, the tube occupying the red space, or even the one in the extra spectral space at that end, would, at the close of the experiment, contain most gas; if to the chemical rays, in the violet, indigo, or blue; but if to the luminous rays, the gas should make its appearance in the yellow, with some in the green, and some in the orange. The result proved his anticipations. In the tube in the red space a minute bubble was sometimes found, but sometimes none at all; in the orange a considerable quantity; in the yellow a very large amount comparatively; in the green a much smaller quantity; while in the blue, the indigo, the violet, and extra spectral space on that side, not a single bubble was observed. He stated that he decomposed the alkaline bicarbonate by leaves in the sunshine—the effect not being limited to the removal and decomposition of the second atom of the acid, but passing on to the first—the neutral carbonate of soda itself decomposing, and yielding oxygen gas. He also mentioned an important improvement on the tithonotype, and a new process of multiplying daguerreotypes. For the latter, his old plan was to evaporate to dryness on their surface, after being fixed by a film of gold, a solution of gelatine; but his new is to precipitate copper by the electrotype on the surface of the daguerreotype, after it has been fixed by gold. The copper being much more tough than the gelatine, separates readily from the silver, and, when the operation is successful, bears a perfect representation of the beauty and perfection of the original picture. Prof. Draper considers this method totally different from the attempt which many persons made to copy the daguerreotype by voltaic electricity, and that, in consequence of the ease with which they are made, the problem of multiplying the daguerreotype may be regarded as solved.

Professor Apjohn questioned the results announced by Prof. Draper, and called on Mr. Hunt, who had experimented so much on the subject; who confirmed his opinion that the chemical and not the luminous rays were the most efficient in producing the decomposition of the carbonic acid absorbed by the plant. Mr. Hunt described his experiments on plants with colored glasses and with glass vessels filled with colored media; and, from every result he had observed, differed entirely from Prof. Draper. He would resume his study with the rays of the prism;* and, in conclusion, he mentioned certain peculiarities in the vegetation of South America, which seemed to lead to the conclusion, that there existed a difference between the effects of light in southern and northern climes.

* Assuredly the best method, and freest from suspicion of chemical interference.—*Ed. L. G.*

As closely bearing upon this subject, we may add here Mr. Hunt's paper read in Sect. B. on Saturday.

The object of Mr. Hunt's communication was to show the high probability that the rays which emanate from the sun are constantly acting upon all bodies, and that but for our ignorance of methods by which the impressions can be brought out, we should be enabled to use any body as a photographic material. In addition to those combinations which were well known to possess photographic properties, the author called attention to the wonderful additions made to the list by Sir J. Herschel, who had shown that the salts of iron and of mercury were very rapidly changed by light; and nearly all kinds of vegetable juices were changed by its influence. The author was now enabled to add the results of numerous experiments, all of which went to prove the decomposing power of the solar rays. In addition to the salts of silver ordinarily used, it had been found that more than twenty combinations with organic acids gave very beautiful results; and that the cyanate, and arseinate, and sulphuret of silver, previously considered as insensible, were really acted upon with great rapidity. Combinations of gold with cyanogen, and benzoine, and many other bodies, proved the readiness of this metal to change in the sun's rays. The salts of platinum were also found to be rapidly affected; and some pleasing photographs on papers prepared with combinations of platina were shown. Mr. Hunt had also been successful in proving this change to take place under the same influence on nearly all the salts of copper—many of which changed rapidly, and produced very pleasing pictures—and, as far as they had been yet examined, on the salts of manganese, of antimony, of tin, of lead, of cobalt, and of arsenic. In addition to these, many of the cyanates, the ferrocyanates, and the iodides, with alkaline bases, were found to change with considerable rapidity. Many of these preparations which had received photographic images were shown to the section; and the author expressed his regret that, from the fleeting character of some of the most interesting of these results, he was unable to do more than describe the effects.

The author then detailed many very remarkable phenomena which were presented by receiving the impressions of the prismatic spectrum upon different sensitive materials; all of which went to show the necessity of separating from light and also from heat that agent which was active in producing these changes which have been described. This element had its origin in the sun, and always accompanied the rays of light and heat; but its functions were different from either; and it appeared that we were on the verge of discovering an important power, which was ever active in maintaining that system of change which appeared to be constantly going on throughout the works of creation.

Geology and Physical Geography.—The next paper read was by Messrs. Rogers, on the phenomena and theory of earthquakes, and connected with the same mountain range. The

anticlinal flexures already alluded to were ascribed to a billowy movement of the earth's surface, like the phenomena attending an earthquake; and the two remarkable earthquakes which had occurred within the year were referred to as furnishing laws which confirmed in a striking manner the supposed origin of the Apalachian chain. All earthquakes consist of a remarkable motion, which is not simultaneous but progressive, and which moves parallel to itself from the source of disturbance. The author referred to the observations of Capt. Fitzroy and Prof. Mitchel in confirmation of his views, and dwelt on the phenomena attending the earthquake at Guadaloupe and Antigua, and also the earthquake at Lisbon. The zone of undulation extended in all directions, and at sea the sympathy seemed to be indicated by huge waves remarkably isochronous, propagated at the rate of five minutes after each other. Upon this hypothesis the American writers relied for the explanation of boulder stones, without resorting to the glacier theory. Mr. Hopkins questioned the law laid down for the organization of the Apalachian chain by Messrs. Rogers. A fluid mass beneath the earth might expand the outer crust, but would a horizontal force produce such power? A horizontal crust, with a reservoir of lava beneath, as in Vesuvius or *Ætna*, might cause a rising of the crust, assuming a curved form, but the elevation would produce fissuring, and it would be impossible to put it into the same form as before. The fluid matter would be forced into the fissures. Thus two causes would operate, lengthening by tension and injection. Besides, a wave was movable, and could not act in the way laid down, nor could the elevations correspond with successive waves.

Mr. Phillips, Mr. Murchison, and Major Clerke, also spoke on the subject, and doubted the accuracy of the theory.

Mr. Griffiths, on the great drift in Mayo and Sligo, noticed the position of the erratic blocks or boulders which occurred in these counties, as well as in other parts of Ireland. In the north part of the counties of Mayo and Sligo the current was from south to north, as was indicated by boulders of red sandstone from the Corlew mountains having been transported to the northward across the limestone valley of Ballymote to the base of the Ox mountains; and also, by large boulders of granite from the Ox mountains, some of them weighing upwards of 100 tons, being now found in great numbers on the surface of the limestone country to the north as far as the sea coast at Easky. Blocks of such large size were probably transported on ice, though it was remarkable that in this case, their direction was from south to north. They were so numerous, that when he first came to Ireland, he thought it was a granite, not a limestone country. It was well known that the removal of these blocks was accounted for in different ways—by currents—floats or drifts of ice—and glaciers. Limestone blocks might be transported by currents, but it was not so easy to account for the removal of the masses of granite. Sometimes shells were found on the tops of mountains, which could only be accounted for in this way, that these mountains had been once sub-

marine valleys, but by the up-heaving of the earth from some internal convulsion the present position was acquired.

Mr. Lyell held that floating ice was capable of carrying larger blocks than any found here. When melted it might deposit these blocks in any place. This process was going on every day in large parts of Europe. The shells in Ireland and Scotland are found 700 feet high. Mr. Murchison agreed with Mr. Lyell as to the floating powers of ice. The great northern plains of Europe offered strong proofs of this. In Germany he had found large blocks on slight acclivities, bedded in earth.

Mr. Hopkins gave an exposition of his views respecting the cause of the motion of glaciers. De Saussure had adopted and expounded the theory which attributes this motion to the resolved part of gravity acting along the inclined surfaces on which all glaciers in motion repose; and he explained also how the motion would be facilitated by the effects of the internal heat of the earth, and of subglacial currents. When the attention of philosophers, however, was recalled a few years ago to this subject, and more accurate observations and admeasurements were made, the inclinations of the beds of glaciers were found, in many cases, to be so small (in the glacier of the Alesch, for example, not exceeding three deg.) that it appeared extremely difficult to conceive how the force of gravity alone could be adequate to overcome the friction on the bottom and sides of the glacier, and the numerous local obstacles to its movement. Numerous experiments on the descent of bodies along inclined planes had shown, that, when the surfaces of the bodies and planes were perfectly hard and polished, no motion would ensue without an inclination considerably greater than that of many glaciers; and, moreover, that the inclination required to produce motion was independent of the weight of the sliding body. These considerations led to the very general rejection of De Saussure's theory, and to the adoption by many persons of the dilatation-theory, of which M. Agassiz had been the principal advocate. According to this theory, a part of the water produced by the dissolution of the superficial portion of the glacier during summer passed by infiltration into the minute pores and crevices of the glacier, when it was again converted into ice; and, by its expansion in the process of freezing, produced a dilatation and consequent motion of the glacier. It was manifest, however, that the frequent alternations of freezing and thawing within the glacier, which this theory assumed, could not possibly take place at depths beneath its surface exceeding a very few feet, and therefore could not produce any sensible effect on the motion of the whole mass. If the effect were referred to the freezing of water at greater depths, it could only be attributed at most to annual variations of temperature, and the consequent motion would take place during the colder season, or at its commencement, and not during the summer, when, as appeared by observation, the glaciers moved most rapidly. If, again, the dilatation were attributed to the freezing of the infiltrated water at still greater depths, where the temperature of the ice was unaffected even

by annual variations of the external temperature, and where consequently it was necessarily constant, how, it might be asked, were the internal pores and minute crevices of the ice to be again formed, when the infiltrated and subsequently frozen water had once filled these up, as it must necessarily do before it could produce a dilatation of the mass? No adequate solution had ever been given of these difficulties, and the author could not but consider this theory as being contrary to the most obvious mechanical and physical principles; but while he expressed this opinion of the theory, he would also express his sense of the important service which its distinguished advocate, M. Agassiz, had rendered to geology by the penetration with which he had detected the effects of glacial action, and the steadiness with which he had maintained his general views on the subject. Another theory had also been put forward, which attributed the motion of glaciers to the expansion of water in the act of freezing after it had filled, not the minute pores of the ice, but internal cavities of considerable dimensions. But, since the temperature of the glacier at considerable depths must be sensibly constant, how were new cavities to be formed when existing ones were thus filled up, if the cause now assigned were the principal cause of glacial motion? The author always regarded both this theory and the preceding one as totally untenable; and was thus led to examine how far the apparent objections to De Saussure's theory were really valid by a series of experiments on the descent of ice down inclined planes. The experiments were made in the following manner:—a slab of sandstone, prepared to be laid down as a part of a common flagstone pavement, was so arranged as to be easily placed at any proposed inclination to the horizon. The surface of the slab, so far from being polished, retained the grooved marks of the instrument with which the quarryman had shaped it. A quantity of ice was placed on the slab, and within a frame nearly a foot square, without top or bottom, and merely intended to keep the ice together without touching the slab, with which the ice alone was in contact. The following were results obtained in one set of experiments, the ice being loaded with a weight of about 150 lbs.:—

Inclination of plane.	Spaces in decimals of an inch through which the loaded ice descended in successive intervals of ten minutes.	Mean space for one hour.
3°	·08 ·05 ·07 ·03 ·04 ·05 ·07 ·06 ·04	·31
6	·09 ·10 ·09 ·07 ·08	·52
9	·14 ·12 ·17 ·14 ·19 ·20	·96
12	·38 ·34 ·36 ·27	2·0
15	·43 ·41	2·5
20	{ The mass descended with an accelerated motion.	

When the weight was increased, the rate of motion was also increased: the least inclination at which sensible motion would take place was not determined, but it was ascertained that it could not exceed half a degree in the case of a smooth but unpolished surface. With a polished surface of a marble slab, the motion of the ice indicated a deviation from horizontality with as

much sensibility as water itself. It will be observed in the results above given, that (1) the motion was unaccelerated; (2) it increased with the inclination, and (when the inclination was not greater than 9° or 10°) in nearly the same ratio; and (3) the rate of movement was of the same order of magnitude as in actual glacial motion, which may be stated generally, in cases yet observed, never to exceed two feet a day.

The extremely small friction between the plane and the ice indicated by the small inclination necessary to produce motion, was manifestly due to the circumstance of the lower surface of the ice being in a state of gradual disintegration, which, however, was extremely slow, as proved by the small quantity of water proceeding from it. In the application, therefore, of these results to the case of actual glaciers, it was necessary to show that the temperature of their lower surfaces could not generally be less than 32° Fah. Such, the author stated, must necessarily be the case unless the conductive power of ice was greater than it was deemed possible that it could be. For the proof of this, and for other details, he referred to his memoir on the subject recently read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He also considered the subglacial currents as powerful agents in the disintegration of the lower surfaces of glaciers, especially near their lower extremities.

Soon after the reading of the memoir above referred to, a work had appeared on the glaciers of the Alps by Prof. Forbes, the descriptive details of which could not be too highly commended. The results of his observations on the motion of the Mer de Glac of Mont Blanc afforded, as regarded that glacier, (and by inference as regards all other glaciers,) a complete refutation of the theories which attribute glacial movements to any expansion or dilatation of the ice. In this work, Mr. H. stated, the professor had put forth a new theory, which agreed with that offered by himself in attributing glacial motion to the action of gravity, but differed from it entirely as a mechanical theory in other respects. The author appeared to reject the sliding theory of De Saussure on account of the difficulties already mentioned, (which were now removed by the above experiments,) and assigned to the mass of a glacier the property of *plasticity* or *semifluidity* in a degree sufficient to account for the fact of its descending down surfaces of such small inclination. Thus, according to this theory, the motion was due to the small cohesion of one particle of glacial ice to another; while, according to the views now offered, the motion was due to the small cohesion of the lower surface to the bed of the glacier: the smallness of the latter cohesion had been proved by the experimental results above stated, that of the former appeared opposed to all observation, and was wanting in all experimental verification. Mr. H. stated his conviction that the internal cohesion of the mass was immensely greater than its cohesion to the surface on which it rests whenever the lower surface is in a state of disintegration. It was perfectly consistent with this conclusion to assign to the glacier whatever degree of plasticity might be necessary to account for the re-

lative motions of its central and longitudinal portions, under the enormous pressures to which, according to his theory, he showed it might be subjected. Such relative motions, however, were probably facilitated more by the dislocation than the plasticity of the mass. For a complete mechanical exposition of his views, he must again refer to the memoir already cited. Sufficient, he trusted, had been advanced to prove that the sliding theory assigned a cause adequate to the production of all the observed phenomena of glacial movements.

With respect to the transport of erratic blocks and detritus of the Alps to the Jura, Mr. Hopkins observed that the greatest height which glaciers had formerly attained in the valley of the Rhone (whence a large portion of the erratics had been derived) appeared to be well defined by lateral moraines and polished rocks, while the greatest height at which these blocks had been deposited on the Jura was also well defined. Thus, according to M. Charpentier, the Rhone glacier must have risen at the mouth of the valley to about 2500 feet above the existing surface of the Lake of Geneva, while the highest band of detritus on the Jura was stated to rise to a still higher level. It was inconceivable, therefore, that such detritus should have been lodged at its present elevation by former glaciers. The only way in which it appeared possible to obviate the mechanical difficulties of the subject was, to suppose the transport to have been effected when the Jura was at a lower level relatively to the Alps, and the whole district lower relatively to the surface of the ocean. In such case, the space between the Alps and the Jura may have been occupied by the sea, and the ice, with its transported materials, may have passed from the former to the latter chain, partly with the character of a glacier, and partly with that of an iceberg. This hypothesis is perfectly consistent with the supposition of the general configuration of the surface of the Jura having been the same at the epoch of transport as at the present time; and Mr. H. believed it would be found equally so with all the observed phenomena of that region.

Col. Sabine read a letter from an officer of the antarctic expedition, stating that in the lat. 79° they had met immense cliffs of ice, forming the sea-borders of an enormous glacier, above which, at a great many miles distance, the tops of the mountains were visible. The ice-cliff was constantly breaking and tumbling down, and the disjoined masses congregated and floated away to the north to the 60th degree of lat., where an enormous extent of icebergs were constantly to be found floating and not fixed to any submarine ridge. Here they were constantly depositing, by their dissolution, immense quantities of stones, earth, and other materials brought from the distant mountains of the antarctic region. The remarkable analogy of this great extent of glaciers and iceberg action to the presumed processes supposed to have taken place on the earth during the distant cold period, of which the traces remain in the elevated ridge of boulders at a height of 2500 feet above the present glaciers in the Alps, with the marks of scratching and polishing on the Alpine tops, and the erratic blocks

scattered over the plains, seems almost to confirm beyond further question the truth of the inferences drawn from these data. Col. Sabine also read a letter, stating that in the mountains to the N. W. of Bantry numerous traces of former glacier-action were to be seen.

Mr. Peach then read the following report:—The object of this paper is to lay before you information which, connected with the other discoveries made of the fossil organic remains of Cornwall, may give to the rocks a "name and habitation" in the geological scale, which for some time past they have not had, without both being disputed. I do not place my hopes so high as to say that I shall do either positively; at any rate, I believe there is now strong presumptive, if not positive, evidence, which will induce you to come to a better finding than has been done by the late trials on the subject. Hoping this, I have come over for the purpose of hearing the decision, and being at the christening. In Messrs. Murchison and Sedgwick's paper, in the Geological Transactions, vol. v., new series, I find, when speaking of the rocks of Polperro, they say, "As the same prevailing northern dip is continued to the mouth of the Fowey river, it is obvious that the beds above described are inferior to the fossiliferous group." Some time ago I received from the Messrs. Couch, surgeons of Polperro, in a letter, two or three pieces of what they considered coral from the rocks of their neighborhood. I thought them interesting, but could not agree with them that they were coral, and gave my opinion that they were portions of bone, and probably fish-bone. These gentlemen were both opposed to me, and said, "that they knew of no bone with such a structure." This added strength to my suspicions, from having somewhere gleaned, "that the structure of the fossil fishes of the older rocks agreed with that of no known existing ones." I felt determined, if possible, to examine these rocks. On the 20th of June last I did so, accompanied by Mr. R. Q. Couch, when, to my inexpressible delight, I found a large and extensive fish-bone bed, extending east and west of Polperro, containing immense quantities of portions of the *cephalaspis* and *onchus* of the old red sandstone, with a few other indistinct and ill-defined shells; also portions of the skin or shagreen of the *sphægodes*, &c. of the upper Ludlow rock, all figured and described in Mr. Murchison's silurian remains. These remains are found in the rocks described in their paper, quoted above, with the "transverse fracture," and placed by them as "inferior to the fossiliferous group." I must beg of you to bear with me a very short time longer, just to say, that when I had the honor of reading my paper before this section at Plymouth, I mentioned my having found "fish-bones," and also "remains of a fossil, the structure of which resembled sepiadæa;" and although I could not convince you then of such being the fact, from the obscurity of the specimens then produced, I never could banish from my mind the fossil fish of Cornwall. Now I believe I may say without doubt, the specimens I produce give proof positive that I then had truth on my side; and if I feel highly delighted with the discovery, I trust I shall be pardoned. I will just mention that I

have found similar remains, though small and indistinct, from the Gribbon to beyond Fowey, and from Looe to two miles eastward of that place: they agree with those of Polperro, and at Fowey are in a similar rock with the "transverse fracture." I pretend not to advance any opinion on this discovery, but leave the matter in your hands, merely mentioning that the proof is furnished for those who argued so much against the proper position of the Cornish rocks "from the absence of fish remains;" that obstacle is now removed, and full proof supplied; and I trust that some one well able will soon take the matter up and do us that justice we require. As I am now on my legs, I will just mention that I have found a conglomerate near Caerhayes Goran, in which are large rounded limestones, enclosing corals, cruiseida, orthocerites, &c. These are mingled with green-stones, argillaceous schist, porphyry, &c.

Mr. Murchison said that he felt much pleasure to be able to state that he could bear testimony to the truth of the specimens produced by the author of the paper being fish remains, and that they were of exceeding beauty. One which he held in his hand bore the name of (he trusted he should be pardoned in mentioning it) *Onchus Murchisoni*, and he could not distinguish it from the one figured in his silurian remains: several others also bore great resemblance to others figured and described in that work. There were some which appeared to differ, and which it would be necessary to submit to the inspection of Prof. Agassiz.

Prof. Phillips then said, that, through the kindness of the author, he had been permitted to read the paper and inspect the specimens then produced; that they were of exceeding beauty and of great value he hesitated not to say, and would greatly facilitate the settlement of the long-disputed question of the age of the rocks of Cornwall. He well remembered when at Plymouth doubting the statement then made by Mr. P. respecting some of the specimens produced, but now all doubts were completely removed from the very perfect state of the specimens; his only regret was that more were not produced. His opinion, if he must give it, was, that before any decided steps could be taken, a very careful examination of the specimens must be made, as amongst them he observed new forms. He felt perfect sympathy with the author in his great delight in the discovery, and complimented him on his perseverance in carrying out his suspicions.

Mr. Peach thanked the gentlemen for their kindness, and said that as he had to travel on horseback to get to the steamer, he could not conveniently carry larger specimens. He also said that it would give him great pleasure to render all the assistance in his power to any one who felt desirous of carrying on the researches, and that his collection might be used for that purpose; for he felt happy in stating that he had an extensive one of very good specimens.

Prof. Owen read his report on British fossil mammalia, (to hear which a crowded auditory might be anticipated.)

The present division of his researches was addressed to the remains of mammalia which were

exclusively vegetable feeders, beginning with the order of *Pachydermata* of the largest size; respecting which he said he would, *vis à voce*, condense the pith of the paper, so as to bring it within the limits of the time which could be allowed for its discussion. He began with the genus *Elephas*, and noticed the early reports of its bones being discovered in countries where the animal was no longer to be found. These, together with the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, were referred to Pyrrhus and the Roman legions; insomuch that Cuvier's anatomical distinctions (about 1796) could not obtain much of public credence or attention. But the British specimens which had since been discovered fully confirmed all he had advanced; and Sir Hans Sloane's fossils were demonstrated not to be the *ossements fossiles* of the elephant which Polinaeus states to have accompanied the invading army of Cæsar. The rhinoceros and hippopotamus never could have been brought hither by the Roman armies; and the bones of the elephant were equally found in Ireland, where the Romans never were. Such remains were scattered over all the pleistocene strata of Europe; and those in the soil of Great Britain differed from both the living species of the *El. Indicus* and *El. Africanus*. He pointed out wherein this difference in the structure of the teeth (of which colored diagrams and sections were exhibited*) consisted, and showed that they must have been intended for crushing and comminuting coarse branches of trees. They bore, however, though distinct species, a greater resemblance to the Indian than to the African elephants. The skulls were also different; and he could say, from more than 3000 mammoth-teeth which he had examined from British strata, that the conclusions he had just stated were unquestionable. Here the professor pointed out a remarkable succession of molars, resembling the living elephant's—a constant growth to supply the place of those which were going out, the number of plates increasing in a regular geometrical ratio; and spoke of its correspondence with the general law of development, of all animal tissues from the primordial cells. Upon the whole, he was not inclined to agree with those authors who from a difference in the number of dental plates were of opinion that there were several distinct species of mammoth (Parkinson supposed two, one in Essex, and another in the Yorkshire Museum; Von Meyer admits eight); on the contrary,—and the same was to be observed of the remains in the American drift, exhibiting the same varieties as the English,—the apparent difference depended entirely on the age of the animal, as the enamel-plates wore away, and blended into one transverse section. Neither was there any corresponding difference in the bones to warrant the inference that there was more than one species. There was also only one in Africa and one in India. Ours was identical with the Siberian. He then mentioned the measurement of parts of several skeletons in support of his position, and in demonstration of the gigantic size of the extinct elephant of the

* There appeared ridges and deep fissures of various forms, filled with enamel and transverse plates, which would work like millstones in crushing their food.

northern latitudes. The humerus, or upper bone of the fore-leg, of a Norfolk mammoth measured 4 feet 5 inches in length; that of the large Indian elephant, Chuny, killed at Exeter 'Change, 2 feet 11 inches. Corresponding comparisons were made with the femurs and other bones. The parts of England in which such fossil remains occurred were numerous. They were abundantly dredged up (2000 teeth, we believe) off the Norfolk coast; they were found in Suffolk, in Essex, in the bed of the Thames, in the gravel of the metropolis,* in the valley of the Medway, in the vicinity of Brighton, (where Dr. Mantell had made so valuable a collection,) in Wales, and on the Severn; on the Avon, where they were mingled with fresh-water shells; in the coarse gravel of Scotland; in Cavan and Tyrone, Ireland: and often crushed and broken by tremendous force. This he considered to be effected by ice in motion. The bed of the German Ocean was also rich in similar organic remains; bones and teeth of the mammoth had been dredged up off the Dogger Bank and in the British Channel.—The evidence of the next genus examined related to the mastodon, an animal also with a proboscis, of which there was now no living representative. It was found in the lower deposits, with fresh-water and marine shells, forming Lyell's 'fluvio-marine crag,' in Norfolk and also at Whitlingham; the strata being less recent than that in which the elephant was imbedded. It was identical with the remains discovered in France and Germany, and especially in the miocene of Hesse Darmstadt; and he considered it to be the same as Cuvier's *M. angustidens*; with which reasons were assigned for regarding the *Mast. longirostris* of Dr. Coup as being identical.

The learned professor next adverted to the former existence of the rhinoceros, almost entire skeletons of which had been found in England. Thus, it was taken from a cavernous fissure in a limestone-quarry near Plymouth, also at Wirksworth; together with large deer, the ox, and cave *carnivora*, including the gigantic *felis*. Other caves were filled to the top with similar remains, which had either been drifted into them, or accumulated from the fall of the animals. This rhinoceros corresponded mostly with the two-horned rhinoceros of Siberia, and differed from all existing species in the form of the skull. The diagrams, to which we have alluded, on the walls of the room enabled the professor to explain the structure of the fossil-teeth of the rhinoceros, and likewise of the hippopotamus, and show that they were quite different from those of the living species now confined to Africa. These remains of hippopotamus were discovered near Brentford, 40 feet below the level of the Thames, and elsewhere. They identified the creature with Cuvier's *H. major* of the continent.—The attention of the meeting was next directed in succession to vegetable-feeding *Palæotherium* and *Anoplotherium*, discovered in the older tertiary strata. In the Isle

* As in Gray's Inn Lane, and in the county of Northampton, 6 feet below the surface, and many other places. Dr. Buckland found them in great numbers, accompanied by the bones of the hippopotamus and hyæna.

of Wight the remains were mingled with comminuted shells and marl, and also with fresh-water reptiles. The modifications of the teeth and bones, by which these extinct pachyderms connected the tapir and rhinoceros with the ruminant order, were explained. The lophiodon, from the eocene clay, near Maidstone, resembled a huge hornless rhinoceros; and the still more restricted locality in the Isle of Wight yielded more anomalous genera of pachyderms. There was the jaw of a chæropotamus, 6 or 7 inches in length, forming a transition between the hog and the bear, and having a more carnivorous character in the upper teeth. It was something like the piccary. From the fresh-water formations of Seafield and Binsted there were remarkable analogues. Prof. Owen now referred to the cranium of a very remarkable extinct small pachyderm, about the size of a hare's, discovered in the London clay, near Herne Bay, in 1839. From the structure of its teeth it was seen in this respect to resemble the chæropotamus, and he had given it the name of hyracotherium. It was the smallest example of the pachydermal order. Another species had been found in Suffolk, in the eocene sand, associated with the remains of the fossil monkey described in the first part of the report.—The paper next passed to the fossil remains of the genus *Sus*, or hog. They were abundant in Auvergne, and also found in the miocene of Norfolk. There they were associated with a *Felis* as large as a leopard, and with the mastodon. More recent remains of the hog had been found in a peat-bog, with immense quantities of hazle-nuts. The next genus, *Equus*, was very common in different formations. Like the American horse, it was distinguished by a greater degree of curvature in the teeth. It had been found of two sizes: the one might be a zebra, the other was thirteen hands high. Of the ruminants he now came to the gigantic deer, improperly called the Irish elk, for it was not confined to Ireland, but was spread over England, the Isle of Man, and other sites, and was in reality not an elk at all. It was a fallow-deer, with a slight affinity to the reindeer. The females had no antlers, (which had led some erroneously to imagine there were two species,) and there was a slight resemblance to the skull of the giraffe, in a middle eminence, which had been compared to a third horn. It was found in the Isle of Man in fresh-water basins, in strata posterior to the pleistocene period. The enormous extent of the antlers of the male was proved by one pair being 9 feet 2 inches from tip to tip. A second species of fossil *cervus* could not be distinguished from the red deer, and was very generally dispersed. A third species was identical with, and only a little larger than, the fallow-deer. A specimen of roebuck was also noticed. Genera of *Capra*, or goats, were next treated of; they were found with mammoth, deer, &c. But the professor had not traced the sheep to this remote period by any well-marked fossil remains. The last animal brought forward was the *Urus*, or oxen, discovered in fossiliferous caverns, and far larger than any now in existence. They were found in Essex till and drift, and might pos-

sibly be the *Auzochs* still living in some parts of Russia. Essex was rich in these and other remains. An extinct species of short-horned ox was preserved in the late John Hunter's museum; and the same species had been discovered by Mr. Ball in bogs in Ireland. This species had a longer and narrower forehead than the modern favorite short-horned breed.

There were many other remains, from more superficial deposits, in the beds of rivers, and bogs. There were sheep, hogs, dogs, and cats. A gravel-pit in Lincolnshire, two miles from the sea-shore, afforded all these; but they could not be regarded as true fossil or extinct remains.

After stating all the varieties, the professor took a comprehensive retrospect of the whole; and his survey of extinct mammalia was listened to with intense interest. The oldest remains were in the middle of the oolite series; and they were entirely different from any existing animal. They appeared to be allied to the *Marsupialia* of New South Wales. From hence to the tertiary there were no remains, till we came to the eocene clay. Here the very strange forms of *Palæotheria*, *Chæropotami*, *Anoplotheria*, *Hyracotheria*, &c. presented themselves, taxing to the utmost the skill of the comparative anatomist; next came the miocene, with the mastodon, &c.; then the pliocene and post-pliocene, and unstratified drifts, in which were buried countless mammoths, with bears, hyænas, &c.; and so the ladder approached to the animal life of the present time. In conclusion, Mr. Owen alluded to the facilities afforded to future investigators and collectors of fossils by the classified summaries given in the reports called for by the British Association, and expressed his acknowledgments for the aid and encouragement afforded by the Association in the prosecution of these researches.

Mr. Murchison called the attention of the section to the geological points illustrated by the report; and referred particularly to the remains in the eocene group, as he had but lately returned from the country. In the tertiary basin of Frankfort and Mayence, and the valley of the Rhine, a vast multitude of animals were congregated together; and in one place a remarkable new group had been brought to light. It was, he observed, difficult to resolve the ages of the tertiary deposits, and those who attempted to base a system upon shells might afterwards find themselves altogether in error. He mentioned the *calicotherium*, a link in the mammalian chain; also a saurian, or lizard, an inch or two long; a *Pisodon Coleii* of very remarkable structure. All the tapirs, rhinoceroses, &c. were of the Sumatran type, and differed from those of Europe. The question arose with regard to the superficial deposits, were they all of local character, and the animals living upon the adjacent hills? This seemed to be the case from entire skeletons being found, and many others where the bones were slightly detached from each other. Or, had there been a cataclismal and general destruction, such as Pallas supposed the great Asiatic drift to have been? Or, would change of climate explain these phenomena? This last idea he illustrated by a curious story of Prince

Menzikoff, a Russian exile, who died in banishment, and was buried in full uniform, with all his orders upon him, in the frozen soil of Siberia. A hundred years after, his grave was opened, and the corpse was found as fresh as when interred, the clothes and orders all perfect, and the whiskers and moustachios as in life. Such preservation might account for many geological phenomena. He concluded by warmly eulogizing Prof. Owen for his valuable report.

Zoology and Botany.—Prof. E. Forbes then proceeded to describe the sea needles of the order *Nucleobranchiata*, which he has added to the British Flora, and generally the genus *Sagitta*, a gelatinous animal with horizontal fins. He had first found the new order (of which two enlarged drawings were suspended on the wall) while cruising in the Frith of Forth, and near Guernsey, and laid it before the Wernerian Society, who coincided in his opinion that it was anomalous, and might be the type of a genus, as he did not know what else to do with it. It differed from the *Medusæ* in being symmetrical. The only circulation he had been able to detect was in certain globules in the tail. He had seen no more of them till he visited the coast of Greece, where he met with them in vast numbers. There they were much larger than in our seas, and very active in their habits, darting about the glass in which they were placed, and erecting a bristly process or fringe about their head, as might be seen in the drawings he had made of them. They were about two inches long. Dr. Allman stated that he had discovered *Sagitta* on the coast of Ireland; and Mr. Patterson inquired about some cavities in its head, which he thought might afford means of identifying it with the genus *Cydidippe*. Professor Forbes pointed to a difference: the *Cydidippe* possessed the power of attaching itself to any body, which the *Sagitta* had not.

Mr. R. Dowden read a paper on the phosphorescence of plants. In this he mentioned that his attention was attracted to the luminous rays proceeding from a bed of marigolds; the light was vivid and scintillating, of a light golden tinge, and the weather was particularly warm and dry. On turning his back to the light, the luminous appearance became more vivid; to test the source of the light he watered the flowers, which, not diminishing the effect, dispelled the idea of its being electrical, and, on considering the color, he could not allow it to proceed from any irritation of the retina, or the complementary color of the marigold, a light green, would have been produced. He thought the source of the light to be phosphorescence; the double marigold was the only one suited for examination, as the other closes with the sun. He said that the Indian cress when shaken emitted flashes; and thought that all orange flowers were phosphorescent.

Dr. Allman did not agree in the explanation given by Mr. Dowden, but attributed the appearance to a phenomenon mentioned by Sir D. Brewster, namely, that in obscure light, objects appeared, as it were, and disappeared intermittently. This simple alternation, he thought, was sufficient to account for the curious effect.

The analogy of the golden color with the shade of the flower supported this view; also the diminution of luminosity with increasing darkness, the reverse of which would occur if phosphorescence were the source.

Dr. Lankester quoted Linnæus as an authority for a similar appearance: he was the first to describe it. Many others had mentioned it since, but without any attempt to account for it. Dr. Allman's was probably the best explanation. It was a singular fact, however, that it had never been seen in any but bright golden-colored flowers; and hence there was a possibility of the color having much to do with the appearance.—Mr. Babbington mentioned a moss in Cornwall which in caves threw out a phosphoric light.

Dr. Allman read a paper on the phosphorescence of some animals of the annelidæ family. He stated that in a bog lately, on turning up some peat one night, he noticed a vivid green light, which on examination proved to proceed from some worms. They were all luminous throughout, and on irritating them, by holding them over alcohol, the light was greatly increased.

Mechanical Science.—Mr. S. Russell communicated to the section a paper on the application of our knowledge of the laws of sound to the construction of buildings. It is well known, as he stated, that the adaptation of buildings to the purposes of seeing and hearing, to the accommodation of speaker and hearer, was one of the most important tasks of the architect, and also one in which he was least successful. The blame of this subject was by no means to be laid on the architect exclusively, as had been too often done, but was at least equally to be shared by the man of science, whose duty especially it was to determine the laws of sound, and to develop their application in such a manner that the architect should have nothing more to do than simply to consult a scientific treatise, in order to find all the principles and maxims which should direct him in this important branch of acoustics. This, however, had not hitherto been sufficiently accomplished. The object of this paper was twofold. First of all, to apply our knowledge of the known laws of sound to the phenomena of speaking and hearing, in a given building; and, secondly, to develop certain laws of sound recently discovered and not generally known, and to show their application to the same practical purposes. Part 1 of the paper consisted of the application of the known laws of sound to the construction of buildings. The author prefaced this part of the paper by describing a form of building which had been found to be perfectly adapted to the purpose of seeing and hearing with distinctness and comfort, and which appear to combine, in a great degree, the requisites of such a building. This arrangement of building had been described by him in a paper communicated to the Royal Society of Arts of Scotland some years ago, but had not been actually constructed on a large scale until lately, when a young and clever architect, Mr. Cousins of Edinburgh, having been employed to construct some large buildings, felt the necessity of studying the question of sound as an element of construction, and, lighting on

this paper, adopted its principles as his mode of arrangement. Buildings had now been erected on this principle, which contained from fifteen hundred to three thousand people, whom they perfectly accommodated, without difficulty, and with perfect comfort both to speaker and hearer. He had little doubt, from experiments he had recently made, that as many as ten thousand people might be so arranged as to hear a good speaker with ease and comfort. The principle of Mr. S. Russell's construction is, to place the speaker in the focus of a curve which he calls the curve of equal hearing, or the isacoustic curve, and to place the seats of all the auditors in such a manner that their heads shall all be arranged in this curve. Such is the vertical section of the building. The horizontal section was either circular or polygonal, having the speaker at the centre. This form had been found perfectly successful in affording the highest degree of comfort both to the hearer and speaker, and therefore he submitted it with confidence to the section as a practical and established principle more than as a mere theoretical speculation.

The writer next proceeded to investigate the nature and causes of such evils as are found in buildings of the usual forms. One class of these evils arose from the known laws of reflexion of sound; a second class from the spontaneous oscillations of the column of air in the room. From this phenomenon he was enabled to explain the fact, that, in the generality of buildings, there existed a certain key-note or pitch in which the voice of the speaker is best heard. He showed how it was possible to predict what the key-note of a building would be, and gave rules by which a speaker might ascertain that pitch. A third class of evils arose from the phenomena of interference of sound; and the author pointed out the forms which were most liable to this evil. In one case he stated that a building constructed at the expense of the government expressly for the purpose of accommodating a large assembly, had been found so utterly unsuitable that it had been abandoned, and a new one, at a great expense erected in its stead. The evils in this case were those of the second and third class.

In Part 2 the author explained certain new phenomena in sound which he had recently discovered. He had been engaged, in another section of this Association, in the examination of water-waves: and, from the phenomena discovered in these waves, he had been led to take a new view of the phenomena of the sound-wave. He had found in the water-waves of the first order certain phenomena, which he denominated *polarity*, *lateral accumulation*, and *non-reflexion*; and on examining the phenomena of sound, he found there analogous phenomena. By this means he was enabled to explain many phenomena of sound hitherto anomalous, and to discover the cause of certain evils in buildings which had not been formerly accounted for. The phenomena of whispering-galleries, and the reverberation of sounds along the walls of buildings, he explained, and showed the method of remedying. By the form which he described, these evils might be remedied in old buildings, and avoided in such as were still to be constructed.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

SUGAR.—We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving publicity to the following facts, which recent experiences have brought to light and established, in the manufacture of sugar, and published by Messrs. H. O. & A. Robinson, of Old Jewry.

1. The cane contains 18 parts in 100 of its weight of pure saccharine substance, the whole of which is crystallizable: molasses being the product of a vicious process of manufacture.

2. Instead of the actual produce in merchantable sugar approximating to 18 parts of 100 of the weight of the canes of the sugar colonies, only 5 parts in 100 finds its way to the European market.

3. The waste (with the exception of the comparatively trifling value of the molasses) is, therefore, in the enormous proportion of 13-18ths, or 72 per cent. of the saccharine substance of the cane.

4. This almost incredible waste is solely caused by the defectiveness of the machinery and apparatus employed in the colonies, and by the want of skill in the manufacture. It may be divided thus:

6-18ths, or 33 per cent., is left unexpressed from the canes by the mill, in the shape of juice.

7-18ths, or 39 per cent., represents the proportion rendered uncrystallizable by the vicious treatment of the juice expressed, and that destroyed and dissipated by the action of fire with the common pans.*

5. The beet-root contains 9 parts in 100 of its weight of saccharine substance.

6. At the commencement of the manufacture a few years ago on the continent, 2 parts in 100 only was the produce obtained, equivalent to a waste of 75 to 80 per cent.

7. At the present time, by the aids of science and improved apparatus, the produce is 5 parts in 100 of its weight in merchantable sugar, i. e., the waste has been reduced to 37 per cent.

These facts lead to the conclusion that a great increase may be obtained in the produce of the cane by similar aids.

An experience of nine years of one of our firm as an engineer in the cane countries, added to our practice here as constructors of colonial sugar machinery and apparatus since the year 1838, enables us to state that such a conclusion is no longer problematical, and that it is perfectly practicable to obtain an increase of produce from the cane fully equal to that which is above shown to have taken place with the beet-root.

In that part of the process which consists of converting the cane-juice into sugar, after its expression by the mill, the French, owing to the means of experimenting afforded their men of science by the beet-root juice, have taken the initiative in improvement. The late Mr. Vincent was the first to establish, at the Island of Bourbon, an improved apparatus for operating upon the cane-juice, by means of which upwards of 35 per cent. more sugar is obtained from the juice. Since then, Mr. Villa Urutia has had put on his estate at Cuba, a similar apparatus, with a favorable result, according to the Havanna mercantile circulars, of 30 to 35 per cent. and an improved quality. Having had the advantage of perfecting our knowledge of this part of the manufacture by actual and careful observation of

the working of Mr. Vincent's apparatus at Bourbon, we are prepared to supply apparatus at least equally effective.

In that part of the process which consists in expressing or extracting the juice from the cane, we have enjoyed the most favorable opportunities of perfecting the machinery, and we have recently invented a new description of sugar-cane mill and steam-engine, capable of diminishing, to the extent of 30 per cent., the waste of juice which takes place in the common vertical cattle-mill, and of 20 per cent. that which occurs with the common horizontal-mill and steam-engine.

The result that we can accomplish by the adoption of both these improvements, may be briefly stated at, as a minimum, the delivery to consumption in Europe of double the present average produce from the canes, with an important amelioration in quality.—*Colonial Magazine.*

NEWSPAPER REPORTING AS A POLITICAL ENGINE.—When Jefferson expressed the opinion that a free press is more essential to a country than a government, he only put two ideas in logical sequence—it is necessary to know what a country is and does, before you can tell how to govern it; and if the country itself knows what it is and does, public opinion must exercise a more effectual rule than a government acting in ignorance. The value of freedom in a press by no means consists alone in freedom of commentary. Commentary is in great part the concentrated reflex of public opinion; but public opinion cannot exist without information on facts as they arise: opinion is complete, mature, and potent, in proportion as that information is copious, correct, and freely circulated. The freest and most vigorous commentary, unsupported by a full statement of the facts on which it rests, would have little more influence than mere book-learning and abstract reasoning. Moreover, it is only with absolute freedom that the practice of giving unreserved information can obtain; for if the informant has to think at every sentence whether a particular statement will pass the censorship or whatever authority performs the function of one, sheer distaste at so irksome a task will at once teach him to reject all doubtful matters, and nothing but what is agreeable to the authorities will appear. Those who defy that rule will be parties hostile to established authority, and their information will have the discredit that attaches to extreme and irregular views. On the other hand, perfect freedom of statement tends very materially to encourage moderation, by neutralizing extreme opinions: the ample reports of the London papers go along with the more decidedly colored commentaries of the original writing; every person of note in the country, of whatever party, has his opinions on the whole fully and faithfully developed in each of the principal papers; so that every newspaper reader throughout the country is supplied with facts and reflections, and ample materials for opinions of his own, independently of any one section of party-politicians. In this way, the newspaper has come to perform a very important function, impossible to be rightly performed without thorough freedom of statement: it is the "channel of information" between all classes in the country—it tells the country what the Legislature and Government are doing; it tells the Government and Legislature what the country is about; it lets the rich and the poor know what is going forward beyond their own sphere. A newspaper is a political map of the country, as necessary to the statesman as a geographical map to the general.

* These are average results, but even in the exception of the sugar-houses wherein the juice is expressed with horizontal sugar-cane mills propelled by steam-engines, and the "Boiling" is conducted with the greatest care, the waste of the saccharine contained in the cane is not diminished more than 12 per cent.

Practically, the English press is the freest in the world, and one important result is seen in the extraordinary activity of its reporting department. Each of the chief papers has "our own correspondent" at every commanding point in the world, and many of those correspondents are actual reporters. As soon as any remarkable series of events sets in, in any quarter of the globe, "our own correspondent" or "our own reporter" travels thither. The war in Syria had its professional reporters; "gentlemen connected with the press" have established a permanent footing in India; and if that class had not reached China during the late war, arrangements had evidently been made which are tantamount to having "our own reporter" on the scene of every enterprise. No sooner is Spain once more under the dominion of revolution, than the spirit of the English press roves the land in every direction, and the cockney and ale-house politician have a more comprehensive and faithful view of the seat of civil war than the people at Madrid or Barcelona.

A troublesome enigma arises in our own country, in South Wales; "our own reporter" is sent to solve it—and he does so. The able and intelligent reporter of the *Times* is a good type of his class. He is ubiquitous in his activity; his courage—and the office of a reporter sometimes needs no small share of cool courage—is unhesitating, to poke, unarmed and unprotected, into the most suspicious nooks; and, with the practice of his craft strong upon him, he seizes at once upon the essential points. Some Welsh papers, before the invasion of any accredited reporter, accused their London contemporaries of defective local information. There is nothing more delusive than mere "local information." Persons on the spot are not only warped by close interests in disputed matters, but, from that circumstance, they attach undue importance to trivial things, and overlook things which are really of moment, but so familiar to them as to become matters of course. In the accounts from which we make extracts this week, the passing sketch of a remote dingle, the quotation of a translation into English by a Welshman—showing in its phrases at once that the translator is no "ignorant" man, and yet that he is remarkably ignorant of the language of our rulers and laws—these are traits which would have escaped the man of "local information," but which forcibly illustrate material circumstances of the disturbance. Moreover, none but a practised hand, confident in the name and resources of a great London journal, would have had so much tact and boldness in pushing himself into the very heart of the riot—beyond all troops, and police, and other regular functionaries.

A knowledge of the actual state of the disturbed districts is of the utmost value. One great means which "our own reporter" had at his command, consisted of the prestige attaching to newspaper publicity as an auxiliary to agitation of any kind—of confidence in the substantial honesty of respectable newspaper reports, and of faith in the writer's singleness of purpose. The strange gentleman was admitted solely as a newspaper-reporter, where it is obvious that any other collector of information would have been avoided, or misled, if not roughly treated. This feeling it were well to encourage to the utmost, as affording the best facility to that full information whose advantages we have described. That object suggests a useful practice to be observed in courts of justice—to abstain from calling reporters as witnesses in crown prosecutions of a political kind. Newspaper men are admitted to all kinds of meetings, in the just belief that they go there for no purpose of collecting judicial "evidence;" but

sometimes they are brought forward—as at the trials in the manufacturing districts—to prove facts which they have witnessed in their professional capacity. Were that practice to be frequent, they would be avoided, or excluded from many a political meeting, the dangers of which are neutralized by publicity. There should be no set rule on the subject expressly exempting them from summons as witnesses; for that would at once invest them with inconvenient immunities and responsibilities: but the conductors of the crown prosecutions would do well to bear in mind, that whenever a newspaper-reporter is called as a witness, injury is done to that organ of general publicity which is one efficient safeguard of peace and good government.—*Spectator*.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.—His Imperial Highness has joined the Emperor of Russia at the Prussian capital, having, it is said, relinquished for the present his intention of visiting England. Political motives are assigned for this sudden resolve, as it is well known that his Imperial Highness, who has been travelling in Germany under the name of Count Paulowski, intended to have proceeded direct from Darmstadt, where he has been on a visit to the Ducal Court, to Antwerp, and there to have embarked for Dover, where his Excellency the Baron Brunnow has been sojourning in expectation of his arrival.—*Court Journal*.

SILK COCOONS.—Notwithstanding the disappointment of many, who, since the year 1839, engaged in the culture of the *morus multicaulis*, and other varieties of the mulberry, and the raising of silkworms, there has been, on the whole, a steady increase in the attention devoted to this branch of industry.—This may be, in part, attributed to the ease of cultivation, both as to time and labor required, and in no small degree, also, to the fact that, in twelve of the States, a special bounty is paid for the production of cocoons, or of the raw silk. Several of these promise much hereafter in this product, if a reliance can be placed on the estimates given in the various journals, more particularly devoted to the record of the production of silk. There seems, at least, no ground for abandoning the enterprise so successfully begun, of aiming to supply our home consumption of this important article of our imports. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Tennessee, and Ohio, there has been quite an increase above the amount of 1839. The quantity of raw silk manufactured in this country the past year is estimated at more than 30,000 pounds. The machinery possessed for reeling, spinning, and weaving silk, in the production of ribands, vestings, damask, &c., admit of its being carried to great perfection, as may be seen by the beautiful specimens of various kinds deposited in the National Gallery at the Patent Office. The amount of silk stuffs brought into this country in some single years from foreign countries, is estimated at more in value than 20,000,000 dollars. The silk manufactured in France in 1840, amounted to 25,000,000 dollars; that of Prussia to more than 4,500,000 dollars. Should one person in a hundred of the population of the United States produce annually 100 pounds of silk, the quantity would be nearly 18,000,000 pounds, which at 5 dollars per pound, and much of it might command a higher price, would amount to nearly 90,000,000 dollars—nearly 30,000,000 dollars above our whole cotton export, nine times the value of our tobacco exports, and nearly five or six times the average value of our imports of silk.

That such a productiveness is not incredible, as at first sight it may seem, may be evident, from the fact that the Lombard Venetian Kingdom, of a little more than 4,000,000 of population, exported in one year 6,132,950 pounds of raw silk;—which is a larger estimate, by at least one half, for each producer, than the supposition just made as to our own country. Another fact, too, shows both the feasibility and the importance of the cultivation of this product. The climate of our country, from its southern border even up to 44 degrees of north latitude, is suited to the culture of silk.—*Colonial Magazine*.

LOSS OF THE HAIR FROM THE EFFECTS OF TERROR.—Dr. O'Connor detailed the particulars of a remarkable case, in which the hair was entirely lost from the effects of extreme terror; a healthy boy, twelve years of age, awoke screaming from the vivid impression made on his mind by a dream, in which he thought he was about being murdered; the next day his hair began to fall off, and in a fortnight he was quite bald, and he continues so, though several years have elapsed. Dr. O'Connor observed, that although the opinion exists among physiologists, that depressing passions, such as grief or terror, may turn the hair gray, or cause it to fall off, yet well authenticated cases of such phenomena are very rare; for this reason he deemed it right to lay this case, which came under his own observation, before the Section.—*Athenæum*.

ALLIANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of the Marquess of Ormonde with Miss Paget is to be solemnized on Tuesday next, the 19th inst. The Duchess of Gloucester will come to town from Kew to honor the ceremony with her presence.

The marriage which has been some time on the tapis between Lord Paget, son of the Earl of Uxbridge, and grandson of the Marquess of Anglesea, with Miss Greville, daughter of Captain Greville, R. N., and niece of Brooke Greville, Esq., is postponed till winter. His lordship is about to take his departure for the continent.—*Court Journal*.

NAVIGATOR'S ISLANDS.—The Rev. T. Heath read a paper on the inhabitants of the Navigator's Islands. He had been a missionary for the London Missionary Society for seven years. The Navigator's Islands were his chief station, but his attention was drawn to the Harvey Islands, the Harvey Marquesas, and New Hebrides. The people were a remarkably fine race, about six feet high, very well proportioned; the women a few inches lower, and very plump, nay pretty brunettes,—all had black hair, mostly crisp. The chiefs are a remarkably fine race; they intermarry among the aristocracy, but do not appear to deteriorate by it. Their language is the universally spoken Polynesian dialect, but they have, in fact, two: one used by the people, and the other appropriated to the chiefs, a chief's head, or any article of his property, being too sacred to be named in the vulgar language. It is only used to a superior; the chiefs use it in prayer. He had discovered some Sanscrit words in it, but very few. The language was distinguished by its reciprocal conjugation. As usual in the Oceanic dialect, the vowels end words. The young children were named after the god who was most in fashion at their birth. At about twelve years old they were circumcised, which constituted them candidates for tattooing, which done, they were deemed men. Infanticide was not known, and children were never deserted by their

parents; on the contrary, widows and orphans were carefully provided for by their relatives. Their morality was not remarkable before marriage, which, however, was early. All bodily senses were most acute; they were industrious also, cultivating yams, &c.; they used intoxicating liquors, though not fermented; now, however, whale-ships had introduced spirits instead of the cava, their old beverage. The neighboring group, the New Hebrides, were a very inferior race; but had he not seen it in books, he would not consider them negroes. One island, Tanna, was peculiar in many points. They adopted the singular custom of burying a man in the sea with his widow attached to his body; their language also was peculiar, their words ending in a consonant frequently; they did not adopt the custom of tattooing.

Mr. Heath did not think the group had been peopled from America; the opinion of Ellis, Pritchard, and Williams, supposed the Malay coast to have been their origin, in which he coincided. He did not consider the chiefs a different race from the people, as had been thought; they were not mentally superior; indeed the people were a very intellectual race.—Prof. Owen complimented the author on his valuable paper, and concurred in the wish to allot more funds for the carrying out such an object as the Ethnological Society had in view.—*Lit. Gaz.*

INIMITABLE PUNS.—The city-jester, who is maintained at the Mansion House to "poke fun," was asked the other day in what capacity the ex-regent of Spain was to be fêted; whether as a sovereign ruler, or merely a distinguished general and statesman; he answered, "Simply *As-part-hero*." The Lord Mayor laughed heartily at being got thus out of a dilemma by his fool. It was the same inspired Wit, who, in the late mayoralty of Sir John Pirie, when a South-sea missionary party, of the tea-total species, were to be entertained, said, "If he were *Mare*, he would put them in mind of their mission by giving them the principal island as drink." "How so?" inquired the remembrancer, (who repeated the story.) "I would," said the jester, "give them *Oat-tea-hay-tea* to tippie with their *Sandwiches*." It is supposed that nothing more brilliant than this was ever spoken at the Mansion House; though it is not even mentioned in the pamphlet we have just received respecting the *City Good Things*, extracted from the *Westminster Review*.—*Ibid.*

SCINDE.—The overland mail from India arrived in London, August 2d, bringing intelligence from Bombay to the 19th of June. From the newly-acquired province of Scinde, the news is of great interest. That most fertile district, which, under a good government, and properly cultivated, will become a garden, is now nearly pacified by the measures adopted by Sir Charles Napier, its present governor. He has made terms with most of the chiefs, and even Meer Shere Mahomed is stated to have offered to make his submission provided he could have his private property secured to him. There is no doubt that within a short time the complete pacification of the country will be effected.—*Colonial Magazine*.

EXPENSE OF THE EXPEDITION TO CHINA.—A parliamentary return, just published, shows that the sums paid, or to be paid, on account of the war with China, amount to 2,879,873*l.*, of which sum 864,954 are required to be voted in 1843-44, as balance due to the East India Company.—*Ibid.*

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR. NOTT 'ON TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.'—This paper was in continuation of that on Electricity, read on Saturday. The author denied the existence of magnetic poles. The situation of the points of greatest intensity (commonly called poles) in magnets, he conceived to be merely a result of figure. On a globular magnet the maximum intensity is, according to his experiments, situate about 75° from the equatorial zone. He maintained that the earth is a globular magnet, the maximum intensity of which is in lat. 75° , and that the magnetic poles of the earth have never yet been found. Terrestrial magnetism being considered as the effect of electric currents which move on the surface, will be affected by the irregularities of that surface, and hence the anomalies of the earth's magnetism. The author denied the conclusiveness of the arguments used to show that the earth is an oblate spheroid. He asserted that globular magnets, if freely suspended, would, by their mutual attraction, rotate and revolve round each other; and, finally, that the doctrine of gravitation must ultimately give way to that of universal magnetism.—*Athenæum*.

GLOW-WORM.—M. Matteucci has found the phosphorescence of the glow-worm to be a phenomenon of combustion, a result of the combination of oxygen with carbon, one of the elements of phosphorescent matter.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. Daguerre denies the usefulness of a fatty film on the surface of plates for the formation of images. The greasy layer left by the cotton, he says, is injurious. If, as it is said, a layer of the spirit of turpentine applied to the plate be no obstacle to the formation of the image, it is because the iodine, being soluble in it, penetrates the layer and comes into contact with the silver. M. Daguerre recommends for the polishing process a mixture of equal quantities of olive-oil and sulphuric acid to be put on the plate lightly with cotton, and then rubbing with pounce-powder, or a mixture of one part of nitric acid and five of olive-oil.—*Ibid.*

CELTIC REMAINS.—In the Duke of Rutland's preserves at Longshaw, near Buxton, has been recently discovered a Hu Cairn, or city of the gods, commonly called in that neighborhood Cael's Wark. It is an elevated plot of ground or rock, of some extent, barricaded on one side by huge rocky piles, heaped one upon another, evidently by the work of man. Within this enclosure are found fifty rock idols, dagons, &c. One temple is dedicated to Hu Gadarn, the mighty; one to Esus, the supreme god of fire; one to Molk, the god of war, and one to the goddess of victory, Andrasta. To the two last deities human sacrifices were offered. There is also a large temple to Sanham, the lord of death, and one to Baal Sab, the lord of judgment, both perfect; a tolmin, with several tumuli, occupies the centre of this interesting place.—*Buxton Herald*.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—It is now confidently stated that the figure of Nelson will be raised to the top of the column in Trafalgar Square on the 29th of October, the anniversary of the victory of Trafalgar. There will be a grand ceremony on the occasion, at which all the Greenwich pensioners are to be present.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ADELAIDE GALLERY.—Fresh electrical wonders have also this week been placed among the numerous attractions here: two electrical eels from the

country of our old friend the electricus gymnotus, whose obituary we wrote some months ago. The new-comers are from Para, having been caught in one of the tributaries of the Amazon. They are young, and only about 2 1-2 feet long. A third lived to the Channel, where it died, off Tor Point, during a storm. They were brought to England by the master of the brig Romance, and were readily purchased by the spirited proprietor of the gallery.—*Ibid.*

THE STAFF OF LIFE.—A box of bread, prepared according to a process invented by M. Alzard, and which had been packed two years ago, was opened at Liverpool last week, in presence of the mayor and others, and found to be perfectly sweet and sound. It is said to be a mixture of rice-meal and wheat-flour; to be nutritious and wholesome, and imperishable, through an incredible lapse of time.—*Ibid.*

EGYPTIAN GOLD-MINE.—A rich gold-mine is stated to have been discovered in the Soudan, near Dj Doslebel Lall; an event of considerable importance to Egypt and its pasha.—*Ibid.*

HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.—A new machine, called the hydro-electric, invented by Mr. Armstrong, and which is said to be of greater power than any electrical machine before constructed, was exhibited on Thursday evening at the Polytechnic Institution. The experiments performed were very brilliant, and went far to prove the assertion made respecting it. A shaving of wood was ignited by the electric spark, and an immense battery was charged by it in the short space of eleven seconds. The principle on which this machine is constructed is simple. It consists of a common tubular boiler, isolated by means of glass supporters, and a telescope chimney, capable of being lifted off. The steam is let off by means of curved tubes, opening upon a box filled with a row of iron spikes, on which the steam is condensed. The steam, on being let loose, carries away the positive electricity from the boiler, leaving it in a negative state. The equilibrium is then restored to the boiler, by means of a conductor brought near to it, and the electric spark is elicited.—*Athenæum*.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.—M. Flourens, from his researches on the skin of the human being, and from his having found the pigmental apparatus in all races, infers the common origin of mankind; the universality of the pigmental apparatus he considers a direct proof of primitive unity.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MILK.—M. Donné described an apparatus for the preservation of milk; an apparatus in which the milk, kept at a low temperature by means of ice, is submitted to a continual rotatory motion, which prevents the cream from separating.—*Ibid.*

MAGNETIC DISTURBANCES.—During the current year considerable magnetic disturbances have been observed at Parma,—on the 6th, 7th, 24th, and 28th of Feb.; the 6th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of March; the 2d, 3d, and 28th of April; and the 9th of June; several of which have also been noted at other continental observatories. The disturbance on the 20th of Feb. occurred during an extraordinary fall of the barometer; and that of the 13th of March was accompanied, between a quarter past eight and a quarter past nine, P. M. by a faint aurora borealis, and by a number of shooting-stars.—*Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

JOHN MURRAY, Esq., F. S. A.—June 27. In Albemarle-street, in his 65th year, John Murray, Esq., the distinguished publisher.

He was the only son, by a second marriage, of Mr. John McMurray, a native of Edinburgh, who was originally an officer of marines, and in 1768, succeeded Mr. Sandby, the bookseller, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, on that gentleman entering into partnership with the well-known firm of Snow and Co., the bankers in the Strand.

Mr. McMurray was desirous that Mr. Falconer, the ingenious author of "The Shipwreck," should become his partner; and an interesting letter from Mr. McMurray to Falconer on this occasion, is printed in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," iii. 729. The Poet would probably have entered into partnership with him, but was unfortunately lost in the Aurora frigate. A ship figures in full sail on the bill-heads of Mr. Murray's old accounts, allusive to his original destination in the marines.

On settling in Fleet-street as a bookseller, Mr. McMurray (afterwards known as Mr. Murray) was ushered immediately into notice by publishing a new edition of Lord Lyttleton's "Dialogues," and also an edition of his "History;" and under his auspices many useful works were offered to the learned world. Langhorne's Plutarch, Dalrymple's Annals, and Mitford's Greece, are three of Mr. Murray's surviving publications. He also published several pamphlets connected with his trade, and was an author in various shapes.

Mr. Murray's father died Nov. 6, 1793, when John was in his fifteenth year, an age too young to conduct the business unaided. He was, however, joined by Mr. Samuel Highley, the assistant and shopman of old Mr. Murray, and the father of the present Mr. Highley, the bookseller, of Fleet street. When Mr. Murray was of age, he entered into partnership with Highley, but this was not of long continuance, as the deed of separation is dated 25th of March, 1803. They drew lots for the house, and Murray had the good fortune to remain at No. 32; Highley setting up for himself at No. 24, and taking away with him, by agreement, the large medical connection of the firm, a connection enjoyed by his son to this day.

Mr. Murray now started on his own account, and began a career of publication unrivalled in the history of letters. In 1807 he added "The Art of Cookery," by Mrs. Rundell, to his list; in 1809 the *Quarterly Review*; and in 1811 "Childe Harold." One of his earliest friends and advisers was Mr. D'Israeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." His connection with Sir W. Scott began in 1808 with his publication of Strutt's "Queen Hoo Hall," edited by Scott.

His early connection as the publisher and friend of Lord Byron established him at once as one of the most spirited and successful publishers of the day; and the reputation he thus early acquired, led to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review*. The great success of the "Edinburgh Review" naturally led the Supporters of Church and State to wish for as powerful an organ to express their sentiments. The *Quarterly* was suggested by Murray himself, and his letter to Canning on the subject is still in existence. Sir Walter Scott, in 1808, or 1809, in his letters to his literary associates, passes many eulogies on the young London bookseller who was to conduct the publication of the work,—and speaks of his talents, spirit, and judgment, in terms which Mr. Murray's subsequent management of that great journal fully confirmed. The first editor of the

"Quarterly" was the celebrated W. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and his successful conduct of the journal has been most ably continued by Mr. Lockhart.

"Childe Harold" was a poem of his own seeking, for he had been one of the first to foresee the budding genius of Lord Byron. He was a proud man, we have heard him say, when Dallas put the MS. of "Childe Harold" into his hands. He had been a poet's publisher before, for he had a share in "Marmion."

The Athenæum observes, "The readers of Lord Byron's Life and Works will recollect the friendly tone in which he writes to Mr. Murray; and the exquisite rhyming letter of excuse, which the poet wrote in the name of his publisher to Dr. Polidori, politely declining the proposed publication of his play. Nor can they have forgotten the many bagatelles in verse which the poet addressed to his enterprising friend, 'the *avaç* of publishers,' as he calls him, 'and the Anak of stationers.'"

"Mr. Murray's career as a publisher is one continued history of princely payments. His copyrights were secured at the most extravagant prices—for he never higgled about the sum if he wanted the work. To call him the—

Strachan, Tonson, Lintot of the times—

is awarding him but a portion of his praise. Contrast his liberal dealings with Lord Byron with old Jacob Tonson's hard bargains with John Dryden,—John Murray's *hard cash* with Jacob's *clipped coin*. But he did more very often than abide by his agreement. To Campbell he doubled the price agreed upon for his 'Specimens of the Poets,' by paying the stipulated £500 and adding £500 more. He gave £50 per volume additional to Allan Cunningham for his 'Lives of the British Artists,' and made the payment retrospective. Another anecdote of his liberality of spirit we shall allow him to relate in his own words.

"To Sir Walter Scott.

"Albemarle Street, June 8, 1829.

"My dear Sir,—Mr. Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copy-right of Marmion. I have already been applied to, by Messrs. Constable and by Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honor of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

"But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful for me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

"This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favor to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"JOHN MURRAY."

"Five hundred anecdotes of the great spirits of his time have died with Mr. Murray—enough to make a second Spence, or another Boswell. His conversation was always entertaining, for he had a quiet vein of humor that gave his stories a palatable

flavor, adding largely to their excellence, without destroying the *race* of their originality. His little back parlor in Albemarle Street, was a sort of Will's, or Button's; his 'four-o'clock visitors' embracing the men of wit and repute in London. Few men distinguished in literature, in art, or in science, but have partaken of the hospitalities of Mr. Murray's table. If Tonson had a gallery of portraits,

With here a Garth and there an Addison,

so had Mr. Murray; but Tonson's Kit-Kat Club pictures were all *presents*—Mr. Murray's kit-kats were all commissions; commissions to men like Lawrence, Phillips, Hoppner, Newton, Pickersgill, and Wilkie; and portraits, too, of Byron and Scott, Moore and Campbell, Southey and Gifford, Hallam and Lockhart, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Somerville—a little gallery in itself of British genius. Scott and Byron were made personally known to one another through the friendly mediation of Murray, as were Southey, and Crabbe, and Scott, and Wilkie.

"Mr. Murray let few good things in literature escape him, and his two last works, the Journals of Lieut. Eyre and Lady Sale, were each, in the language of the trade, a lucky hit. He might have had, it is true, 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' and he made a mistake with 'The Rejected Addresses.' 'I could have had "The Rejected Addresses" for ten pounds,' he said to the writer of this notice, 'but I let them go by as the kite of the moment. See the result! I was determined to pay for my neglect, and I bought the remainder of the copyright for 150 guineas.' The 'Navy List' and other publications are thus referred to by Lord Byron:

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,
The 'Art of Cookery' and mine,
My Murray.
Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist,
And then thou hast 'The Navy List,'
My Murray.

He said once, to the present writer: 'Lord Byron used to come to my shop in Fleet Street, fresh from Angelo's and Jackson's. His great amusement was making thrusts with his stick, in fencer's fashion, at the spruce books, as he called them, which I had arranged upon my shelves. He disordered a row for me in a short time, always hitting the volume he had singled out for the exercise of his skill.' He added, with a laugh, 'I was sometimes, as you will guess, glad to get rid of him.'

"Let us illustrate his sagacity in business, by an anecdote which will be new to many of our readers. Constable published a little 'History of England' in one small volume, which, as it were, fell still-born from the press. Murray perceived its merits, bought Constable's share, and baptized his little purchase by the name of 'Mrs. Markham's History of England,' a name it still enjoys. The work flourished in his hands, and is, to this day, realizing a large annual profit."

Another great undertaking of Mr. Murray's was the "Family Library." This series, which undoubtedly contains many works of much excellence and value, was not so advantageous to Mr. Murray as might have been anticipated.

In 182-, Mr. Murray attempted to establish a daily newspaper, called "The Representative," but, to the surprise of all who were aware of Mr. Murray's general ability in literary speculations, it proved a failure, and was soon dropped.

To enumerate the authors with whom Mr. Murray was associated, is to recall his most celebrated literary contemporaries. By Byron, Scott, Crabbe, Bowles, Southey, Washington Irving, Milman, Wilson Croker, Barrow, Lockhart, and an innumerable list of eminent travellers and others, he was regarded as a fit associate and a valued and respected friend; and their sentiments of him are recorded in their writings. Of Byron he was a constant correspondent; and it is to him that many of the Poet's most brilliant as well as famous and confidential letters are addressed. And it may here be added, that of all the numerous circle with whom he was connected, no one had cause to regret having reposed in him the most entire confidence; for his whole transactions were equally just and liberal. In private society he was much beloved. His disposition was benevolent and kindly, his manner polished, and his habits hospitable and social. His departure will leave a blank not easily filled, in the hearts of the many friends who lament his loss. The *Literary Gazette* thus speaks of Mr. Murray:

"His situation in the literary world has long been most prominent; and there is hardly an author of high reputation, either now living or dead within the last quarter of a century, who has not enjoyed his intimacy and regard. With the majority his social intercourse was most gratifying, and his liberality towards their public undertakings such as merited their esteem and gratitude. That he was warm-hearted and generous will be allowed by all who ever knew him; whilst those who had the pleasure of a more genial acquaintance with him, will long remember his lively conversation, and the ready humor which often set the table in a roar. He was, indeed, on such occasions, a very agreeable companion, and his ready wit was only an indication of the acuteness and judgment which he carried into his professional concerns. His clear mind in this respect led him to enterprises of great pith and moment; and we owe to it some of the most celebrated works in our language. * * * He was a true friend to the arts, which he largely employed."

In 1812, he bought the good will and house of Mr. W. Miller, No. 50, Albemarle Street, removing thither from No. 32 Fleet Street.

In 1806, Mr. Murray married Miss Elliot, the daughter of a bookseller at Edinburgh. This amiable lady is left his widow; with three daughters, and a son and successor, Mr. John Murray, the editor of the *Continental Hand-books*, who we hope will emulate the friendly and liberal traits of his father's character.—*Gents. Magazine*.

A Copenhagen journal announces the death of Dr. JACOBSEN, physician to the Royal Family, aged 61. Dr. Jacobsen was a Jew by birth, and throughout his life remained steadfast in that faith; notwithstanding which he was elected Professor of Anatomy at the University, and at the College of Surgeons of Copenhagen; although the charter expressly forbids the admission of any person to that office, unless subscribing to the Protestant religion. Dr. Jacobsen was the author of several valuable works on Anatomy. In 1833, he was chosen corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in place of Sir Everard Home, and the same year he obtained from the same learned body a gold medal worth 4000 francs, for the invention of an important surgical instrument.—*Court Journal*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

1.—*The New Punctiuncula Stenographic System of Embossing.* By G. A. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes is totally blind, having been deprived of sight in 1837. Previous to that calamity he had been in the scholastic profession, and he particularly mentions that he was thoroughly acquainted with stenography. His stenographic taste and expertness, no doubt, together with the necessity which his bereavement imposed, drove his inventive powers into the channel which he has followed out to what he considers a perfect and most satisfactory issue. He feels most confident not only that a person who has lost his vision is better qualified to devise a plan for instructing those who are blind, than an individual who is blessed with sight, for the blind alone, he observes, can really judge what is easy or difficult for all such,—but that his method is by far the most simple that has ever been laid before the public, and vastly superior to any in which embossed type is used. Mr. Hughes hesitates not to assert that by his plan and means the blind of all nations will be able to emboss for themselves, on any paper, without the use of type, and to attain a perfect knowledge in reading, arithmetic, &c., with unprecedented facility.

The system consists of two dots, one smooth and the other rough, together with the aid of a sign line; the different arrangements and positions to which these may be subjected giving the person who can make a dexterous use of them, an extraordinary command upon paper. Besides paper and the little embossing instrument, a cushion, and a little framework having many small square divisions, called by Mr. H. the formula, are necessary.

The system may be understood by a person having sight in a very short space of time, but its ready practice will come to hand with something of the kind of slowness which attends the acquisition of stenography. In fact, in Mr. Hughes's system the characters are applied stenographically. Still, we do not conceive that there can be any very formidable difficulty in the way of the blind becoming expert in the practice of the system; but on the other hand, we feel assured that the process of acquiring this system would afford an enviable species of amusing occupation, not to speak of the incalculable satisfaction that would accompany and follow the daily use of its helping hand for the purposes of intercourse.

The present is no ordinary case, whether one looks to its literary importance, or individually to the case of the inventor; and therefore let him be heard for a moment:

"George A. Hughes, of Ramsgate, in the county of Kent, aged 34, and totally blind, formerly in the scholastic profession, in the Isle of Thanet, begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the Public to the New System of Embossing, which he has invented for the Blind, and which will enable them to emboss, and record their thoughts without the use of type, with an instrument, occupying no more space than a common pencil-case, and in every way as simple in its construction. Likewise every individual who can read, including the deaf and dumb, will be able to correspond with the blind by post, by only studying the alphabet, and if two leaves of paper are placed on the cushion instead of one, the copy of any letter, &c., will be obtained while embossing the original.

"To illustrate the system, the author has been at considerable expense in publishing a work in which he has embodied the letter-press with the embossed

characters, thereby enabling those who can read by sight, as well as the blind, who can only read by the touch, to judge at once of the utility and simplicity of the system.

"To accomplish his great undertaking, the Inventor makes this appeal to his friends and the public, in the full confidence that it will be responded to, in a country abounding with so much Christian charity as is found in England, and especially in a cause which has for its object, the happiness, education, and improvement of the Blind. Several Friends, well-wishers to his system, and 'enlighteners of darkness,' have come forward to aid him in the accomplishment of his plans, to furnish the Blind with progressive and scriptural lessons, and he doubts not but that many others will be found ready to lend a helping hand towards lessening the expensive burthen, which has fallen so heavily upon himself and his parents, by whose assistance he has already accomplished so much."

Such are some of the interesting particulars concerning this new system of embossing, and its ingenious inventor. We can hardly doubt of its success, which success must be identified with the worldly prosperity of Mr. Hughes, who is about, we believe, to open apartments for the purpose of taking in pupils at his residence in the Strand. His book, together with the other articles essential to the study and practice of the method, we can have no doubt, requires merely to be advertised to attract extensive notice, and to establish for the inventor the character of an enlightened philanthropist.—*Monthly Review.*

2.—*The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* With an Essay on his Language and Versification, and introductory Discourse, with Notes and Glossary, by Thomas Tyrwhitt. 8vo, double cols., pp. 502. London: E. Moxon.

In this, as in the new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. Moxon has done spirited and good service to English literature; and we sincerely trust that he will meet the reward his efforts so truly deserve. The glorious father of our poetry, in a noble single volume, is a library of itself—a mine of mental treasures and poetical beauties, solid veins of gold and silver, and innumerable clusters of diamonds and precious gems. How delightful it is to dig into the depths of the former, and dabble with the sparkling sands where the latter are so abundantly found! The reading of Chaucer is enough to make a poet almost equal in power to the *poeta nascitur*. Let all who can enjoy this recreation.—*Ibid.*

3.—*A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary. Alphabetically arranged.* By Frederick Lawrence, Esq., Secretary to a Life Office.

By far the most intelligible and interesting treatise that we have ever met with on the subject of Life Assurance. The work is as remarkable in respect to brevity, as it is of simplicity and plainness; and, a thing that one would never think of looking for in such a quarter, there is information in it sufficiently entertaining and popular, to keep you reading page after page at one sitting, till the end is reached; by which time, to a certainty, a strong anxiety will have been created to secure in some form or another, the benefits of Life Assurance. The treatise begins with a history of the rise and progress of such institutions; and in due course shows the great good that may thus be effected for

the assured whilst living, and for friends and relations after his decease—the applicability of the benefits to every contingency which can possibly occur in mercantile operations; and, in short, explaining the whole subject in a manner that is singularly clear and instructive.

The little book has assuredly not been written for the sake of pecuniary gain, its price being only *one shilling*. Neither has it a particle of the character of a puff, for Mr. Lawrence does not advocate the interest of any one particular office; not even mentioning the name of the establishment of which he is secretary. His object evidently has been to increase the number of policy-holders, and to circulate such an accurate knowledge of the science of Life Assurance as will be sufficient to induce people to enrol themselves amongst those already assured.—*Monthly Review*.

The Iodated Waters of Heilbrunn in Bavaria, &c., as a Cure of Scrofulous, Cutaneous, and other Diseases. By Sir A. M. Downie, M. D. &c. Pp. 92. Frankfort, C. Jugel; Paris, Galignani; London, J. Churchill.

THE author of this brochure is, it appears from the fly-leaf, the author of another on *The Spas of Homburg*, and of a volume, entitled *A Practical Treatise on the Efficacy of Mineral Waters*. He was formerly physician to our princess the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and has had much experience in the use and abuse of mineral waters during an extensive practice and pretty long residence at Frankfort. We say *abuse*: for Sir A. Downie, though powerfully advocating mineral waters in a variety of complaints, is far from believing in their universal applicability, or that chronic gout and rheumatism is to be miraculously cured by quaffing a certain quantity of water for three or four weeks; as many German doctors, and some recent writers nearer home, have promulgated.

In the third chapter it is pretty distinctly shown, indeed, that patients need not go to Heilbrunn, where there is no suitable accommodation; as this water, called the Adelheid's Quelle, and others equally efficacious, may be imported and drunk at a distance from their native spas with the same effects. For this purpose they must, however, be bottled in glass according to the method, and then they will keep for a very long time. Fifty thousand bottles are thus annually sent off for consumption in various parts of the continent,—Munich, Petersburg, Paris, Frankfort, &c. Whilst drinking it, strict attention to diet is strongly recommended, differing according to the maladies of the patients. Much of the efficacy of the waters is ascribed to iodine, for the detection of which a simple test is given, viz., to "take two table-spoonfuls of the water and a small piece of starch and mix them, then drop in about 20 or 30 drops of nitric acid; the liquid will immediately assume a purple color, which, on adding more acid, or being allowed to remain some time in the glass, will gradually change to a deep blue. Iodine (adds Sir Alexander) in large doses is a very energetic irritative poison; in smaller ones, it exercises a general stimulating influence, especially on the mucous membranes. It has also been found to exert a very decided effect on the glandular system; a fact which ought to be borne in mind by those who prescribe the drug, since experience has proved that the excessive use of it may be attended by the most untoward results."

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America; effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the years 1836–39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq.

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Vom Gebrauch des pronomen reflexivum sui, sibi, se, etc. von G. F. Löschke. *Bautzen*.

FRANCE.

Thesaurus Græcæ linguæ ab Henrico Stephano constr. edid. C. H. B. Hase, Giul. et Lud. Dindorf. Vol. V. Fasc. 3. Fol. *Paris*.

L'Histoire de Dix Ans, 1830–40. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tomes I. II. III.

Relations des Ambassadeurs Venetiens sur les affaires de France au seizième siècle, recueillies et traduites par Tomaseo. *Paris*.

RUSSIA.

Correspondance mathématique et physique de quelques célèbres géomètres du 18 siècle, précédée d'une notice sur les travaux de L. Euler, publiée par P. H. Fuss. *St. Pétersbourg*.

Coup d'oeil historique sur le dernier quart-de-siècle de l'existence de l'acad. imp. des sciences de St. Pétersbourg. *St. Pétersbourg*.



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